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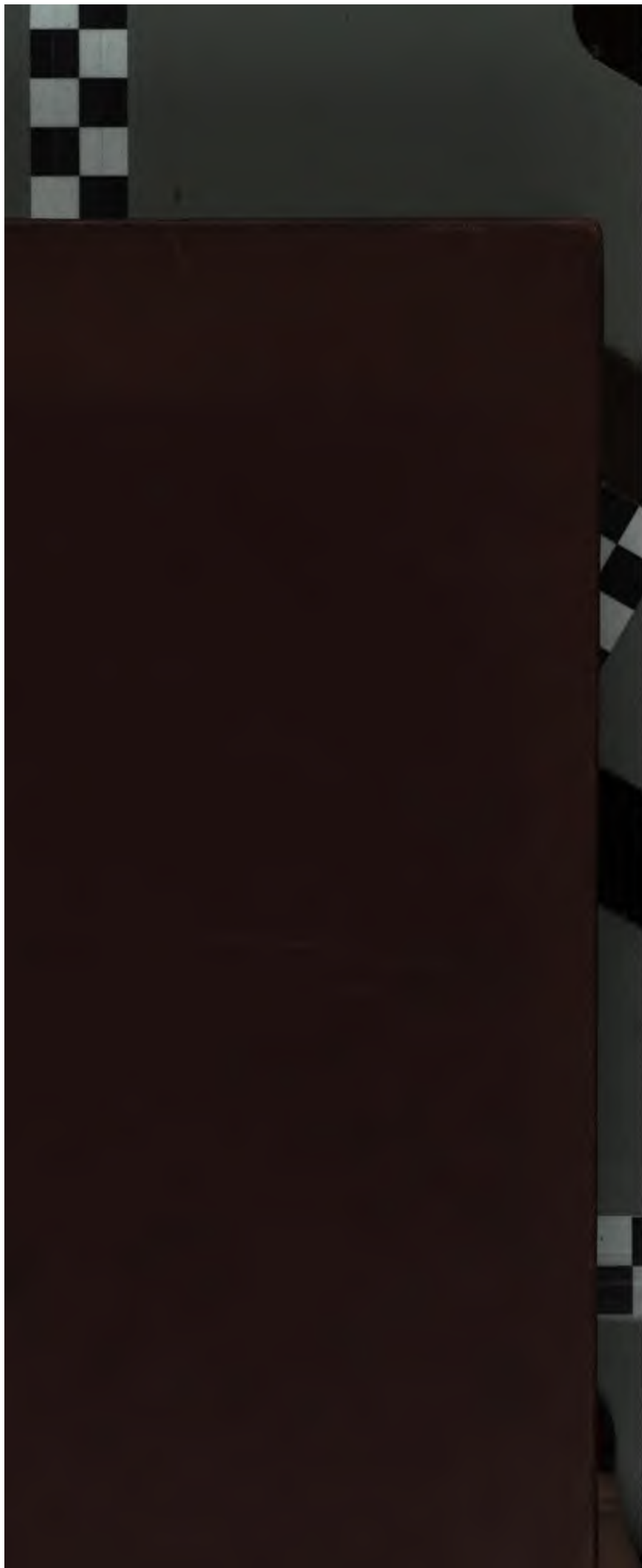
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MIXING ROOM IN FIREWORKS FACTORY.

peated. These pellets, when compacted by pressure, are forced out of the platten by the same means already described in rocket charging. When turned out these little things, which are only about one-eighth of an inch in diameter and the same in length, are ready to be placed in the cases, and, when fired, to burst into brilliancy.

The balls for Roman candles, of all sizes and of every hue, are prepared in the same manner, and the intervals of their bursting appearance from the cases is governed by the thickness of the stratas of mealed powder.

Paper cases of different form are used for what are called devils, mines, floral bombs and jacks. The explosives are packed in appropriate quantities, and they are fired as they rest upon the ground, all being furnished with a base.

Quick match is not a very difficult thing to make, but it requires care and attention. Long threads of cotton are unstrung into a liquid preparation of saltpetre and starch, either in four, six or eight-ply strings. Drawn from the liquid they are granulated and then suspended on wire frames, and exposed to the air until thoroughly dry.

One of the most wonderful of all these many sheds is that where the colored lights for ship signals are made and fitted. Each color is distinct and pronounced, can be placed in any desired relation to any other color, and so connected that they will burn the exact time required in sequent order, the periods varying from three to thirty seconds for each color, and all arranged

so that the Morse dot and dash system is closely imitated in fire. All such signals are read from the top downward. The possibilities of this sort of signaling are absolutely illimitable, owing to the amazing combination of numbers, time of illumination and colors.

In the preparation of set pieces, the tracery of fire which marks the design is effected by what are called lances—small cylinders containing the explosive and connected throughout by match. In the factory now described these lances are turned out by hundreds of thousands, and are used in making pictures used at all exhibitions. They are pinned to canes upon wooden frames which follow the artist's design, enlarged by squares from the original drawings. Some of these set pieces are very fine reproductions

of well-known subjects.

At the same factory the material used for the cataracts of flame is made in immense quantities. The cataracts exhibited are often four hundred feet long and thirty feet high. Once started, they spout volumes of fire for a phenomenally long time, the effect being startling and fine.

Electricity enters largely into all pyrotechnic displays, nearly all the larger features being set off by its means. In the great spectacles the exploding bombs, maroons and charges are worked by the electrical current.

Many other industrial sheds must remain unvisited and undescribed, among them the mixing sheds, where only the initiated are granted admission. In all there are about thirty isolated structures for firework-making alone. Every one of these is scrupulously clean, well lighted by sunlight (for artificial light is not desirable), and all admirably ventilated. The employes are bright and cheerful, the men sturdy and active, the girls neatly dressed and wonderfully quick of hand and clear-headed, the boys active and civil. The factory employs about 120 persons in all in firework-making, and many more as engineers, machinists, packers, watchmen, truckmen and laborers. About eight horses can do the usual cartage, but in the busy season the stable has twenty. There are some forty-six sheds in all, including storage sheds and magazines, scattered over seven acres of ground, but there are eight acres beyond that area, ready for use when needed, so that the works can and no doubt will be largely extended.

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THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, 1805.  
AFTER THE PAINTING BY CLARKSON STANFIELD, R. A.



JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

begin her part of the drama. She had not fired a single gun yet, though her sails were hanging in ribbons, and fifty of her brave crew were dead or wounded; but her vengeance would soon be terrible. At 12:04 she opened her fire from both sides.

We have said that Nelson desired to engage the *Santissima Trinidad*, but the *Bucentaure*, 80-gun ship, had shot ahead, and Hardy was obliged to steer under her stern instead of ahead of her. At one o'clock, therefore, the *Victory's* helm was put hard-a-port, and she cut the line. But there was scarcely space enough for her to go clear. She passed close to the larboard side of the *Bucentaure*, and poured her tremendous broadside into the French ship; the latter actually heeled two or three streaks on receiving it.

The *Victory* then hauled as close round as practicable under the stern of the 80-gun ship, meaning to bring her to action to leeward; but this was prevented by the rapid advance of the *Redoubtable*.

The ships came into collision, and the best bower-anchor of the *Victory* broke the spare an-

chor of the *Redoubtable*. The concussion drove the French ship round off, nearly before the wind. The ships would probably have separated had not their yard-arms been foul, which kept them alongside of each other. The *Victory*, however, constantly discharged her larboard broadside upon the *Bucentaure* and *Santissima Trinidad*, while she fought the *Redoubtable* with her starboard guns.

When the *Victory* put her helm about to attack the *Bucentaure*, the *Téméraire*, which had kept closely on her leader's starboard quarter, was obliged to do the same to keep clear of the admiral's ship. She hauled round the *Redoubtable* at a short distance, receiving that ship's starboard broadside, which carried away the head of her mizzen-topmast. The *Téméraire* could not return this fire lest she should injure the *Victory*, so she passed on, and for a time engaged the *Neptune*. Shortly afterward the two ships *Victory* and *Redoubtable* coming down (linked in deadly union) under the influence of the swell and light breeze, gradually closed upon the *Téméraire*. The *Fougueux*, quitting the *Belleisle*, bore down

on the *Téméraire* on the starboard bow, with the apparent intention of boarding her; but the *Téméraire* fired her starboard broadside at the French ship with such tremendous effect that the

thus formed a compact tier, as if they had been moored together.

The lieutenants of the *Victory* seeing this, depressed their middle and lower-deck guns, and

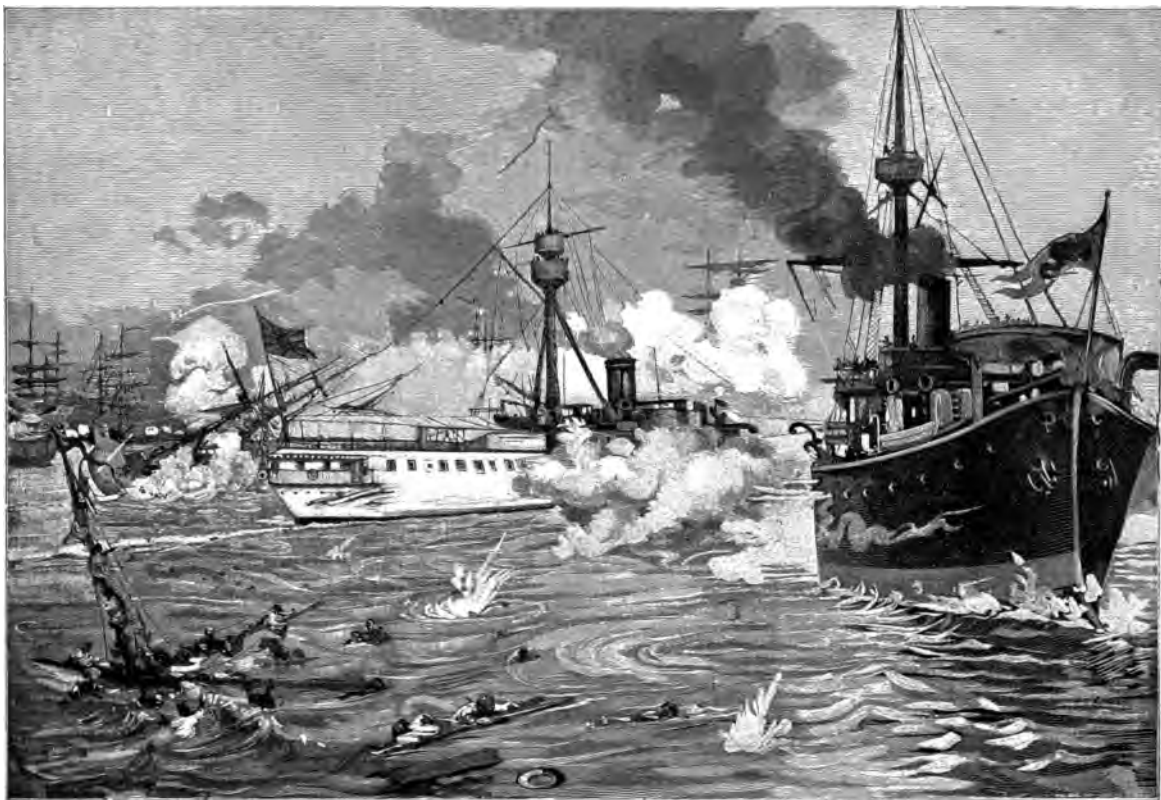
COMMODORE PERRY FIRING THE LAST GUN ON THE "LAWRENCE."



*Fougueux* fell on board of the *Téméraire*, and her fore-rigging was immediately lashed by the English seamen to the sheet-anchor of the latter. The *Victory*, *Redoubtable*, *Téméraire* and *Fougueux*

fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through and injure the *Téméraire*; and because there was danger that the *Redoubtable* might take fire from the lower-deck guns, the





BATTLE OF YALU RIVER.

muzzles of which touched her side when they were run out, the firemen of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water, which he dashed into the hole made by their shot in the enemy's side. About a quarter after one o'clock a ball from the mizzen-top of the Frenchman, then only about fifteen yards from that part of the deck where Nelson was turning to walk aft, struck the admiral on his left epaulette, and he fell to the deck. Hardy, turning round, saw three seamen raising him. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said the hero. "I hope not," ejaculated the captain. "Yes," he replied, "my backbone is shot through."

At about 1:35 the *Téméraire* ran on board the *Redoubtable* on the starboard bow, and lashed the French ship's bowsprit to the fore part of her own main-rigging. Grenades thrown from the French ship set her on fire, but after great exertions the flames were extinguished.

At length the firing from the French ship ceased; she was on fire, and they could not tell, as her flag was not flying, whether she had struck or not. So Captain Hardy sent two midshipmen, with a sergeant of marines, on board the *Redoubtable* to assist in extinguishing the flames. The Englishmen were obliged to get on board (by means of a boat) through the gun-room ports;

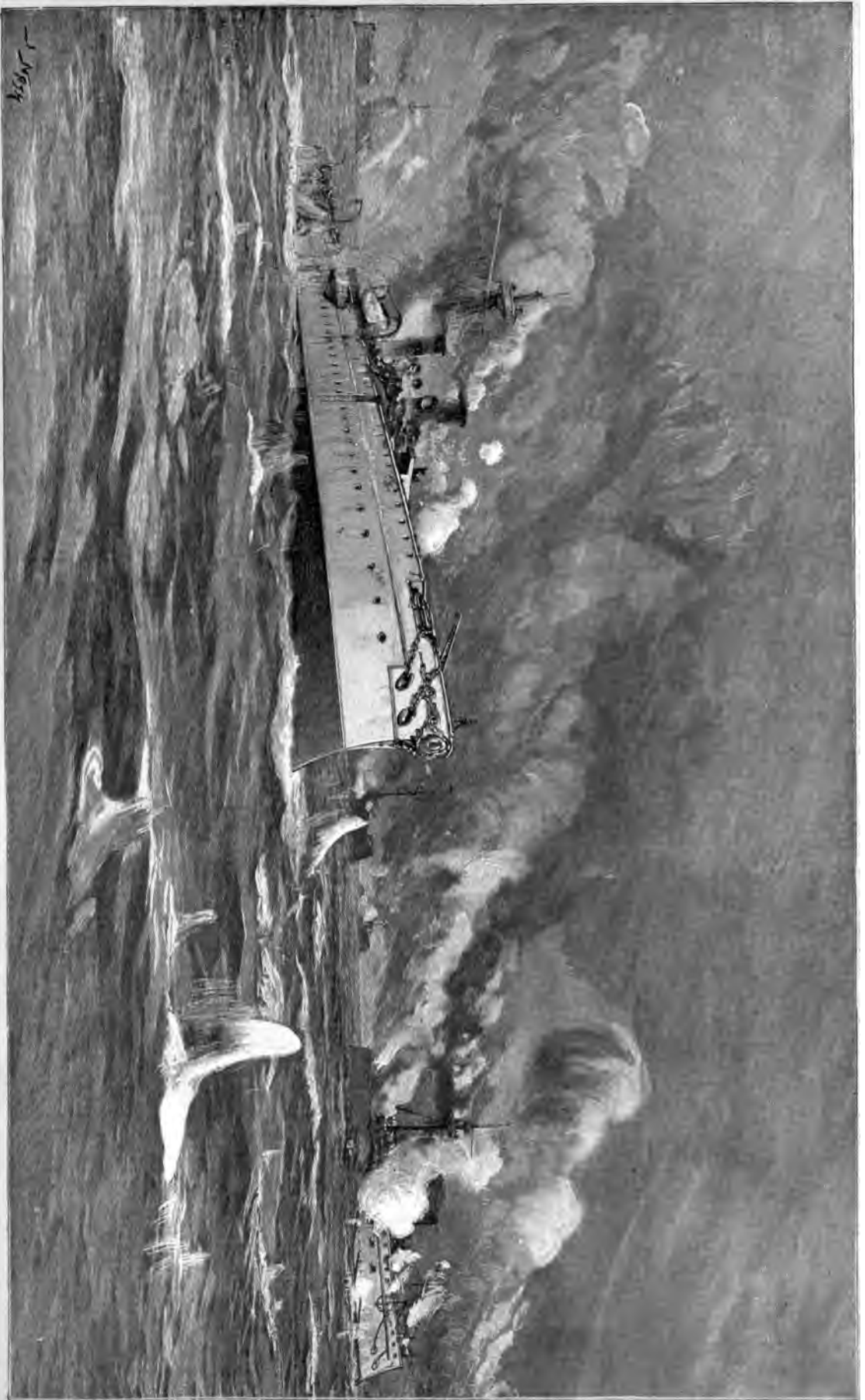
but they met with no opposition; the *Redoubtable* was their own.

Meantime the *Téméraire* had boarded her foe, the *Fougueux*, and in ten minutes the ship was taken, and the Frenchmen driven below. Shortly afterward the main and mizzenmast of the *Redoubtable* came down; the mainmast fell on board the *Téméraire*, and formed a bridge, across which Lieutenant John Wallace, with a few seamen, passed, to take undisputed possession of the Frenchman. Meantime the *Bucentaure* had been taken possession of by the *Conqueror*, and Admiral Villeneuve was a prisoner. The *Santissima Trinidad* surrendered also.

When Nelson was carried below he was laid upon a mattress and stripped of his uniform for the surgeon to probe the wound, which he at once knew to be mortal. But death was not instant. The wounded hero lived about three hours and a quarter, suffering severely from pain and burning thirst, and frequently calling for water.

In about two hours Captain Hardy entered the cockpit, and, shaking hands with Lord Nelson, congratulated him on the glorious victory his fleet had won, telling him that the fight was over, and that fifteen at least of the

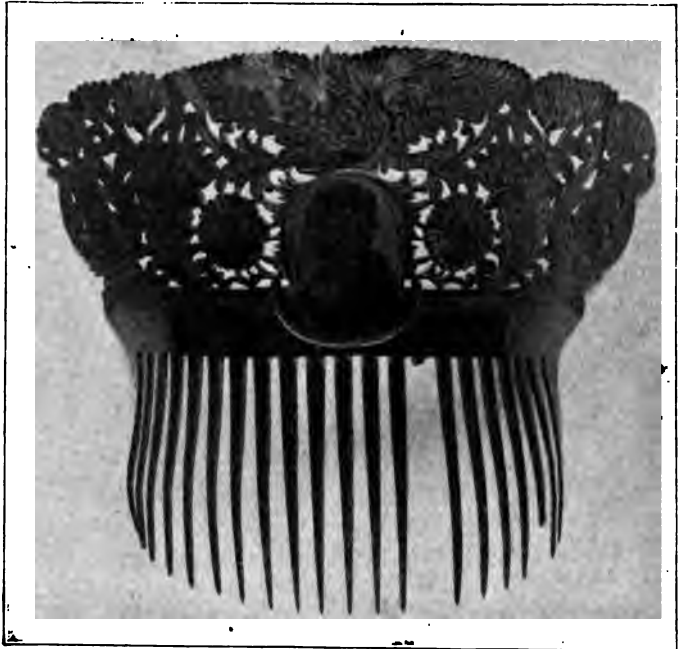




THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CHINESE CRUISER "CHIH YUEN" AT THE BATTLE OF YALU RIVER.

home; this little pig went squeak, squeak!" Mrs. Jackson, watching them greedily, burst into tears, sobbing: "Oh, husband! how I wish we had a child!" Returning the baby gently to its mother, he embraced her, saying, tenderly: "Darling, God knows what to give, what to withhold; let's not murmur against Him." Shortly before her death she referred to this scene, adding: "He would have given his life for a child; but, knowing how disappointed I was at never being a mother, he, pitying me, tried to console me by saying: 'God denies us offspring that we may help those who have large families and no means to support them.' Once, returning from a child's funeral, the bereaved mother's frantic grief almost unmaning us, he said: 'Your heart, my love, will never be pierced by that cruel knife.'"

An excellent housekeeper, taking great pride in all housewifely accomplishments—sewing, pickling, preserving, gardening—she managed home affairs during his long absences as Congressman, Senator,



COMB PRESENTED TO MRS. JACKSON BY LADIES OF NEW ORLEANS, AND WORN BY HER AT THE BALL GIVEN BY THE CITIZENS OF NASHVILLE TO GENERAL LAFAYETTE, IN 1825.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY L. BERNIE GALLAHER FROM THE ORIGINAL AT THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, WASHINGTON.

Judge, Attorney, Military Commander—farm, store, even race-track showing a master-hand's



CHURCH BUILT BY JACKSON IN 1823.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT C. MOULTON.

careful supervision. A gentle, affectionate mistress, her slaves—many of them, like Abraham's, born and reared in the family, tenacious of its customs and instincts, loyal to its traditions and memories—almost worshiped her.

In 1804, a man to whom Jackson had made large land sales, accepting in payment notes used to buy goods in Philadelphia, failed; and, forced to validate these notes, he was obliged to sell Hunter's Hill and other property. When his wife learned his embarrassment, she

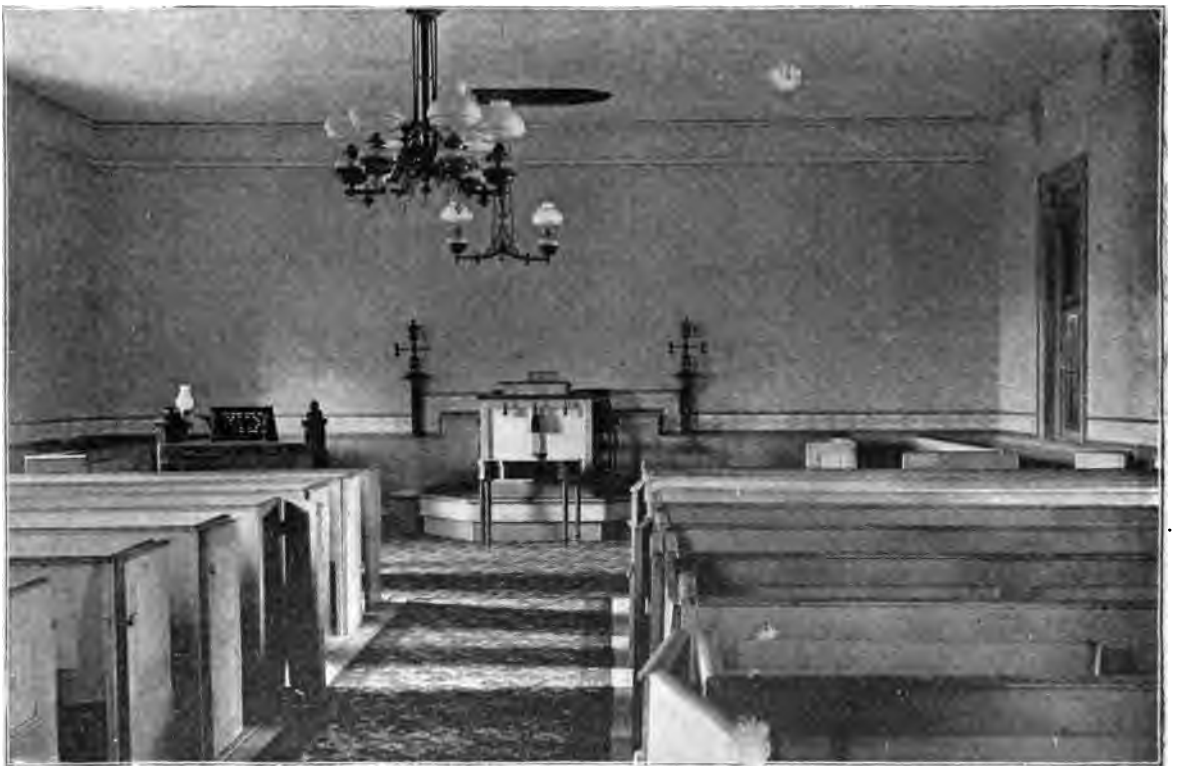
said, cheerfully: "I knew something was wrong, and am relieved that it's only about money." Jackson explained to her that some of the pro-



ANDREW JACKSON.  
FROM A FRENCH LITHOGRAPH.

perty involved being hers by inheritance, could not be rightfully sacrificed; but she nobly said: "Your debts are mine, your troubles mine; together we can easily bear hardships and privations." They removed to a frame house (still standing) on the Hermitage tract, using adjoining cabins as guest rooms; and there, as at Hunter's Hill, their home was the family rallying point—the centre of a generous hospitality, shared alike by the rich and distinguished, the poor and unfortunate. She had the art of making everybody feel at home, instinctively divined people's sore points and pet pretensions, gracefully avoiding the former and tactfully exploiting the latter.

(To be continued.)



INTERIOR OF CHURCH BUILT BY JACKSON IN 1823.

FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT C. MOULTON.



## MARIE TREMAINE.\*

BY FRANCES SWANN WILLIAMS,  
AUTHOR OF "MR. GADSBURY'S BROTHER," "SILVER SHAFTS," "OLD FORTY'S MASTER," "THE MAGNET  
STONE," "MISTRESS MARION," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER IX.

IN GRIPES OF IRON.



**D**AWN had scarce broken over Williamsburg. Crimson tints of sunrise glowed faintly in the eastern skies. The dew and freshness and mists of night still lingered in the cool spring air. Day had barely awakened, and yet the streets thronged with anxious, angry men. Alarm and rage ruled in plain definement upon every countenance. Aristocrat and yeoman, gentleman and laborer, jostled each other and stood upon a common plane, united in denunciation and menace of the Governor, cowering in his palace, exultant yet afraid of his own blow. Men rushed frantically to the magazine, only to find it empty, only to discover fresh causes for exasperation, and rouse to a fiercer pitch the vengeance they vowed upon the detested secretary and the Lord Governor. Tom Marchison had seized his carbine and rushed into the street, maddened by his own credulous folly in ever having ceased the watch. Couriers galloped into the country spreading wild alarms; men came flocking in by every road, armed with carbines and firelocks, and armored in a grim relentless determination immalleable as iron. Lord Dunmore trembled as the howls of rage rolled to the palace windows. The gentle countess listened and turned pallid as the marble Psyche in the niche at her side. Lady Catherine Murray shuddered and hid her beautiful face behind the amber satin hangings, as the roar of the tumult waxed near. Foy slunk away to conceal himself in the secret chambers where they had hidden the marines. His brow-beaten wife sat in calm courage facing the tem-

pest, glad in her heart that it had driven the secretary below to vent his impotent rage upon hard walls of mortar and stone instead of frail femininity.

"Where is Hamilton?" asked Tom, his face black with powder—now precious as the gold of Ophir.

"Ay—sure," echoed Evelyn, as he rammed in a bullet, regardless of the white hands never stained by ignoble toil. "Where is Hamilton?"

"Where is Hamilton?" was asked on every side by the boon companions—the cavaliers who had supped and taken counsel together in the Apollo Room of the Old Raleigh, and laughed at the *mots* or listened to the sonnets of the favored gallant—"Where is Hamilton?"

As the sun glided above the horizon and dried the crystal dew in the palace gardens, men looked at each other searchingly, saying: "Hamilton is nowhere to be found." The insidious whisper crept around like a breath of subtle poison.

"Lennox, where is Hamilton?" asked Tom, catching the bridle of Lennox's foaming horse.

Lennox had just galloped into town at the head of a troop of horsemen instantly recruited from the country, and ready to swell the maddened howl of wrath.

"Hamilton? Curse him! Curse him!" retorted the captain, clenching his hand. "Have you not heard it, Marchison? The traitorous Briton commanded the marines. Hamilton robbed the magazine. He hath the powder safe on the war-sloop *Magdalen*, and—curse him!—he is safe there to-day—safe until we send our scant ammunition into his treacherous heart!"

Tom dropped the bridle-rein as if his hand had been paralyzed.

"Lennox, 'fore God you have mistook the report. Why should he turn spy and traitor all in one?"

"Why? Ay, it's plain enough—he means to fall heir to the spoils when the British lord yonder confiscates our lands and sends us to the gallows," replied Lennox, in savage scorn. "Forward, my men; we will have the powder or die for it! Forward to the palace—that's the place for us," and Lennox waved his cocked hat while the throng cheered, taking up the watchword, "To the palace! to the palace!"

They moved on, pressing harder upon the palace gate with its quadrupled guards. Tom Marchison stood still, watching Lennox turning the popular will against the councilors prudently entreating moderation. The sage old men, important and cautious, strove to quell the tumult, and save the Colony from murdering their Governor.

"Marse Tom, madam hath sent you Patty Patriot," whispered a mulatto servant, making his way with difficulty to his master. "She bids me say all is well at home, and to save yo' powder, fur sho' and certain, kase you'll have wuss need."

"'Gad, she is right. Madam my mother hath more wit than we have. Fetch the mare nigh as she can get, Scip."

A moment later Tom laid his hand on the mare's neck and vaulted into the saddle. His dust-covered face wore a grave, harassed expression as he halted near Lennox. He could not believe the evil news of Hamilton. Lennox, always sarcastic and skeptical of virtues, might have credited some light rumor. He would not think they had all been so deceived.

"The councilors are in the palace. They are treating with Lord Dunmore," was carried from mouth to mouth, and then the throng settled into passive, resistant waiting for the emergent town rulers.

All day they stood in expectation while the Lord Governor conferred with their ambassadors. The sun was sinking behind the hills, when a deep hush fell on the multitude.

"The councilors have returned. They are going to speak," shouted Lennox. "Let them tell us what the Briton will do."

They listened to the fair promises and wise words added thereto—listened rebelliously. Lennox sat on his horse, grimly acquiescent to the prevailing sentiment.

"His promises are lies!" he averred, sulkily. "We can wait. Our time will come."

"He hath made promises to return the

powder. It might have chanced vastly worse for us," Tom said, with that sombered look still on his countenance. "Patty Patriot is in lack of her oats, and hath no great liking for standing still all day."

The mare pricked up her smooth ears at the sound of her name and the caressing stroke of Tom's great hand.

"We will repent, sir, of this," predicted Lennox, as they separated, and each turned his face homeward. "Treachery lurks under this fair speech of the Lord Governor."

"Have a wonderful good care of the mare, Scip," Tom said to the groom, when he dismounted at the stable door. "She may have harder work than standing stock still all day before a se'nnight is gone."

Tom opened the drawing-room door and glanced uneasily at the ladies, eager and excited by the news, and alert for the latest report.

"If my mother will forgive my rough appearance I can come in," he said, halting at the door in deferential courtesy.

Mrs. Marchison roused from a stolen doze.

"Come in, my Thomas! Good lack, what does it matter about your clothes, when we did not know but what the British and negroes and Indians had tomahawked and scalped you?" she exclaimed, with more feeling than rhetoric.

"Tom, tell us about it. Mercy on us, Tom, don't be so slow and stupid!" exclaimed Anne, with an angry stamp of her little foot.

"If you are not too weary," added Marie, gently.

"Quiet for to-night. My Lord Governor hath promised to restore the powder, but nobody believes him," answered Tom, as he drank a hot toddy in which Mrs. Marchison had artfully infused a medicinal herb from the still room as a preventive of fever.

"You will watch to-night, my son?"

"Sure, mother, we put no faith in him. I'm going out presently," was the brief reply. In fact, Tom exhibited an unusual barrenness of news.

"Who goes with you to-night, Tom?" amiably inquired Anne.

Marie looked up quickly, the color brightening while she listened for the reply.

"Lennox," he returned, briefly, utterly indifferent to the pleasant scene.

The fair girls in their handsome toilet, elaborately trimmed with ribbon bows and laces, listened in intense expectation for the news he doled so reluctantly. The fairest of the three sat in a high-backed chair, a tense absorption

and almost agonized expectancy on her delicate features.

More practical in her sympathy, Mrs. Marchison rang for the trays of supper.

"Where was Jack Evelyn?" demanded Anne.

"At his post, with carbine and powder-horn."

"And Major Hamilton, what came of him in the turmoil?"

"'Gad, is that supper?" abruptly asked Tom, as the doors opened and three or four servants bore in well-laden supper trays, and then Tom seemed unusually occupied by helping his mother and Marie.

"You did not answer Anne's question, sir," Marie said, in a whisper, as he filled a plate and placed it on a table beside her.

The same gravity fell like a shadow on Tom's countenance.

"After supper you shall hear everything. I dare not tell it to Anne. She was wonderful friendly to Hamilton. On my soul! it hath struck me heavy and hard!" was his hastily whispered answer.

The swift terror leaping into Marie's eyes, now resting in passionate entreaty upon Tom, perhaps prompted the next remark:

"No one hurt to-day—not a scratch or cut."

"Sir, not a wound, but a monstrous treachery," interposed a cold, clear voice, as Lennox opened the drawing-room door.

His high top-boots were muddy and splashed, two pistols protruded from each side, while a long sword trailed at his side.

"Marchison," he said, after a ceremonious salutation to the ladies, "you must come at once on Patty Patriot. There is word by the runners of mischief brewing at the river. That infernal traitor—forgive me, ladies!—may land his men again to-night."

"Ay, sir, I'll warrant you," hastily interposed Tom. "Collins will adventure everything."

"Collins," repeated Lennox, contemptuously; "give me leave, sir, to say that Collins would not adventure anything. It is the infamous wretch that robbed the magazine."

"Who do you mean, sir?" cried Anne, while her mother handed him supper, and Tom restlessly went to Marie for aid in loading his carbine, regardless of drawing-room etiquette.

Marie followed him to the back of the room, courageously holding the bullets while he measured a charge of powder.

"Who do you mean? Have done with your supper long enough to give us a bit of news,"

insisted Anne, impatiently. "Who robbed the magazine?"

"Hamilton! Our wonderful fine gentleman!" was the angered response.

"Lord, sir! Do you say that Hamilton robbed the magazine?" exclaimed Anne, electrified by the announcement.

"Gone over to the enemy, the dastardly traitor, and his blow is monstrous heavy; but," added Lennox, a sinister meaning in the tone, "he can never come back here again."

"Where hath he betaken himself now, sir?" questioned Anne, her eyes fiery and glittering, and her cheek burning in spots of red.

"On board the *Magdalen*, with her guns run out to rake us with shot and shell, but 'fore God, I'll put a bullet in him, if it please you, to show him I am not a fool!" and Lennox emphasized the hostile intention by bringing his gloved hand down upon the table with a force that made the china on the tray rattle dangerously.

Tom looked up from an examination of his gun-lock. The color had gone from Marie Tremaine's face. It had blanched to an ashen hue—the hue of death. An unseen hand seemed to have clutched her throat. She gasped as if a spasm of pain shot through her, then stood still and rigid as a statue of marble.

"I was minded to fear Anne would ill bear such terrible news," commented Tom, still occupied with his weapon, and holding his hand for a charge of powder.

She mechanically raised the horn and measured the charge. A vague sense that she was dying almost outran a certain sense of the necessity of giving no token or clue to the secret tearing her soul to pieces.

"It's a mighty blow to us," resumed Tom. "I thought Mistress Anne might care. Ha, Marie! are you gone sick? You are white as a ghost!"

"I—I have turned dizzy," she answered, pressing her hands over her eyes with a despairing gesture.

"You are desperate sick, Marie," he said, appalled by the ghastliness of her countenance.

Tom made a step toward his mother, who had joined the group about Lennox; but Marie arrested his intention with a faint, almost helpless gesture.

"I am better," she murmured, her stiff, whitened lips moving in painful effort to articulate. The Tremaine will was as strong in the girl as in stalwart old Basil.

Distress, not unmixed with tenderness, crept into Tom's manner. He was thoroughly fright-



ened and dismayed. "Marie, are you really better? My dearest girl, how can I serve you?"

"Tom," she interrupted, in the same dead, hollow tone, "is it true about Hamilton—this evil report? Tom, tell me that."

"Sure, Marie, it is all true. It will not work as much ill as Lennox has fear of. Take heart, Marie, the Colony is not lost," he insisted, certain that her sudden sickness was from alarm.

She suppressed a bitter moan, and Tom beheld, with something like panic, the tears blinding her eyes—tears she strove to force back.

"It is not such a mischance as Lennox believes, Marie," he whispered. "It is only Hamilton—he means to kill Hamilton for treachery to us."

Marie gasped for breath. "Tom—oh, I must go!" she sobbed. "Make some excuse."

The big, good-hearted man was not quick-witted, his finesse not deep; but it did good service just then. "Sure, Marie," he said aloud, holding the door open for her to pass out, "write that letter. A messenger rides post-haste to Tremaine Manor to-night."

"Where hath Marie gone, Thomas?" asked his mother, turning to render the assistance so acceptable from other hands.

"To write a letter home; and if it pleases you, madame, don't let her be interrupted, for inditing a letter is no easy task, although she is such a wonderful scribe," rejoined Tom, conscious of the labor it cost himself to pen the briefest of epistles. "I may come in at midnight, madam. Don't take alarm; I shall see that all is well, and mayhap return Patty Patriot to her stall."

The two gentlemen rode off together, armed and prepared for the night reconnoissance. They went through the town riverward, and Lennox reiterated his threat in terms more stern and grim.

"If I am spared I will shoot Hamilton."

Somehow, whenever he pondered the purpose in his embittered heart, a vision of Marie, miserable and heartbroken as she appeared in his last glimpse of her ascending the broad stairway, arose before Tom's mental eye, and he tormented himself to know why.

"Poor Marie! what ailed her?" he said, involuntarily, as he lay prone on the ground, close to the river, in watch of the armed schooners lying out on the water bristling with guns, though peaceful enough in all other respects. The hum of voices and galling laughter floated over to him in the hush of night and the twofold darkness of the heavy pines, sheltering many more than Tom

Marchison. The night wore on drearily for Tom and his comrades, vigilant of the dark objects defined against the starry skies. Now and then some negro stealthily rowing himself to a neighboring plantation stirred a suspicion of the marines.

"Evelyn, is that you?" asked Tom of a man crawling quietly to his side.

"I am the relief; go home."

Tom obeyed without parley. It was past midnight when Tom Marchison rode through the by no means sleeping town. He was tired. The excitement and heavy exertion of the day taxed even his great strength. He sleepily dismounted and sent the mare away with Scipio.

"The gate open? Sure some of the servants abroad, spying for the British, mayhap," he said, closing the gate with a careless slam.

As he did so a figure glided rapidly through the shrubbery and disappeared. It was a woman, and even at the distance in the dim, clouded night, there was something familiar in her appearance. He rushed down the walk leading to the wing, then into the shrubbery, searching everywhere; but the mysterious female had vanished utterly. The mansion presented an aspect of such perfect repose and security that Tom gave up the search.

"Women baffle me always," the great fellow said, with a lugubrious sigh.

The hall door swung to on its massive iron hinges. Tom had turned the key with a rusty, grating sound, when a man, emerging from a clump of evergreens near the gate, opened it and hurried away.

Impelled by some impulse Tom looked out of his window at that moment, and caught a swift glimpse of the vanishing nocturnal visitant.

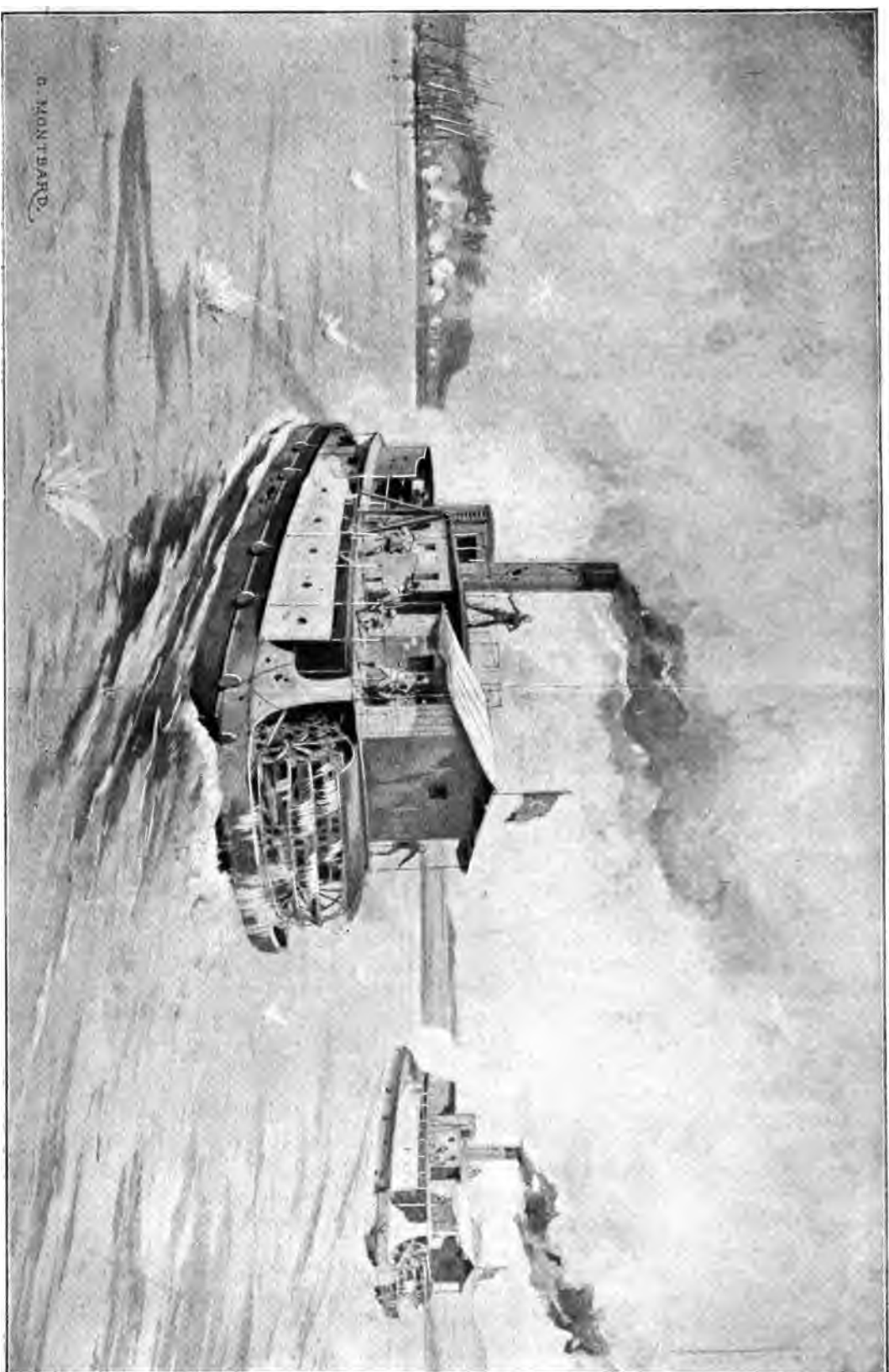
"Of a surety he is safe on the *Magdalen*, or I'd swear that was Hamilton," he said, in dire perplexity.

## CHAPTER X.

### "WEAVING OF A WEB."

"MARIE TREMAINE is sick," Anne told Evelyn. "My mother hath no knowledge of her ailment, but she is wonderful heart-broke over the magazine matter."

"Sure, Mistress Anne, that is worse than the magazine outrage," gravely retorted Evelyn, his gaze wandering to the street with its continual throng of men coming and going, and excitedly talking while with equal significance they held to their loaded firearms. "God save us! Foy and Collins have galloped past. They and their men would rather be safe in the palace than in



EGYPTIAN GUNBOAT,  
SHOWING AN ATTACK UPON MONGOLA IN 1896.



the way of so many murderous eyes. 'Gad! it was monstrous strange of them to choose their way past the Marchison stables. Mayhap they have an eye to Tom's mare, Patty Patriot."

"Give me leave, sir, to tell you that if my brother is a rebel, you know full well the King hath a right to his estate, and the mare amongst other things!" cried Anne, who had suddenly developed violent loyalty to the King.

"'Gad! I wonder what the Britons had to say to the servants as they passed the stables—Miss Tremaine's maid in particular?" Evelyn said, without noting Anne's remark so much as the swift reddening of her cheek, and abrupt, bird-like dart, as the little lady unceremoniously left him and ran to the garden, where Judith had stopped to gather roses for her ailing mistress.

"What did Captain Foy say to you?" she demanded of the frightened maid.

"Sarve you, mistis, he ax me how de lady's healf is."

"Hush—it is a lie! How dare you lie to me, you hussy!" shrieked Anne, trembling with rage. "Tell your mistress that I will tell of her to that lovesick fool at the Manor House. Sure, I'll see that she hath no more messages from Hamilton. Don't stand there, you simpering idiot! Go tell her she shall keep to her Bernard."

Judith, nimble of foot when Anne stormed, fled upstairs to the chamber of her young mistress.

"Take it, missie honey. Miss Anne mos' done got it!" she cried, as she laid a curiously twisted paper in her lap.

Marie was sitting in a cushioned chair near the window. The breeze lifted the golden brown curls from miserably pale cheeks. Her dark eyes seemed to have grown larger; the wistful melancholy in their fathomless depths appealed to the beholder as something thrillingly pathetic. It had come in the last week, and troubled Judith as a prescience of evil and sorrow.

"It's done marked, missie, somewhat pitiful has come over her. I done seen it in the look of her," the maid said, in the quarters, and yet she guessed nearer the truth than anyone else when she fancied the medicine for Marie's ailment lay in the billet upon her lap.

"Captain Foy giv it to me hisse'f, en nobody knowed it, missie."

Marie's cheek flushed crimson. She had come to this—a clandestine correspondence with the enemies of her country! She was aiding her servants in communicating with the British ships-of-war instead of giving them up to jus-

tice. She was a traitress in coalition with the hated enemy, and Anne Marchison suspected it. A shiver ran through her. What might her people, even Bernard and her father do, if they knew her as a—traitress! And yet Marie opened the letter. Something of the old light brightened the fine dark eyes as they rested on the brief lines.

"There is no treason in this! Ah, my God, that he—that we should be so vile! Oh, Jasper! Jasper! what can we do now?"

She touched her lips in dumb tenderness to the billet.

"Write no word of publick matters. I care for tidings of yourself. Moreover, I send this to remind you of your vows and promises to me," Hamilton said, in a terrible fear of losing her love.

That short sentence, "Write no word of publick matters," lulled the alarm of being faithless to others by holding communication with Jasper.

"Have a care to Mistress Anne," he continued. "She bears you no love, and I would save you distress. Sure, my sweetest, I could not rest until I had, in secret, landed at midnight and spent an hour in watch of your window, hopeful that I might chance upon a glimpse of you. If anything happens contrive a message to Captain Foy, and if my life is the forfeit, I will bring a score of trusty men and carry off my own Marie on board a man-of-war. Meantime I protest, my dear one, that I love you more than existence, and if Fate is in my favor, I will return to your side without delay. Adieu."

No word of apology or explanation of the terrible part he had played in the magazine plundering occurred to Hamilton. Marie thought of him with the yearning tenderness which fills a woman's heart when danger threatens her beloved ones. Intense amazement possessed her that Jasper seemed blindly to have fallen into this crooked path, instead of the clear and straight one which seemed now so strewn with happy blossoming. Her heart, torn and bleeding as it was, ached more for the sinister deception than the part itself. Marie cowered in terrible humiliation under the unprincipled position she bore to her family and friends, the treachery and double motives and actions they must assign to her when all was known. How could they know that she might love her British husband and her Colonist family? How could they know that she might be true to both? Marie shrank from the stinging degradation of their probable decision that she was true to none! She, who held honor and rectitude in

priceless value, must endure the shame of perfidy to all her loved ones. How blameless she was must ever be a speculative subject. She could not betray one hint of her own innocence. To exonerate herself condemned Jasper. Her lips were sealed. She must bear the ignominy and brand of perfidy if they chose to fasten it upon her. With quivering nerves and agonized heart, but martyr-like courage, Marie refolded the billet.

"I mus' do yo' hair now, missie," Judith broke in upon a meditation, torturing in its suffering, from which she well knew no relief or palliation could come in the present, perhaps never.

"I will try to go downstairs, Judith," she answered, with a hopeless sigh. "I may feel worse in spirit; I don't see what is to make me better of my ills."

The dusky face of the maid beamed with satisfaction as she set about the arrangement of Marie's shining brown hair. Judith invariably, as she phrased it, "took her own time" over this part of the toilette. To-day she was deft and quick.

"Now, missie, yo' blue gown wid de stomacher 'at ole miss fotch fum Lunnon," she chattered, in good-natured loquacity.

Marie, self-absorbed with the pangs gripping her very soul, heeded none of the wiles and blandishments Judith used to gain her own way. She was passive and non-resistant. Whether the gown be blue or deepest of sable just then held no interest for Marie. She descended the steps and entered the drawing-room so quietly that she had almost crossed it before the sole occupant turned to greet her.

"Ah, my cousin Marie!" he exclaimed, in glad surprise.

"Cousin Bernard! When did you arrive? I did not know——" she stammered, growing confused under the undisguised admiration lighting up his grave, handsome face.

In the midst of it all she wished most heartily to have been sick a few days longer.

"My aunt charged me with a letter and a multitude of messages to you. She could not leave the plantation now, when my uncle and myself are away," he explained, handing her a chair and standing before her gravely courteous and attentive. "I journeyed here first to confer with the authorities and offer my troop, and, that duty performed, to consult my private pleasure in seeing you, Marie."

"Will we have fighting, cousin Bernard? Can we resist now?" she inquired, anxiously, know-

ing well that every word from him was truth itself.

"We shall, without doubt, punish the outrage upon the rights of the Colony," was the guarded response.

"What command hath my mother sent me, sir?"

This time Marie's voice faltered.

"It is dangerous for you on the plantation at present. My uncle and aunt send you a positive command to remain here; I also very much desire it."

"I wish to remain," Marie said, simply, her thoughts wandering away to Jasper and the terrible fear of utter separation.

Bernard smiled in mistaken satisfaction.

His friends averred that "sober-minded Bernard," reserved his smiles for his pretty cousin. If Marie had ever thought of it, or cared to notice, she might have easily perceived the truth of the assertion, but she never thought or cared to notice.

"I shall have the happiness of seeing you sometimes when my troop lies in the vicinity of Williamsburg," he said, gently. "Perhaps you will not believe how very great is our regret that you ever left the Manor House."

The calm, restful dignity of Bernard's manner, as he stood before her, tall and strong, in his drab riding clothes and a black ribbon tying his hair, seemed to bring back the old healthful life before secrets and deception laid their stifling grasp upon her life.

"I wish I had never left the Manor House. I wish my mother had never sent me away from her," she said, impulsively.

Bernard's searching gaze rested upon her with an inquiry so keen and penetrating that it seemed to rive her inmost heart.

"If you are minded to return, Marie, I will ride express and obtain my uncle's permission."

"No, no, sir. I do not wish to return. I only regret that I ever left the Manor House," she repeated, in the same tone, while a somber shadow seemed to deepen upon her face.

"Has anything marred the peace of your stay in Williamsburg?" he demanded, quickly.

She shook her head in mute negative. The retrospect was almost more than she could bear. A mighty longing, a touch of heart-breaking nostalgia sickened her very soul, as it yearned for the wide-spreading fields stretching into the misty horizon, the high-ceiled chambers and broad hall of the manor home. It mirrored itself to the minutest detail before her now, even

the flap of the white curtains in her own room, the soft crescendo of the rustling poplar leaves, the wash and lap of the stream in the meadows, the fragrance of the shrubs on the terrace. She gazed upon it with her soul's gaze, as Eve may have gazed back into Paradise, knowing that it could never come back to her, as in days gone by. Never again could return the lightsome laugh, wholly free of pain, never the tranquil heart without its agony of dread—its heavy corroding secret. Looking at Bernard with the great tenderness in his eyes, the old faith and trustful security returned. As for Bernard, it was luxury for him to look at her after the long separation, and yet, in spite of the pathos of every tone, in spite of her evident relief and pleasure in having him there, in spite of all this, a nameless something about Marie sharpened Bernard's scrutiny. She put him away—pushed him back with invisible hands. Her heart was no longer an unsealed book. On the contrary, Bernard was quite certain that Marie concealed from him some unhappiness, or, at least, annoyance.

"It may be Mistress Anne," he conjectured at last, glancing across the dining table at Anne, ventilating her new loyalty to the crown, much to the amusement of Tom and her father.

"It may be one of these, but woe unto him if any man hath trifled with Marie."

His eye traveled down the table to Tom, Evelyn and Lennox, and although his misgivings increased somehow Bernard's acumen perceived no peril to Marie from the trio.

Anne made cutting merriment over Marie's sudden recovery, and seemed in wild spirits with her elfish laughter and cruel wit.

"How is it that your beautiful guest holds our wise captain in her toils, and cares not for it?" asked Lennox.

"Who can tell," retorted Anne, "why a wise man is in the leading strings to a silly maid?"

"Could you hold him or the like of him tethered to your smiles?" inquired Lennox.

"Lord, the man hath gone demented. Sir, I give you leave to say that fine, wise men have no love for me," and Anne shrugged her shoulders meaningly.

"What kind of men adore you?" persisted Lennox.

"Sure, sir, you are minded to take me for a housemaid, with a troop of admirers ogling me!" retorted the girl, flashing her glittering eyes upon him like a fork of flame. "If you like, sir, my admirers are men without brains—fox-hunting squires, fresh from England; red-faced, swearing

brutes, with naught to do but eat and fall sick of the gout."

"What kind of man do you honor with your admiration?"

"You are turned monstrous curious, sir. I admire Captain Bassett, or——"

"Major Hamilton," interpolated Lennox, careless of the blaze of her eyes as she turned swiftly upon him.

"Sir, how dare you say that?"

"Because it is the truth," rejoined Lennox. "But you are not the magnet holding him in the vicinity of Williamsburg, when it would better his fortunes to return to his old place on Howe's staff, and get the commission of colonel they have promised him for stealing our powder."

Anne looked at him with eyes that seemed to burn.

"Captain Lennox, sir, is there a magnet?" she asked, in lowered tone, while the color in her cheek brightened.

"Of a surety you must be purblind——"

"Tell me the magnet at once!" interrupted Anne, using her feather fan vigorously.

"Behold the fair nymph whose charms enslave friend and foe," and Lennox pointed to Marie.

"Sure you are mad, sir; she is to marry Bernard!" excitedly declared Anne.

"Gad, she may be contracted to the captain, but Hamilton worships from afar; and sure it is the only thing in the universe he loves as well as himself."

The words fell slowly. Satirical Lennox enjoyed Anne's discomfiture without suspecting its underlying intensity.

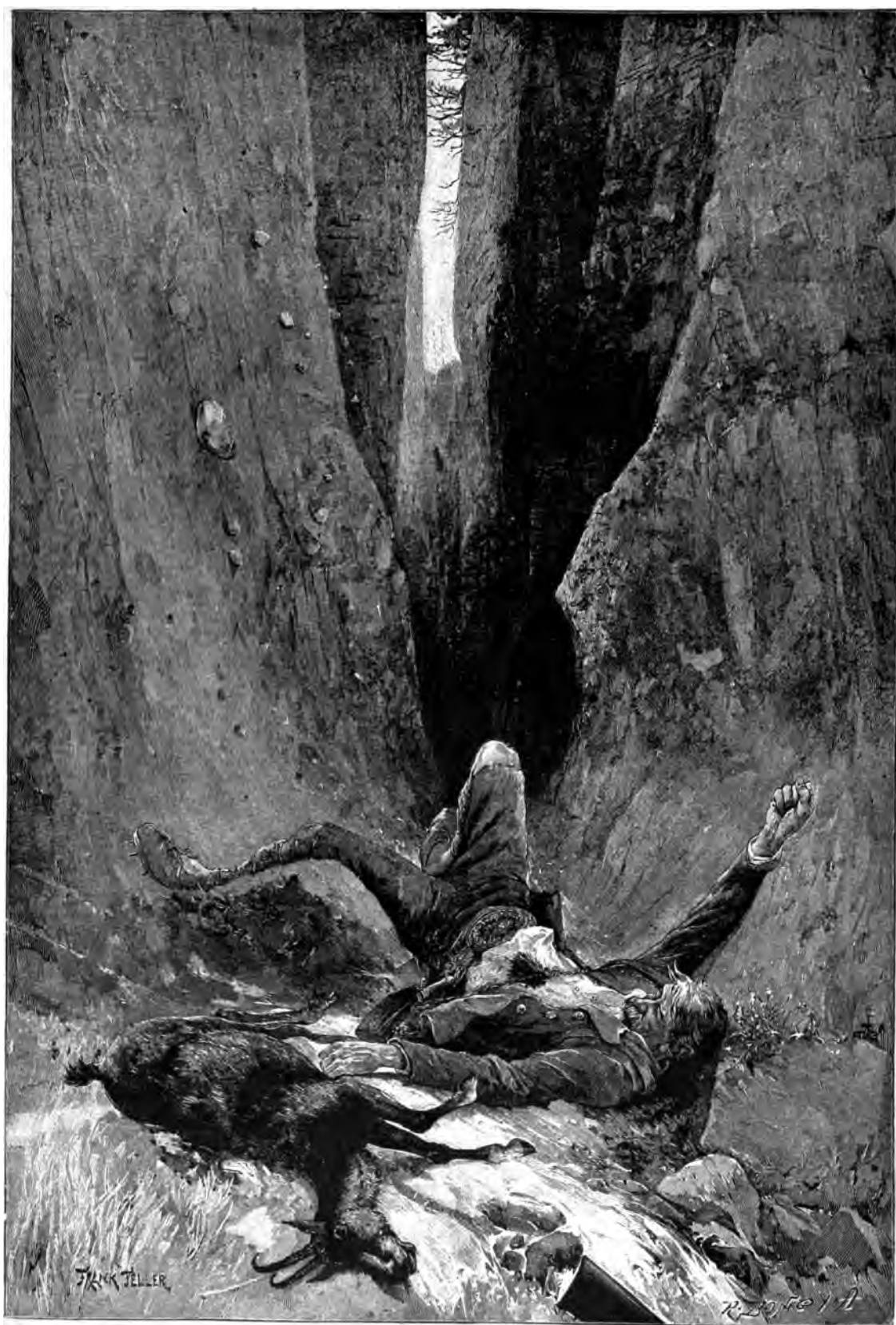
"She shall hold to Bernard," huskily declared Anne, showing her pearl-white teeth in a way that imparted a ferociously canine look to her countenance.

"Vastly better for us," was the taunting response: "for then Jasper Hamilton will never be heard of again in Virginia."

Anne clenched her teeth and seemed to grind them together passionately. A deadly whiteness about her mouth made ghastly contrast to the burning spot in either cheek. She smiled savagely—a smile with the gleam of lightning rather than sunshine.

"He will never think of her again," Anne ejaculated, in short, terse accents.

"Sure it would be more than I could do never to think of her again. She is as good as she is beautiful, and Hamilton is a needy adventurer of fashion, with bailiffs, like bloodhounds, yelp-



THE POACHER'S END.  
FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANK FELLER.

ing at his heels," Lennox said, as Mrs. Marchison gave the signal to leave the table.

"I hate you!" Anne said, in passing; and Lennox, looking after her in cynical enjoyment of her quips and moods, never doubted it in the least.

Mrs. Marchison locked her arm within Marie's in unusual graciousness, and made her sit beside her on the window-seat.

"Your mother writes me the marriage will be this summer if the Colony is quiet," she whispered, patting the girl's soft cheek.

"What marriage do you mean?" began Marie; then she stopped, her cheek paled swiftly, her voiced faltered.

"You are gone white as a sheet, child. What ails you? I'll give you May-apple tea—it is wonderful for bad blood."

Marie leaned her head against the window-sash, her thoughts in a whirl. Suppose they did hasten the marriage with Bernard. If her father willed it so, what could she dare to do?

"Boneset would be excellent good for you," she heard Mrs. Marchison saying. "Run out in the garden; the air from the pines will hearten you before Bernard takes his leave."

Marie rose slowly and went out into the garden, followed by Charlotte.

"Our Anne is sharp with her tongue, Marie," Charlotte said, apologetically; "but the wonder of it is she hath not lashed us worse. She was so vastly took with this gay gentleman, and now he has gone over to the enemy without a thought of her, it's sure very provoking."

"Yes," assented Marie, feebly.

"He said many fine speeches to her, but they do say he was an officer in the King's service all the time, and only pretended to be a Colonist to ferret our secrets. He was a spy; but hark ye, Marie, he was a wonderful pretty spy. Prithee, what are you and Tom a-saying, Captain Bassett?" she asked, as the two officers came along the garden walk.

"We were speaking of the magazine robber!" explained Bernard, looking at Marie. "I am minded to believe that he is my uncle Basil's scapegrace nephew, save that I scarce think that

he would dare venture on the same side of the world with my uncle Basil."

"Gad, the colonel would run him through with his blade if his eyes catch so much as a sight of that villian nephew!" supplemented Tom. "Bad as this traitor Hamilton is, I dare swear he is not bad enough to fill that scoundrel's shoes!"

"I shall investigate the matter," Bernard went on, a steel-like grimness creeping into voice and aspect. "I look upon it as my duty to the country and my family to rid them of this dangerous scoundrel. I shall make it my charge to meet him, for he means ill to my uncle Basil, and he shall not suffer again from his unscrupulous schemes."

"You mistake, Captain Bassett," interposed Charlotte, tolerantly. "This Major Hamilton never heard of the Tremaines until Marie came, and then his mind was turned upon Anne. The worst of him is enough for even British should-ers to carry—he played the Colony false—sure that's enough, but he hath no heavier score against him."

The dissatisfied doubt in Bernard's stern countenance relaxed, but he was too reticent and cautious to commit himself by further discussion. Plainly the suggestion as to Hamilton's identity had taken firm hold upon his mind, and he was never known to forget. When Tom held out his hand and interposed his bulky person between Marie and everybody else he noticed the tears she strove to conceal.

"Farewell, Marie! Our troop is ready. We must be in the saddle speeding to Doncastle's Ordinary. Patrick Henry hath a great force out there. Don't take it to heart, Marie. Sure, we will soon drive out the British and ride back. Farewell, farewell!"

Tom whistled to himself and switched the hollyhocks and roses on each side of the walk as he strode along, thinking of Marie's tears and asking mentally whether they were for the young fellows riding out to rendezvous at Doncastle's Ordinary, or—and then his thoughts would flit to Jasper Hamilton biding his time on the armed sloop-of-war in the river.

(To be continued.)



## AN AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE DISTRICT.

By C. HILLS WARREN.

"This song of mine  
Is a song of the vine,  
To be sung by the glowing embers  
Of wayside inns,  
When the rain begins  
To darken the drear Novembers."

—LONGFELLOW.



THESE lines were written when American viticulture, as an industry, was in its infancy. In California, long before it became a part of the United States, the Franciscan fathers had succeeded in growing grapes on vines transplanted from sunny France and Spain; and the oldest variety grown on

the Pacific slope is still called the Mission grape. In the East, however, every effort to grow European varieties in the open air failed; and, after a hundred years of fruitless experiment, pomologists turned their attention to the improvement of native vines. The hardy wild grape furnished an excellent stock for experiment, and a few years of intelligent cultivation produced vines that withstood exposure to the winter's frost, and ripened a fine quality of fruit. There are now at least two hundred varieties of native grapes.

The first outdoor grapes marketed in this country were shipped to New York in 1845 by way of the Erie Canal. The vines were trained on arbors in a terrace garden at the head of Keuka (then called "Crooked") Lake; and the grapes, of the Isabella variety, were packed in a barrel of cedar shavings. There were fifty pounds of fruit. The next year the owner of the garden, Mr. William Hastings, who is still living, shipped two hundred pounds and broke the New York market; the commission merchant writing, soon after he received the fruit: "Do not send any more grapes—we cannot sell them."

Small vineyards were planted at about the same time on the Hudson River at Croton Point, and at Naples on Canandaigua Lake. In 1860 there were about 300 acres of vineyard in New York State. To-day there are 50,000 acres of bearing vines in the State, valued at \$20,400,000, and employing 26,000 people to care for and ship the crop. In the United States there are 401,261

acres of bearing vines, yielding about 614,000 tons annually, and representing a value of \$155,661,150.

There are three distinct vine-growing districts in New York State: The Hudson River district, the Chautauqua district, near the shores of Lake Erie; and the Central New York district, on Lakes Keuka, Canandaigua and Seneca.

A visit to the district last mentioned is the best way to gain an adequate idea of the grape-growing industry east of the Rocky Mountains. Lake Keuka has a shore line of sixty miles, which is almost a continuous vineyard. In spring and early summer the long rows of vines, rising from the water's edge in unbroken succession to the summits of the hills, are outlined in delicate shades of green, which deepen in autumn to the tone of half-browned leaf and purple cluster of the ripened grape.

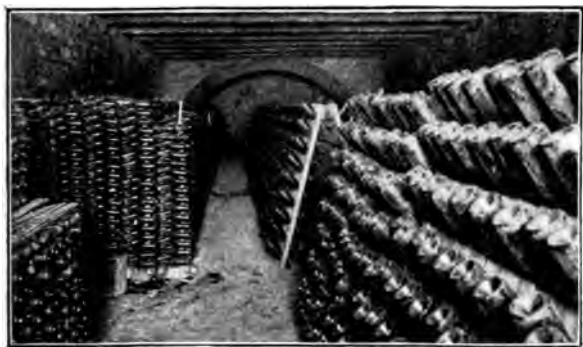
Vineyard culture, while it embodies the poetry of rural life, requires unremitting watchfulness



VINEYARDS AT NAPLES.

and toil. As soon as the frost is out of the soil the husbandman begins to set new vines or to cultivate the vineyards already planted. The vines are set two feet deep, in rows eight feet apart; and after the first year they must be trimmed and the new wood tied to the wires. They are tied first with willow withes, and the second and third tying is with wisps of rye straw. This work is usually done by women and children, and it is a picturesque sight to see the steep





THE CLEARING TABLES.

slopes of these lake vineyards dotted with stooping figures, while the plow teams move slowly along the rows. Many Germans from the valley of the Rhine have set vines here, and their acres are cultivated with the same thoroughness and care that beautified their leaseholds in the Fatherland.

The grape crop is exposed to many foes. Late frosts in the spring and early ones in the fall, heavy rains, the black rot, mildew, peronospora, and other fungoid diseases, have in some localities destroyed in a few weeks the labor of months. The Department of Agriculture recommends spraying the vines with a solution of copper salt, known as Bordeaux mixture and Eau Celeste, and where this is done early in the season the crop is usually saved. When the grapes ripen in September and October the vineyards are a scene of bustling activity. From all the country adjacent the farmers' wives and daughters come to work at sorting and packing grapes. The men, carrying queer little stools suspended from a belt around the waist, cut the fruit from the vines, and cart it to the packing houses in trays. Women, although they pick grapes rapidly, lack the strength necessary to carry the heavy trays about the vineyard.

The grapes are shipped in five and ten-pound baskets, and the fair hands that fill them do the

work with marvelous dexterity. The packing-rooms echo with laughter and song, and the eyes that peep from under the gingham sun-bonnets are brimming with merriment.

During the shipping season every boat-landing and freight depot is the rendezvous for long lines of loaded wagons from the vineyards, and the little steamers come puffing alongside the railway docks, after a trip up the lake, with a deck-load of baskets reaching to the pilot-house.

Of the grapes grown in New York four-fifths are shipped for table use. The last census estimated the shipment in 1890 at 98,000,000 pounds, or 49,000 tons, requiring nearly 5,000 cars for its transportation to market. The crop of 1894 was still larger, and when the perishable nature of the fruit is considered, the labor employed in handling it will be easily understood.

There are several industries dependant upon grape-growing, not the least important of which is the making of baskets. In winter the basket factories secure a stock of bass-wood and elm, to be sawed and shaved into bottoms, sides, rims and handles. Then, as the days grow longer in the spring time, the machines are set in motion and the basket makers begin work. The ma-

chinery used for sawing and slicing the several parts of a basket is ingenious, yet extremely



SAND-PAPERING GRAPE BOXES.



CHAMPAGNE VAULT WITH COOLING SYSTEM OF PIPES.



FINISHING ROOM OF A CHAMPAGNE CELLAR.

simple, and the wood, having been first steamed, is easily cut and bent into the shapes desired. But no machinery has yet been invented for putting the basket together, and the work is done by women and girls.

The basket maker sits before a revolving block or form, shaped like a basket and rimmed with iron. She places the bottom and sides of the basket around the form, bends the wooden hoop around them, and fastens all together with tacks. She holds the hammer and tacks in the same hand, using the other to keep the pieces in place. Tacks gripped against a hammer handle are not pleasant things to hold, yet so skillful do the workers become that one girl can make 480 baskets in a day. She is paid for this labor one-half cent per basket. The baskets are finished on a horizontal wheel, covered with sandpaper, which removes the rough edges. Handles and covers are sold with the baskets, and fastened on in the vineyard.

Wine is made throughout the grape belt. On Canandaigua Lake the most important cellars are at Naples, Vine Valley and Miller's Landing. They make only still wines and brandies, and are justly proud of the purity of their products. In the early days of American viticulture unripe and frozen grapes

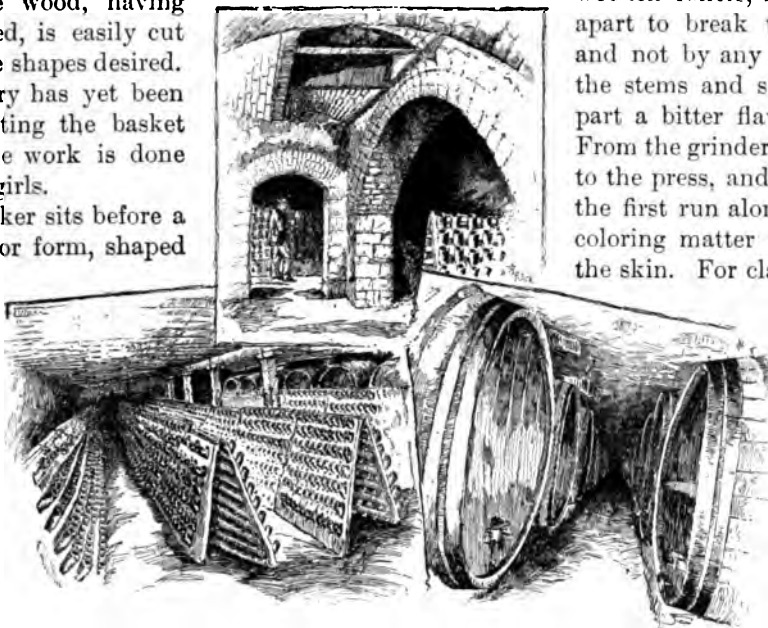
were thought good enough for the wine press, and the man who sampled a native wine seldom cared to repeat the experiment. With a yearly increase of acreage and a correspondingly lower price for table grapes the wine makers have seen the advantage of improving the quality of their wines. Their vineyards are planted with grapes best adapted to wine making, and only the best fruit is used.

In this section the grapes pressed for still wines are Catawba, Delaware, Wilder, Clinton, Eumolan and Black Reislin. The fruit is crushed by wooden rollers, set wide enough apart to break the skins only, and not by any chance to crush the stems and seeds, which impart a bitter flavor to the wine. From the grinders the fruit passes to the press, and for white wines the first run alone is used. The coloring matter of grapes is in the skin. For claret and port the

dark-skinned grapes (Catawba, Eumolan and Black Reislin) are used. They are fermented in tubs with the skins to give the desired color.

This ferment-

ation usually takes about forty-five days; then the wine is pumped and pressed off; and for



VIEWS IN A WINE CELLAR.



A VINEYARD ON LAKE KEUKA.





PICKERS.

port from one-half to two pounds of crystallized sugar to the gallon is added. The white wines run from the press into casks for the first fermentation.

The fermenting casks have syphon vents—an inverted cup, with its lower edge immersed in water to prevent the admission of air, while allowing the free escape of gas. The first fermentation continues sometimes until midwinter, depending upon the amount of sugar in the grapes. The casks hold from 2,600 to 5,000 gallons, and while the wine is fermenting those huge tuns are humming with the escaping gas like swarms of angry bees. Good wine is a noisy fellow, even in his youth.

Then it is drawn off into smaller casks and left in the dark to age. Delaware wine is best after one year; but it is not safe to put any wine on the market under two years. And all this time the wine-maker is watching the product of his toil. Twice a year he racks off the wine into other casks, and the cellars are kept at an even temperature, that nothing may check the ripening process that is always going on in his vaults.

When the wine is "bottle ripe," as the Germans say, it is ready

for market. If it is to be sold in case strong bottles are thoroughly cleaned, and after draining, neck down, in racks, the wine is syphoned into them. Great care is exercised in bottling. Air is carefully excluded, and the wine is not allowed to bubble. Then the cork, which has been soaked, is jammed in by a machine, the top trimmed with a sharp knife, and the bottle passes to another machine, which puts on the fancy tin foil cap and compresses it around the neck. Then the label and brand are pasted on, the bottle wrapped in tissue paper and nailed up in the case for shipment.

Champagne was first made in America by Longworth, of Cincinnati, in 1850. The business prospered for ten years only.

Then disease attacked the vines in the Ohio valley. The remedies now used were unknown, and in 1865 the champagne industry in Ohio was abandoned. Its memory is perpetuated in Longfellow's graceful poem, "Catawba Wine."

The valley of Lake Keuka is especially adapted to the culture of the grape. It is on the same isothermal line as the champagne districts of France, and the processes employed in making "sparkling" wine here are identical with those of the French manufacturers. The superintendents of the leading cellars in the American champagne districts are, in fact, Frenchmen who were experienced wine-makers in their native land.

No other wine requires so much skill and judgment in its production. Only well-ripened grapes of carefully selected varieties, are used, for on their judicious blending depends the success of each year's vintage. Catawba, Delaware, Iona, Eumolan, Elvira and other varieties are taken to

the "grape-room" as they ripen, the green and imperfect grapes picked out by hand, and the perfect grapes ground into pulp.

On the floor beneath are the presses, huge frames supporting a geared screw and follower. A wooden frame is placed on the bed of



BOTTLING.

the press, and over this a coarse canvas blanket, into which the pulp falls through a spout from the grinders. When the form is filled the ends of the blanket are folded over the pulp, another form placed on the top of the first, and the operation is repeated until ten layers are ready for the press. Then the great arms of the press straighten as the steam-driven screw begins to turn, and the grape juice spurts out into the sunlight.

The new wine or "must" collects in tubs, where all particles of skin or seed are removed. It is then run into casks, holding from two to five thousand gallons each, for its first fermentation. While wines are fermenting the vault is seldom entered. It would be certain death to inhale the carbonic acid gas that escapes from the casks. Nature will have no witness of the mysterious process that transforms the insipid grape juice into a generous wine—the nectar of the Gods. You may only stand at a respectful distance and listen to the bubblings that echo faintly through the doorway from the cool, dark chamber. Workmen in the wine cellars have died from inhaling the gas in empty casks which they had entered to clean after the wine was removed. After three or four weeks, depending upon the temperature, it is "racked off" into well-cleaned casks, and is ready for blending. Up to this point the wine from each variety of grape has been kept in a separate cask; these wines are now to be blended, a process which requires the greatest skill, knowledge and delicacy of taste. The different juices must be brought into harmony, and so blended as to produce the delicate flavor of the champagne, and they must contain the right amount of sugar to give the "sparkle," the effervescence to the wine. The proportion of sugar to acid must be just right; too much gas would break the bottles, too little renders the wine flat



BOTTLE-WASHING ROOM.

and insipid. Happy the wine maker who obtains from each year's vintage the flavor and sparkle of the last. In France the grapes are only 8 per cent. in sugar and alcohol, and 2 per cent. of spirits are added to secure a proper fer-

mentation. In the American district the grapes having more acid, only their juice is used.

The difference between champagne and still wines is that the former undergoes a secondary fermentation in the bottle, the latter in casks, from which the gas escapes. In racking the wine from the different casks it is closely watched, and at the first appearance of cloudiness the run is stopped, and the "lees" drawn off by themselves for making brandy.

After remaining in the blending casks long enough to settle, the champagne is bottled and removed to a warmer vault until fermentation is well started and the bottles begin to break; then it is lowered into cooler vaults to ripen. Here it lies for two years in darkness, in a silence broken only by the crash of breaking bottles. The wine is aging.

Before the invention of cooling apparatus the loss by breakage was enormous. Whole piles of bottles would go down under the pressure of the



A BASKET MAKER.



PICKING GRAPES

imprisoned wine striving to get out into the air and sunshine. Even now, with the best appliances known to science for reducing temperature, there is a loss of 30 per cent. between the press and market.

There is life in wine. Twice every year it "throws itself," as the Germans say—in the spring when the sap starts in the vine, and again in the fall when the grapes ripen. What memory of the vineyard life stirs the wine to move with the budding vine and ripened vintage? What chord in Nature's symphony sets its pulses throbbing in the darkened vault?

All the time the wine is ripening it is clearing itself. It matters not how clear the wine may look when first bottled, in a few days it will become cloudy; after two weeks this cloud assumes a yellowish hue, which in a few months turns to a dark brown, and begins to settle on the side of the bottle as it lies in the pile. This sediment in champagne is the ferment and a certain amount of cream of tartar; in still wines it would be "lees," and settle to the bottom in the form of wine stone.

As the sediment settles the wine clears again, and after two years the "picker" goes into the vault and marks the bottles of ripened wine. In the pile the bottles have lain flat, and the sediment shows a dark streak along the lower side. Very carefully the workmen lift the "ripe" bottles from the piles and place them on the clearing tables. These tables are really racks, with ten rows of holes to receive the neck and lift the bottle, at first a very little above the horizontal.

The bottles remain on the tables from four to six weeks, and are shaken with a rotary motion twice a day. The "shaker" moves two bottles at once, giving them a little twitch so slight that it does not seem to move the bottle, yet each time he lifts the bottle a trifle. So expert does the workman become that he can shake 12,000 bottles in an hour. After the final shaking the bottles stand nearly upright in the racks, there is not a trace of cloudiness in the wine, and the sediment has worked down upon the cork.

From the clearing tables the bottles are hoisted, tip down, to the finishing room. Here they are "disgorged." A workman, still holding the neck of the bottle down, cuts the fastener, and the cork, with a report like a pistol-shot, pops out, carrying with it the accumulated sediment. Quickly stopping the bottle with his thumb, he next claps the bottle into a revolving table which stoppers it with rubber and carries it along to the syrup machine, where it receives a small dosage of syrup—pure sugar crystal dissolved in old wine—unless it is to be "extra dry" or "brut"; in that case the bottle is filled with wine alone.



PACKING GRAPES



It is the syrup that makes the difference between "dry" and sweet champagne. The bottles are then re-corked, wired, labeled, capped, and packed for shipping. All these operations, except labeling and packing, are performed by machinery imported from France.

The bottles are even washed by machinery. A forked spring holding two rubbers against the sides of the bottle, and making 1,800 revolutions per minute, is inserted in the neck, and the work is done quickly and thoroughly. In the transition from the grape to the case each individual bottle of champagne has been handled about two hundred times, and the process has occupied nearly three years.

The leading cellars in the champagne district are: The Pleasant Valley, Urbana, Germania, Hammondsport, Columbia, Glen and Lake Keuka. The aggregate area of their vaults is nearly



SOME WINE CELLARS ON LAKE KEUKA.

ly a square mile, and they contain over 2,000,000 bottles of champagne. All these cellars make still wines and brandies as well. It is a brave beginning, and speaks well for the future of American wine.

It takes time to establish a wine's reputation. The French house of Moët et Chandon is 150 years old, and they have refused \$20,000,000 for the business. A prominent wine dealer recently said: "As far as cleanliness, purity and skill go, the American product has no superior; when price is considered, it has no equal."

Taste is largely a matter of education. The reputation of native wines is injured most by the dishonesty of unscrupulous dealers. Probably one-half of the American wine is sold under a foreign label, or so close an imitation that the consumer believes he is drinking an imported article. There are lithographing houses in New York that make a specialty of designing and printing these counterfeit labels.

Since the appearance of phylloxera in France and Spain in 1865 the vintages, until the last two years, had fallen off nearly one-half. France imported from the rest of Europe 200,000,000 gallons of wine a year; and from America millions of cuttings of Clinton, Taylor, and certain types of our wild *Riparia*, vines that are phylloxera-proof, were annually imported to reset her dying vineyards. Yet all the time statistics show a remarkable increase in the sale of so-called imported wines in the United States. Americans drink 50,000,000 gallons of wine a year, and of many a famous brand upon the wine lists of our merchants not a single gallon is genuine. So long as Americans refuse to buy a native wine, as such, the dealer will accomodatingly affix the

foreign label, and add to the price the duty of 40 per cent. for his trouble. If our wines are good enough to sell, undetected, as foreign importations, they are good enough to be drunk at the reasonable prices they would command as the honest product of American industry.

Champagne drinking is steadily increasing in this country. In 1892 there were imported into the United States 356,556 dozens, or 4,278,672 quart bottles of champagne. At a cost to the consumer of \$3.50 and \$4.00 per bottle its value is easily computed. American champagnes sell at \$1.50 and \$2.00 per bottle; by the case at \$12.00 and \$14.00.

To the taste of an experienced wine drinker a native cham-

pagne has usually a fruity flavor, which is lacking in the imported wine, and in some vintages even this is absent, and it is impossible to tell one from the other. When we learn to care less for the label that is placed

on the bottle than for the wine it contains, then we may give over comparisons altogether.

This story is a simple sketch of vineyard life in America, a description of wine making in a district little known to our people. That it contains no reference to the immense vineyards of California is owing to the limited space at my disposal. The raisin and still wine industry of the Pacific slope must be reserved for another article.



GRAPE-CRUSHER AND WINE PRESS





## THE WAY OF A WOMAN.

By J. FREDERIC THORNE.



THE room might have been either a library or reception-room ; it served the purposes of both. The walls were hung with some deep, rich, red fabric, and the shade on the large lamp was of the same warm color. Open bookshelves lined the four walls, and above them were many pictures, arranged without the geometrical precision which so offends the eye of an artist. From one corner, near the ceiling, grinned a satyr's head, looking, in the dim light, half imbued with evil life ; in the others were an Egyptian Sphinx, a bust of Socrates, and, with an eye to the comfort of those visitors of the masculine persuasion who worship at the shrine of the goddess Nicotine, a low lacquered table with ash-trays of beaten brass, a well-filled match-safe, and the other little accessories of the divine vice. The room was intended to be lived in by live people. An odor of tobacco-smoke was in the air, and mingling with it, fainter and yet clearly perceptible, the dainty perfume of violet. Neither struggled for the mastery, each was separate and distinct in itself, yet blending and harmonizing like the man and woman to whose presence they were due.

The current coin of idle talk had been passing between them—that preliminary skirmish which always precedes the more serious engagements of conversation—when, after a momentary silence, during which she had been picking the rose in her hand to pieces, the girl glanced at the young man reclining in the easy chair opposite her, and abruptly asked :

“Why don't you marry, Billy?”

“Why don't I commit suicide?”

“No ; seriously, why don't you find some nice girl and marry her?”

“‘First catch your hare.’”

“Nonsense ! there is any one of a dozen who would jump at the chance.”

“They have not told me so. Besides, I cannot afford it.”

“What ! not with your income?”

“Not enough for myself. I'm in debt now, worse luck !”

“You would not be if you were married.”

“No ; I'd have no money to go in debt on.”

“Bosh !”

“I love my liberty more than I do any woman.”

“You would not, had you the woman.”

“I love them all too well to love one enough.”

“Or you have the capability of making love without that of loving—is that it?”

“No—oh, no. I could love as deeply as any man, only—oh, well, it's too much bother.”

“To make love, or to love?”

“Both ; especially the latter.”

“Then you never have?”

“Which?”

“Loved.”

“Yes.”

“Who is——?”

“Myself.”

“Now you are joking with me.”

“Never more serious in my life.”

“Then tell me who it is you have loved, or love.”

“I have just done so. I love—I am a man—*ergo*, I love myself.”

“Won't you be serious?”

“Certainly. Shall we discuss Schopenhauer?”

“Don't make fun of me. It is rude, and I don't like it. Besides, you are tiresome when you try to be funny.”

“Pardon me, but I was replying in kind.”

“But I was not joking.”

“No ? You were suggesting that I marry ‘some nice girl,’ and that would be as huge a joke as I can think of.”

“On yourself?”

“And the girl as well. A sorry joke for her, I fear it would be.”

“Why?”

“She would have to marry me, wouldn't she?”

“Yes, of course ! Well?”

“Nothing ; except that she would have my deepest sympathy.”

“Now don't affect humility, Billy. It does not become you, and deceives no one.”

“Thanks.”

“Well, you know that you are one of the most egotistical of mortals.”

“Again thanks.”

“Well, are you not?”

- "Shouldn't wonder. Who has better cause?"  
 "Which remark proves what I said."  
 "Not at all."  
 "Why not?"  
 "Are you not my friend?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Well."  
 "Well?"  
 "Isn't that sufficient cause to make any man egotistical?"  
 "Now you are making fun of me again."  
 "Nothing further from my thoughts."  
 "But you should, you know."  
 "Be egotistical?"  
 "No—marry."  
 "I cannot get anyone to have me."  
 "Have you ever asked anyone?"  
 "No."  
 "Do you expect the girl to ask you?"  
 "No."  
 "Then how do you know?"  
 "Know what?"  
 "For as bright a man as you are, Billy, you can be the most obtuse of mortals."  
 "Am I to take that as a compliment, or the reverse?"  
 "As you please."  
 "Since you said it, I presume I must take it as the latter."  
 "Since I said it?"  
 "Yes. I never knew you to pay a compliment—at least, to me, unless it was by accident."  
 "You get enough from other people, and I don't want to make you still more conceited. Besides, I do."  
 "Want to make me still more conceited?"  
 "No; compliment you."  
 "Indeed! Just call my attention to it next time, won't you?"  
 "Do you want me to lay it on with a trowel?"  
 "No; but your camel's-hair brush is too fine for the coarse canvas of my understanding."  
 "Then you like compliments?"  
 "From you."  
 "And from others?"  
 "They make me think they are fools, or that they believe me to be one."  
 "And you are not?"  
 "About some things, undoubtedly, but not that."  
 "About what things, for instance?"  
 "You, for one."  
 "Me!"  
 "Yes."  
 "How?"
- "In many ways."  
 "For instance?"  
 "Now."  
 "Now!"  
 "Yes, sitting here talking to you."  
 "Thank you, Mr. Beverly. I won't detain you any longer."  
 "You know that I did not mean that."  
 "Your words certainly conveyed that impression. What did you mean, then?"  
 "That I am foolish to be talking with you about anything so improbable as my marrying."  
 "Then you are thinking about it?"  
 "Why, no; I——"  
 "I thought we had left that question, and were talking about your being a—being foolish."  
 "Same thing."  
 "Do you think so?"  
 "When it is so improbable—impossible."  
 "Why impossible?"  
 "Because you—because it is."  
 "Then you do want to?"  
 "I did not say so."  
 "If you did not want to, or were not thinking about it, you would not be so strenuous in your denials."  
 "Is that a sign?"  
 "Generally."  
 "Well, this is the exception that proves the rule."  
 "Then you are not?"  
 "You said I was, and it is not polite to contradict."  
 "Then you are!"  
 "I did not say that, either."  
 "Well—are you?"  
 "Thinking about it, or wanting to?"  
 "Either."  
 "Yes."  
 "Which one?"  
 "Both."  
 "Then why don't you?"  
 "That is going back to where we started from."  
 "Yes; but answer me seriously this time."  
 "I cannot."  
 "Why?"  
 "Because it is too serious a matter to be referred to other than facetiously."  
 "What do you mean?"  
 "Just what I say. There are some things in this world of such regal importance that we may not approach them save in cap and bells."  
 "Still I do not understand you."  
 "Or will not?"  
 "I cannot."

"It is you who are obtuse this time."

"Possibly. But tell me what you mean."

"I mean that there are some questions that lie so close to my heart that, to speak of them at all, I must speak jestingly."

"If I am obtuse, you certainly are abstruse."

"I would not be so to an understanding heart."

"Has she one?"

"She?"

"The girl whom you want to marry."

"I am afraid not, since she does not love me."

"How do you know?"

"Because."

"That is a woman's reason."

"And may not a man exercise some one of a woman's prerogatives in these days when the women are usurping so many of man's?"

"That is not answering my question."

"What question?"

"How you know that she does not love you."

"Because she has not an understanding heart, for one reason."

"And how do you know that she has not?"

"I must judge from my observation."

"And do you think that is keen enough to read a woman's heart?"

"I'm afraid not. The man who says that he understands a woman is either a fool or a supreme egoist. Generally both. Nevertheless, I know that she does not."

"Which are you?"

"Which what?"

"A fool or a supreme egoist?"

"Both, on general principles."



"THE CURRENT COIN OF IDLE TALK HAD BEEN PASSING BETWEEN THEM."

"Yet you claim that you know."

"In this instance, yes. I know that much."

"Again I ask you, how?"

"Because she shows that she does not."

"You are right, Billy. You certainly do not understand a woman."

"I never claimed to."

"Just now you did."

"No; I merely said that I knew she did not love me."

"If you can understand a woman's love, what else is there to learn?"



"You mean——"

"That there is only one part of woman's nature which is not composed of love."

"And that?"

"Has not been discovered. You know what Madame de Stael says: 'Oh, without doubt, in the mystery of our nature there is nothing but love, and again love, it is the only thing which remains of our heritage of Heaven.'"

"How about hate?"

"It is only another form of love."

"How do you make that?"

"A woman can hate only when she has loved. Hate is love reversed."

"This girl neither loves nor hates me. She is simply indifferent."

"Do you see her often?"

"Too often for my own peace of mind."

"And she seems pleased to see you?"

"Not displeased."

"Then she is not indifferent."

"Still, she does not love me."

"Have you asked her?"

"No."

"Have you told her that you loved her?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I am afraid that it would put an end to a companionship that is more than pleasant to me; an association that is very dear."

"Why should it do that?"

"Because it would end our friendship. When a man has declared his love, and asked a girl to return it, he can accept nothing less. There can be no substitute. It must be love or nothing."

"Not friendship?"

"Would you have him accept a stone when he asked for bread?"

"Is friendship a stone?"

"Compared to love."

"It is Platonic love."

"There can be no such thing between a man and a woman."

"Do you think that a man and a woman cannot be friends?"

"Not without its being more than that—to one of them at least."

"But we——"

Before she could finish the remark she was about to make, she was interrupted by the entrance of the servant bearing a card; and, telling him to show the gentleman in, she turned to Beverly and said:

"It is Mr. Tregarthen."

Beverly muttered something that sounded very

much as if it began with a "d" and ended with an "n."

"What did you say?"

"Nothing. I put the wrong end of my cigarette in my mouth."

"Oh! I thought you were voicing my sentiments, and was about to thank you."

Beverly tried to make himself pleasant and sociable to the other man, but failed miserably; and, concluding that there was no hope of a continuance of the conversation at that time, he pleaded an engagement to "meet a man," and left, inwardly anathematizing the innocent Mr. Tregarthen.

His engagement with "a man" was with himself, and before long, seated in his cozy bachelor apartments, he was studying the convolutions of the clouds of smoke from his pipe. With Beverly, to think it was imperative that he should smoke; and, smoking, he reviewed each circumstance of the day, and more particularly the conversation of the evening.

Ella Moore was a girl who acted as a mental whetstone to her friends; one felt brighter and more keen of wit after conversing with her. Beverly never left her presence without feeling an added stimulus to his thoughts, a new interest in life, a more hopeful attitude toward the realization of his ideals, and a renewed determination to be self-reliant, upright, and worthy the esteem of such a woman.

But his reveries ended as they always did—with the feeling that she would never love him. Yet he could not get his own consent to end their intercourse, and, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, he determined to resume the conversation where it had lapsed at the first opportunity.

## II.

A FEW evenings later Beverly was again seated beside the low smoking-table, and the conversation was resumed.

"I did not get an answer to my question the other evening."

"Which question?"

"Why you do not marry?"

"I thought we had left that, and were discussing so-called 'Platonic love.'"

"Which you said did not exist."

"And which I still maintain. It is a chimera, a fallacy, a 'cloak to hide a multitude of—' if not sins, at least self-deceptions."

"Do you think I am self-deceived?"

"If you really believe in the possibility of its existence. If not, you are trying to deceive me."

"You are either not very complimentary to me, or flattering yourself."

"Flattering myself?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"By thinking that I would go to the trouble of deceiving you, or that I have any interest in so doing."

"I am far from thinking that."

"Then you think I am deceiving myself."

"Either willingly, or unwillingly."

"We are drifting from the subject."

"What subject?"

"Your marriage."

"What is the use of discussing anything so improbable?"

"It should not be. Don't you desire the love of a good woman?"

"Desire it? Indeed I do! When I have come to that point in life where the love of a good, sweet, charming woman is nothing to me, I want to die and be put where such a senseless lump of cold clay belongs."

"Then why do you not win it?"

"I cannot."

"What!—you, a man, say that? I am ashamed of you, Billy!"

"Ashamed of me?"

"Yes. For being so weak. For not saying 'I will,' and doing it. For placing anything beyond the power of your will. Don't you know that if a man only wills strong enough he may have anything he desires?"

"Except the one particular woman."

"That is one of the least difficult. Unless her love is already given to someone else there is no woman who may not be won. Why, she is already half won when she knows that a man loves her. One of the strongest proofs of the divinity of a man is his ability to inspire love."

"What you say may be true, but I have not found it so. It seems to me that the more a

man loves a woman the less she cares for him."

"You are wrong, or if it appears so, it is only that she may be sure of his love. A man is so ready to declare his love to any woman who happens to please his fancy for the moment that a woman is forced, in self-protection, to ascertain as certainly as is possible whether he really means what he says, or is only seeking some self-gratification at her expense. A man's declaration of love too often comes only from the lips—in a woman's she puts her whole heart and surrenders her soul."

"Possibly. Still, though men are born liars, they respect the truth, while women, by nature truthful, are yet most skilled in deception."

"Where did you read that?"

"I didn't read it at all."

"I hoped that you had."

"Why?"

"Because I do not like to think that you would say such a thing. Men generally accuse women to hide a like fault in themselves."

"Pardon me! I, too, was trying to be epigrammatic."

"Don't try again if it makes you rude. Be-

sides, it is not true, except what you said about men."

"Thanks. I see that you may have privileges which you deny to me."

"Naturally. Do you object?"

"Oh, no; not at all. I am growing accustomed to it."

"You had better."

"Then there is no truth in me?"

"Oh, no, I did not say that. Some men outgrow their natural propensities, and I think you are one of them."

"Shall I bow?"

"Don't trouble. You look too comfortable. Beside, we are again 'wandering far afield.'"



"HE REVIEWED EACH CIRCUMSTANCE OF THE DAY."



"I MEAN—YES!"

"Well, to return, since you wish it. You said a little while ago, 'Unless her love is already given to some one else.' How is a man to know? He cannot ask her."

"He has eyes."

"And seeth not."

"There are many ways."

"And they are?"

"She generally ill-treats him."

"That is encouraging. Go ahead."

"And makes fun of him—when he is present."

"Still more so. Proceed."

"Compliments him one minute, and is rude the next."

"I am getting on famously. Don't stop."

"Makes him wait on her."

"Bravo!"

"Pretends to care more for some other man."

"Bravissimo!"

"Thinks about him a great deal."

"That is not so good."

"Wishes to see him oftener."

"Worse."

"Betrays it by word and glance."

"Worse, and more of it."

"Let's him know it in some way or other."

"I'm down again."

"And in a thousand little ways shows him that he has but to ask to receive. In love it is the little things which are big, and the large things which are small."

"Why did you raise my hopes, only to deprive me of what little I had to start with?"

"How have I?"

"By what you just said."

"Doesn't she do any of these things?"

"The first five, yes, and I began to hope—the latter ones, no."

"Are you sure?"

"Where a woman is concerned a man may never know surely. He can only conjecture, and thus form an opinion."

"Which is generally far from the right one."

"Yes, in most cases, but——"

"But what?"

"Oh, well, it's no use. I'll have to give it up. She does not love me, and never will, and I suppose I'll have to try not to love her."

"Could you do that?"

"I am not one of those rare souls who can love without being loved."

"There is no need that you should, though 'love unreturned hath gracious uses'—it enriches the world's good."

"I'm not bothering about the world's good."

"You should."

"Yes, I know; but I am more selfish than altruistic. I was foolish to hope—that is all; and must accept the world's beatitude: 'Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.'"

"It is ever the unexpected which happens."

"Not in love."

"What is more unexpected?"

"Its return."

"Look at me, Billy. We must stop this word-fencing. It has grown too serious to multiply words further—to you and also to me. Tell me why you do not tell this girl of your love?"

"Because I am afraid that she would reject it and laugh at me."

"The woman who would reject the love of a true man, and make light of it, would be unworthy of

'his love and deserving of his contempt. You do not think she is that kind, do you, Billy?"

"Indeed, no!"

"Then tell her. And I am sure that you need have no fear of the result. What is worth having is worth asking for, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Then tell her that you love her, for I am sure that she loves you."

"You are? You think you know her? You mean—No?"

"I mean—Yes!"



## LIFE IN MANILA.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLAND CITY.

By CHARLES B. HOWARD.

TO the right, as one enters the river Pasig after a three-days' voyage from Hong Kong, stands the city proper of Manila, surrounded by a picturesquely grim old fortress, which must have been a marvel of military architecture in its day, but is now moss-grown and earthquake-rent, with yawning cracks between the stones. Odd-looking cannon, green with age, of the kind that are occasionally dug up on our southern coast and exhibited in museums, are ranged along the top, and seem to grin and frown out across Manila Bay like half-witted old pensioners dreaming of days when the fleets of the great Chinese pirate, Limahong, came down and vainly stormed the city. Properly manned, however, the old walls would still present a formidable obstacle to a landed force of bluejackets or marines unsupported by modern artillery, surrounded as they are, except for the section washed by the river, by a wide and deep moat, which has been for years gradually filling up with mud and filth of the consistency of cold molasses, presenting a perfect soil for the rankest and most noisome growth of tropical vegetation. It is said that the authorities fear to make any effort to clear it out or stir it up, as any such attempt would be surely followed by the cholera.

Even as it is, to cross it without scaling-ladders would be a practical impossibility; but, once across, the rawest militia recruit who could not clamber up the walls would be considered physically disqualified. Entrance to the city at the gates is effected by drawbridges, which are raised every night and jealously

guarded by day. Within and under the walls are many dungeons, evil of odor and grewsome of renown, one of which, lying close to the river, is known as the Black Hole of Manila, having acquired notoriety during the recent insurrection from the fact that a large number of prisoners were confined there in a body, many of whom were suffocated by overcrowding, which, it is only fair to say, was partly due to the solicitousness of the Spanish sentry overhead, who, when a shower of rain came up, covered the only means of ventilation with a tarpaulin to keep his prisoners from getting wet!

The city inside consists of fair-looking blocks of houses and shops, built in the Spanish fashion, with a due regard for the volcanic nature of the soil, divided from each other by narrow, ill-paved streets; and a number of really beautiful churches and cathedrals, many of which, with true Spanish bigotry, were planned and erected



MAIN STREET IN BUSINESS QUARTER.

with the idea that their purpose would render them invulnerable to earthquakes. These accordingly present a more or less dilapidated appearance, some lying in actual ruins to-day as a result of the great earthquake of 1882.

the first *pukha* typhoon which came that way reduced about half of it to a disorganized jumble of beautifully cut blocks of stone. And thus it stands to-day, only serving as a promenade on warm evenings for the gilded youth of Manila,

and as a monument to Spanish shortsightedness and lack of executive ability.

Across the bay to the westward stands Cavité, the naval station, with dry docks and facilities for repairing men-of-war, worked by gangs of villainous-looking convicts. This was the scene of a promptly suppressed insurrection of native troops in the year 1876, and of the glorious victory of Commodore Dewey and his American squadron over the Spanish ships and forts on May 1st of this year.

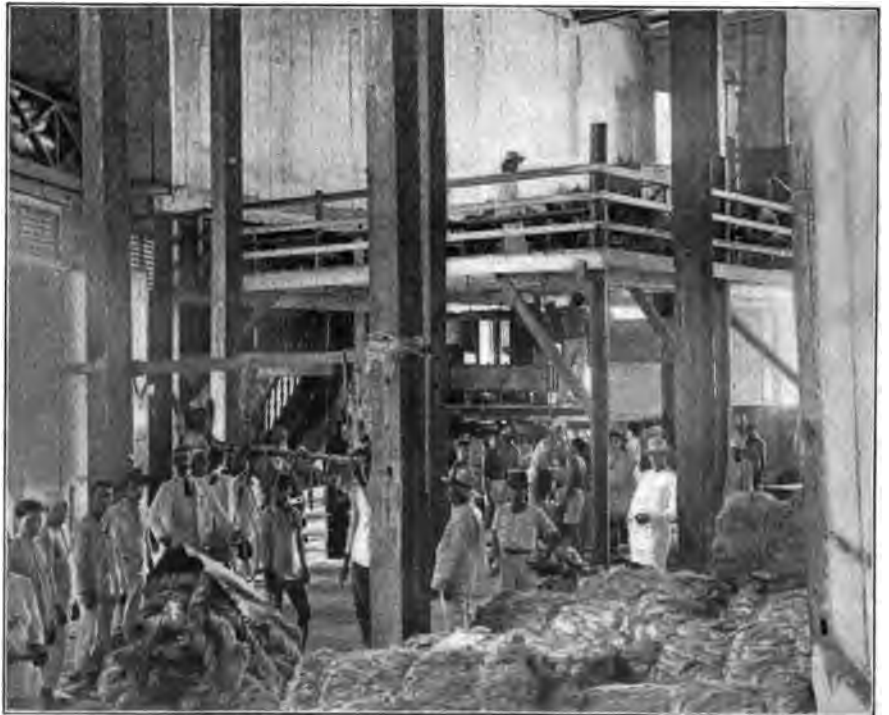
Outside Manila, but within sight of the



NATIVE RESTAURANT BY THE WAYSIDE.

Altogether there is a weird, mediæval atmosphere about the old city within "The Walls," which makes it hard for one to realize that it stands on a tropical island thousands of miles distant from Spain, with naked savages roaming the forests not twenty miles away.

At an angle to the bank of the river at its mouth extends what was intended for a noble breakwater and protection for vessels against the seas of the huge open bay. It was built during the interval between typhoon seasons, but



PRESSING MANILA HEMP.



A HEMP PRESS

walls, are the places of fashionable and popular resort: the Plaza de Toros, the gorgeous, ill-kept Botanical Gardens, and the Luneta, or open park, where the artillery band used to play in the evenings to crowds of slowly strolling, fan-waving señoritas and white-clothed *caballeros*, but which has since been the scene of bloody executions of insurgent leaders and suspects by the Spaniards.

Directly across the river, and extending to the mouth, which is filled at all times as far as the lowest bridge with small steamers, strange-looking sailing craft and huge *cascos*, stands a large business district, with big, noisy hemp presses and *godowns* (warehouses), and here, in contrast with the quiet within the walls, hundreds of naked, gabbling Chinese coolies trot to and fro, lugging bales of hemp and tobacco, and great, ungainly *carabaos* or water-buffaloes toil painfully along, tugging primitive carts, creaking under loads of moist, unpleasant-looking bags of raw sugar.

Here, also, close to the shore, is the typhoon signal, erected by the Jesuit fathers to warn the big sailing ships which lie in a stately line a mile out in the bay, and the lighters and canoes flying back and forth, when a tiny dip in the horizon denotes to the ever-watchful eyes in the observatory that a typhoon is on its way.

Further up on this bank of the river

and across a malodorous little canal, are most of the business offices, and the hotels, clubs and fashionable shops, and outside of this district, away to the east and southeast, extends the general native quarter, with its thousands of huts, standing on stout bamboo logs, and thatched all over with dried nipa leaves, resembling nothing so much as great hairy bugs. Still further up the river, beyond the shops, the streets widen into broad avenues, lined with the stately residences of Spanish merchants and officials, and furthest out of all stands the governor's palace, in the midst of attractive grounds, with a group of swaggering Moorish soldiers forever lounging at the gate.

All this civilized territory outside the walls is divided into *pueblos*, each of which has its own church, *capitan* (or chief, who wears a black Tuxedo over his white shirt, and carries a cane), and its own day for *fiesta*, or general celebration



A GROUP OF NATIVE GIRLS.



of the date of its patron saint's birth or death. Besides the Spanish and Moorish troops which constitute the artillery forces and the governor's bodyguard, there are two or three regiments of native infantry, which have done good service in their day during the Tonquin war, across the China Sea, but whose lately acquired habit of deserting in squads to the insurgents, taking with them their rifles and ammunition, has served materially to disorganize the Spanish Philippine army and to add to that of the in-

in case of resistance. At the same time they are invariably civil, dignified and courteous to foreigners, and I have never heard of a case wherein a *guardia* overstepped the bounds of his authority. The *guardia civil* of Spain and her colonies is the ideal police force of the world.

It is difficult to make even an approximate estimate to-day of the numerical population of Manila, but it probably consists of from 270,000 to 300,000 souls. The largest proportion of these, excepting the natives themselves, is com-



SCENE ON THE RIVER PASIG.

surgents. In addition to these is the *guardia civil*, corresponding to the *gendarmerie* of France; civil policemen, composed of natives picked out on account of their physical and moral qualifications, and there probably does not exist a finer body of policemen in the world.

Each man of the *guardia* is armed during the day with a revolver and *bolo*, or heavy native knife, as broad as one's hand and over a foot long, either of which he is empowered to use, according to his discretion to their fullest extent

posed of Chinese and so-called Chinese natives, exceeding even that of the Spaniards. There is a large colony of Germans and Swiss, who, according to rumor, are mainly responsible for the present and recent uprisings, and also a handful of Scotch-Englishmen; not too small a handful, however, to maintain an "English club" in the suburbs, and a "Tiffin Club" down-town. The saying goes in the Far East that if an Englishman, a Spaniard and an American were to be left upon a desert island, the first would organize

a club, the second build a church, and the third start a newspaper.

Half a dozen Americans are all that remain in Manila now, in sad contrast to the "old days," when two great American business houses flourished only to go down almost together with a crash that was heard around the world. What is now the English club house was built by one of these great houses for its "junior men," and on its back veranda white—very white—men "lie off" on Sundays and holidays, and watch the cocoa-nut rafts drift by from the "enchanted lake," and read six-weeks' old papers and dream of New England pines and Scottish heather, ten thousand weary miles away.

Most of the business in Manila is carried on by Chinese merchants, who bring up hemp, sugar and tobacco from the lower provinces, and deal with the English and American houses. The mechanics, artisans and coolies are also Chinese almost to a man, for the Manila native, in spite of his robust and muscular appearance, seems to be incapable of performing hard physical labor, beyond that of plowing muddy "paddy-fields" and raising unreliable crops of rice. This is probably due to the fact that he is a composite of the Malay, Chinese and Polynesian races, with perhaps a dash of unrecognized Spanish, English or American blood. They make excellent clerks and servants, being very intelligent, willing, and as a rule honest, but it is an unexplainable fact



A FAMILY GROUP FROM THE NORTH OF THE ISLAND.

that they, a vegetable-eating people in their own climate, die like sheep during an epidemic of jungle fever (*calentura*), while the Americans and Englishmen, who cannot get along without their beef and mutton, when caught by the fever, only curse their luck, go down-town and write blue letters to folks at home.

The *negritos* or little black men, who are to be found in the northern part of the Island of Luzon, are supposed to be direct descendants of the Philippine aborigines, and to represent the ancestors of the Manila boys, or "Filipinos" of to-day. They are little, dwarfed creatures, with enormous heads of frizzly hair, very dark in color, with most brutal features. Too ignorant even to build huts they wander in bands through the forests, sleeping wherever



A NATIVE GROUP INCLUDING "CARABAOS."





NATIVE PLOWING WITH "CARABAO."

The intense heat which prevails in Manila, with but slight variation all the year around, prevents any form of outdoor recreation between the hours of 9 A. M. and 5 P. M., and Sundays and holidays are given up to "lying off" in pajamas — reading, smoking, and card-playing, or possibly to writing letters to "the people at home."

Once, during my stay there, the thermometer registered 74°, and this was at four o'clock on a morning late in December, which was considered to be something remarkable,

darkness finds them, and subsisting upon fruits and what game they can secure by means of bows and arrows. Their language consists of whistles and chirps, not unlike the voices of the parrots and monkeys by which they are surrounded. At the same time it is said that they are monogamous, and those of them who have been captured as children and brought up amidst civilization, have developed all the characteristics proportionate to the refinement by which they were invested. The only trace of resemblance between the *negritos* and their distant cousins, the so-called "Filipinos" of Manila, is in the curious meeting of the eyebrows over the nose, giving the latter a peculiarly lowering, savage cast of countenance, quite at variance with their general temperament. This, strangely enough, is particularly noticeable among the women, who are otherwise very attractive in appearance, with their plump figures and magnificent hair, often falling to their ankles; though their habit of washing the aforesaid hair in unfragrant cocoa-nut oil and of chewing the blood-red betel-nut is conducive to admiration at a distance.

ble, as was also the fact that we voted to stop the *punla* over the club mess-table that evening,



MANILA WASHERWOMEN.

because we were cool enough without it, a thing which had not been done for twenty years.

After a sojourn of fourteen months I sailed for Hong Kong, and thence to Yokohama, fever-stricken, weak and fifty pounds under my normal weight, confidently expecting to be buried in the Pacific Ocean, at the spot where it is seven miles deep, and never to see Boston again, and convinced of three things—that it was good to drink a glass of fresh milk which had not come from a water-buffalo cow; that it was good to hear my own language spoken undiluted with Spanish phrases; and that Manila was no place for a white man.

The City of Manila is particularly interesting since its capture by the American squadron, under Commodore Dewey, for, although no official report of this capture has been made up to the time of these pages going to press, it is known that the city was taken. Just what disposal will be made of the Philippine Islands by the United States will be the subject of much discussion. An article giving a general sketch of the islands, with illustrations, was published in this maga-



OLD NATIVE WOMEN.

zine for January, 1897. The excellent map on the following page will give the reader a good idea of the extent of the islands and their location.



THE NACTAJAN MESS.



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THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.  
FROM RAND & McNALLY'S "WAR ATLAS."

## TWO LITTLE SHOES.

By OTTO BEYER.



**F**OG, thick fog, at three o'clock in the afternoon. "Only three o'clock!" she sighs. Slower and slower she plies the needle through the embroidery. At last she drops it. She rests her head on her hand and stares gloomily into the dim, gray fog. So bright and sunny a morning, and now so hazy! Who would have thought that the weather would change like this? However, it was so much like her own life. Moreover, everything was so indifferent to her. Yes, her life resembled just this day. A short, sunny youth, and then—

At first her matrimonial life had been so blissful. Not too loud and too joyous, like her maiden days, however so wonderful. Like the noontime of a June day, when the silvery rye is waving, and the roses bow their heads under the warm kiss of the sun.

Alas! it is cold within her room. She pokes her stove and glares into its fire, as she before looked into the fog. How that glooms! "Bah! you think yourself so important, fire! If I did not continually feed you, in a couple of hours you would be ashes."

They had not caused each other any direct grief, they had not broken their marriage vows. But they had forgotten to put fresh fuel on their conjugal fire, so the heat had died out. This noon they had had again a "scene" together—a speechless scene. These are always the most dangerous ones. He had never been of a talkative personality, but hers was not a quiet temper. However, she had learned to have it. Gradually, quite imperceptibly, the dangerous state is reached—the unconsolable. They do not understand each other. She shrinks her shoulders. Ten full years are gone by, until to-day, until this moment. What a weary time for both! All at once a thought flashes through her head; a thought that, like a sinister butterfly, has vanished and returned several times. She always drove it back as something impossible, horrible! To-day she welcomes this thought. To make an end—not to wait any longer, until everything is burnt to ashes! Then she shudders. No, no, not that!

From the bamboo table she takes her key-basket with a peculiar smile. How long yet?

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A shawl around her shoulders, she leaves her room on the second floor. She steps over the hallway of the third story. The consumptive music teacher sings with her miserable voice and ecstatic expression: "He has Come in Storm and Rain." Lisa smiles a pitiful smile. But for what is this pity? Is not this poor fool quite happy—far more happy in her phantasies than she? "Have I any right to pity anybody?" she mutters to herself, and then climbs up another flight of stairs.

On her way she counts the doors, and unlocks room 5. Here, at this height, it's pretty light. Trunks, boxes and open drawers fill the room.

Lisa bends over in front of a box and opens it. Packages with letters, dried flowers, little trinkets and similar relics. They all tell their stories, but Lisa has forgotten these. Over a silver heart and a strawberry of wax she shakes her head, not knowing what they mean.

They are remembrances of her maiden days—the most precious that she brought into her wedded life. In former times the casket stood in her parlor, and she frequently gazed at it with a pious look. But, later on, Charles had made her so many more sumptuous presents that the casket—which according to its exterior showed no marks of extreme age—had been banished to the garret to share the fate of all dethroned gods. There lies a book bound in red morocco with gilt edges and borders. Lisa opens it.

"To-day I am seventeen years old," she reads. She smiles tearfully. Seventeen years! Like spring air it arises from the moldy pages. She reads from fragments. How much sweet folly, hope, longing, expectation and silliness lies buried there! Lisa throws the book back into the box. It is so sweet, but so strange to her.

"Was I that once? Every and any girl could have written that."

The photograph of an actor with whom she had been infatuated falls into her hands. She tears it up in a careless way. The painted, worn out face now causes her disgust. The cotillion bouquets and other relics she throws with contempt back into the box; withered flowers surround her, a brown tea-like dusty substance is blown into her nostrils. And yet they once had color and scent. But these things are value if they have nothing more to tell has forgotten their stories.

She sighs: "I think I shall take nothing along." Suddenly she exclaims: "What is that?"

It is a little article wrapped up in tissue paper, and Lisa smiles in advance, skeptical and contemptuous, while she unfolds it. Into her lap falls an insignificant little baby shoe. She looks at it a long, long time, and her eyes slowly fill with tears that drop on the little shoe. And softly, endearingly, she strokes it. It is a soft, small shoe, of colored leather, only a little mottled and with curly lining, a shoe for the first pedal movements of a child. It relates to a brief, hardly to her conscience reaching joy of a mother. She herself, then only half a child, yet, fearing more than longing for the appearance of the little one. That's why she did not keep the child after it was born. And the little feet over which the shoes were worn have gone to rest before tiring from the dust of Mother Earth.

Yes, she has been mourning, when the tender, childlike play of a mother with the living little doll was over, but she has forgotten it. However, this very moment she feels that she was missing it all these long ten years, every day, every hour. She presses the little shoe to her cheek, a wild longing seizes her. Oh, but once to feel those little arms around her neck!

Charles, of course, has long forgotten. What is a baby of a few months to a man? Men love their children only from the moment when they can make a show of them. And so little a girl—the disappointment of her birth is not forgiven her so soon. Charles wished himself a son, of course! Lisa's tear-stained eyes look through the garret skylight into the fog, which she cannot distinguish. She sees her little one in all the phases of its ten years' life.

The chubby baby, walking along, holding the furniture, as it cannot stand on its feet; then the two year-old, babbling its baby language; then the talkative age, the age when the questions come pouring in, when the large eyes look so questioning and baffle so frequently.

The first knitting. She sits on a foot-bench, her fingers and her elbows spread. You can see the rosy tip of her little tongue. Then lessons in reading by mamma and sweet, silvery sounds which she calls "singing."

The first school-day! What a quiet good-by, and yet how excited the little heart, and what a merry, joyous return after school-hours, without handkerchief and hair-string, however, with an escort of questionable "girl friends." During the following years her stockings are always full of holes on knees and legs.

After this she has become a tall, conscientious girl, her blond hair worn in a net and doing her French exercises. Sometimes she makes mamma blush by her inquisitiveness—she still believes in mamma's knowledge of everything. It will not last very long, for the little one is so smart, much smarter than her mamma.

She possesses her father's keen brains and his thoughtful eyebrows. Yet, she has her mother's impulsive nature. How would they otherwise agree so well together?

The lonely woman moans from this torture. In crazy tenderness she weeps tear after tear on the little shoe, and covers it with kisses. It is the only thing that is left her. After a pause she is puzzled, and takes the time-worn tissue paper in which the little shoe was enveloped. Nothing on the floor she finds—absolutely nothing. She empties the whole box. Carelessly she throws all the tokens of her maiden days on the floor. She is looking for the other shoe. These two little shoes she wants to take with her when she leaves—nothing else. Then she meditates. Perhaps she will find it under her writing desk, where they formerly were kept lying.

The relics are thrown back into the box. It is nearly dark now. Pressing the little shoe to her heart, she runs down stairs. The consumptive is still singing—this time a sweet, foolish, little cradle song.

Lisa smiles with a proud smile. "What does she understand thereof!" And then she feels a deep pity for the poor woman. She hastens to light her parlor. But the little shoe is not under the writing desk.

She is in despair—she hunts again. In breathless haste she opens every drawer and turns its contents over and over. A stack of old letters and new writing paper lies around her. And, to make things worse, at the end of her search, she is unable to remember whether she really saved *both* shoes.

While her despair, her haste, her excitement have almost overpowered her, a deep, slow, clear voice is asking, "Can I help you, child?"

She looks into the face of her husband with a frightened look.

"Already returned, Charles? No, you cannot help me."

"Who knows—I often found some of your belongings!" He stretches out his hand, unintentionally, for the little package in the age-worn tissue paper and opens it.

"Let go," she says—she is excited and grasps for it—"it is mine, yes mine! And never can I give it to you!"

Her eyes gleam.

"And I won't give you mine," he answers, with trembling lips.

"You know where it is! You have it——"

"Within my writing desk. It's with your letters. She would be a big girl now."

There lies a world of pain, tenderness and longing within these simple words.

Lisa rises. She notices the wrinkles on his forehead, that no golden-haired daughter can stroke away; his tired eyes, his faltering lips. With a sigh that shakes her whole frame she throws her arms around his neck.

He tenderly strokes her dark hair.

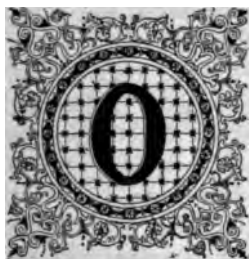
"How excited my little wife is!"

Then his own tears mingle with hers.



## A LITTLE MOUNTAIN DRAMA.

By HAMILTON S. WICKS.



ONE lovely afternoon, just eleven years ago last May, a party of artists and literary people left the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, in order to catch the Oakland Ferry connecting with the train for Merced, which

was at that time the terminus of the railroad building to the Yosemite Valley. At Merced the party took stage for "Clark's," located not far from the Yosemite, and in close proximity to the Mariposa group of big trees (*Sequoia Gigantia*). They had arrived at "Clark's" on the evening of the second day from 'Frisco, and went into cantonment among the detached cottages of that famous hostelry.

At an early hour the following morning Hoston sauntered down into the pony yard to look over the wretched quadrupeds that were to constitute the conveyance for the party. A white-eyed mustang gave somewhat greater promise of vivacity than the balance of the dejected creatures strung along the fence, and Hoston selected this agile little quadruped for his own use during the day, little dreaming into what trouble its activity would launch him. By seven o'clock the whole party had breakfasted and mounted for the trip to the trees. Their way led along a bridle path that skirted the base of the hills, which were becoming rather precipitous in that locality.

As Hoston felt coursing through his veins the exhilarating atmosphere of those altitudes, heightened by the freshness of early morning, he gave his white-eyed mustang its head and cantered briskly through the woods until he had overhauled each member in turn of the plodding cavalcade, at the head of which rode a number of ladies, among them a blooming

'Frisco widow, escorted by an Englishman by the name of Mortimer. These Hoston saluted, and, whirling about, cantered back toward the rear of the procession. Before he had ridden far he espied a cluster of wild-roses growing on the hillside, and leaning over in his saddle he picked a bunch of them, and hurried forward again to present the blooming widow with the first trophies of the wilderness. It was evident that she was greatly pleased, for she selected from the bunch a very pretty half-open bud, produced a pin and motioned to Hoston to ride close beside her. This he was by no means loath to do, and managed it so well that when she leaned forward to pin the boutonniere on his lapel he felt the delicate tendril of a golden curl against his cheek.

Mortimer, who had been watching this proceeding, and glowered blackly upon him when he handed the roses to the widow, at this point could contain himself no longer, but burst forth somewhat to the following effect: "I say, now, you're making yourself altogether too familiar. I call it down right rubbish. You had better go back to the rear, where you belong."

The suddenness of this outburst in the very midst of the triumph and pride of his gallantry, stunned Hoston into speechlessness. He had turned and was sneaking back toward the rear, very much crestfallen, when Bracebridge Hemyng, the author of the "Jack Harkaway" stories; Senator Conover, a Florida carpet-bagger; Captain Jack Crawford, the "poet scout"; a Mr. Hutchinson, who had figured in a duel or two in Paris; and General Govin, a Cuban patriot of the revolt of 1876, stopped him.

They had seen and heard the whole proceeding, and the ready wit of Hemyng (who was the greatest practical joker in the world), saw at a glance a rare chance for a lot of fun. He in



diately said, "You must challenge him. We will arrange a mock duel. Yes, I have it; when we stop at the trees you must demand satisfaction. I and the Cuban will be your seconds; the senator and Hutchinson can act for Mortimer, and Captain Jack, here, will make an excellent referee."

While he was thus rapidly maturing his scheme, Hoston was getting madder and madder, as the sting of the insult festered in his breast, and he told Hemyng he would fall in with his plans, and that he didn't care much whether it was a *mock duel* or a real one.

Immediately the six of them got their heads close together, and after much subdued conspiring arranged the commencement of the plot, which gradually grew under Hemyng's cunning wit into the monstrous practical joke that set the whole country wagging its tongue about Hoston and the beautiful widow. It was arranged that Senator Conover should manage Mortimer so that they would have an opportunity of meeting him apart from the rest. Captain Jack, Mr. Hutchinson and the Cuban were to keep off all intruders, and Hemyng was to take charge of Hoston, who now began to enter thoroughly into the fun of the thing. He really felt deeply incensed so that he was the more ready to yield to the plans of his friends, who proposed to make an opportunity for reprisal that would be suitable in all respects. He did not have to wait long for the initial movement of the little mountain drama. They were already in the vicinage of the huge monarchs of the Mariposa group of trees, and the guide halted the party just where a fallen tree afforded a convenient point for tying their animals. Along the trunk of this monster for three hundred feet a pathway had been formed by the multitude of tourists who had visited the spot, and members of the party started up and down the great trunk three and four feet abreast.

Hemyng, while keeping his eye on Conover, avoided Mortimer, until he saw Conover approach Mortimer and lead him off to a spring, located in the midst of a group of small willows a short distance from the halting place. Then he said to Hoston, "The time has now come; there is only one path to that spring, and you must manage to meet the senator and Mortimer in that path on the verge of those willows yonder."

They saw Conover drink and hand the cup to Mortimer, then they started. Hoston was wearing a long linen ulster and a rakish pair of gauntlet gloves. He had borrowed one of Cap-

tain Jack's sombreros and Hemyng's huge meerschau pipe, so that he presented quite a formidable appearance, leaning as he walked on Hemyng's arm, and puffing volumes of tobacco smoke over his shoulder. They could not have timed their approach to the spring with greater nicety, for they were practically out of sound and sight of the other members of the party when they met Conover and Mortimer. Hemyng and Conover nodded, while Mortimer and Hoston scowled. As they were about to pass Hoston stepped out in front of Mortimer and accosted him: "I say, Mortimer, you insulted me back there before the ladies, and I demand an apology!"

Mortimer replied with something to the effect that he "might go the blooming devil."

Hoston was dallying with his left-hand gauntlet glove, and closed with Mortimer instantly, slightly brushing his cheek with the loose glove in approved French style. Mortimer jumped backward and thrust his hand in his side pocket as though to pull a weapon. This was only a bluff, for nothing of an alarming nature was revealed. At this point, in order to carry out the comedy and give the practical jokers an opportunity to get in their fine work, Hoston waived Mortimer to Hemyng for any further communication with him he might choose to make. At this, Conover, with apparent solicitude, offered his services to Mortimer; and as Hoston swaggered away toward the spring, puffing Hemyng's meerschau like a locomotive, he left the trio in excited consultation. He swaggered about a great deal the whole afternoon, and what with his accoutrements of sombrero, duster, meerschau, top-boots and gauntlet gloves, filled Mortimer's heart with a great dread. His appearance was altogether too exotic to impose on any one who had even a slight familiarity with Western ways.

After the party had arrived back at "Clark's," and just prior to the announcement for supper, Hutchinson came to Hemyng's apartment and informed him that Mortimer and Conover had gone into the barroom. Hemyng and Hoston at once started for the bar themselves. Hoston had added to his equipments, since returning, a belt filled with cartridges borrowed from the stage-driver. This added to his ferocious appearance not a little. He had also borrowed an old Mexican spur from an attaché of the hotel, which rattled ominously as he stamped through the hall. When the bartender inquired of Hoston what he would take, he replied, in a sepulchral voice: "Brandy—strong brandy!" Mortimer turned visibly paler

as Hoston swallowed this decoction with a jerk. They so arranged it that Hemyng and Hoston sat at the same table with Mortimer and Conover. All were seated when they came in ; every eye was fixed upon them, scanning their movements. They marched to their places like a couple of troopers, and when they had seated themselves Hoston pulled out grimly from his belt a large bowie-knife, borrowed from the cook, and placed it on the table in front of his plate. Mortimer's eyes fairly popped from their sockets when he saw Hoston do this.

After the meal Hemyng, Hutchinson, Harry Ogden (an artist), Captain Jack and one or two others, including Hoston, betook themselves to Hemyng's room to smoke and discuss the situation. They had not been long engaged when a rap was heard at the door. They all felt instinctively that Mortimer was outside. Hemyng comprehended the situation, and at once turned down the light and enforced profound silence. He then went softly to the door, unlocked it, cautiously removed the key and abruptly stepped out, closing and locking the door behind him. The walls and partitions of Clark's hostelry were for the most part composed of pasteboard, and they could consequently hear perfectly well every word uttered in the conversation that followed between Mortimer and Hemyng. Mortimer began, as soon as Hemyng fronted him, by asking if Hoston was inside. Hemyng replied that he was, and that he was keeping him sequestered in the profoundest darkness. Mortimer inquired in amazement what he was doing that for. Hemyng replied that it was for the purpose of perpetuating his suave frame of mind, on the principle that bulldogs and gamecocks are kept in the dark. Mortimer said he wanted to see Hoston—that he wanted to apologize ; that he rather liked Hoston than otherwise, and was ready to do anything in his power to salve Hoston's wounded feelings. This sort of thing wouldn't do at all for Hemyng. "No, no !" he said ; "it's too late. Hoston is now in a very ugly mood. Hoston demands blood ; nothing but gore will satisfy him. I can scarcely restrain him now myself." At this those inside could fairly hear Mortimer's knees rattle together. He pleaded to be allowed to apologize and make reparation, and positively and blankly refused to fight. Hemyng's originality of fancy, nerve, resource of language and imperturbable demeanor were displayed in such an inimitable way in the *sotto voce* dialogue, that those within would fain have relieved themselves by bellowing forth their merriment in peals of boisterous laughter. To prevent this they rolled

on the bed and stuffed quilts and pillows in their mouths.

Hemyng prolonged the dialogue as far as the range of his invention possibly could, ringing the changes on Hoston's ferocity and thirst for blood ; and finally declared to Mortimer that if he didn't fight, Hoston would have the right, according to the rules of the *code duello*, to insist upon fighting one of Mortimer's seconds—either Conover or Hutchinson—for fight Hoston must and would, if he had to fight a buzz-saw. This possibility and the interpretation of the code seemed to act as a sort of safety-valve on Mortimer's fears, for he immediately said that if either of those gentleman wanted to fight Hoston they might do so, but he would be damned if he would fight, and with this he walked away. They employed a Mexican to follow Mortimer and watch his movements. He reported that Mortimer went immediately to his room and locked himself in. They paid the Mexican a couple of dollars to sleep on his door-mat, and, having thus disposed of Mortimer for the night, they proceeded with the fun.

About nine o'clock in the evening a party of gentlemen silently and mysteriously left the hotel, going toward the north. This was composed of Conover, Hutchinson and Harry Ogden. Whisperings that a duel was on the tapis were abroad, and the ladies of the hotel were filled with dismay. About nine-thirty another party of mysterious gentlemen left the hotel, going toward the south. This latter party was composed of Hemyng, the Cuban, Captain Jack, a local physician and Hoston. The night was one of those marvelously beautiful moonlight creations that Nature loves to throw off at a dash, as it were, in those high altitudes of the "Western Slope." The two parties had by previous arrangement agreed to meet in a certain cañon about a mile and a half from the hotel. A solitary and enormous pine was the conspicuous landmark in the cañon. The rendezvous was beneath its boughs. The Hemyng party reached the spot by a circuitous route in a few minutes, and found the Conover party already on the ground. It had been arranged that Hutchinson should fight Hoston, and he was in the hands of Conover and Ogden, while Hoston was acting under instructions from Hemyng and Captain Jack. In the preliminary arrangements all the minutiae of the *code duello* were complied with in the strictest manner. Everything was conducted with the utmost brevity, as though a mere result was anticipated from the meeting. The paces were solemnly stepped off, and



son and Hoston were placed at the extremities of this fixed distance. Both of them were in their shirt sleeves, with the right sleeves rolled up to the elbow. Each was armed with a formidable-looking revolver. As Hoston stood there with his back toward Hutchinson, awaiting the signal to turn and fire, he was powerfully impressed with the grandeur of the scene that was, so to speak, coerced into serving as a framework to their petty, little mock-duel extravaganza. The majestic cañon rose up on either hand with its dentated edges clearly outlined against a cerulean sky; detached masses and fragments of rock lay sleeping in the moonlight at its base; the tall pine stood like a weird sentinel in the foreground; black blotches of forest, far up the mountain side, that towered above the cañon, contrasted with the still remoter white blotches of snow; while over the whole chaste *Dian*, riding in her car of light, was at once spectator and revealer of the scene.

"One, two, three, fire!" At the word both Hutchinson and Hoston turned sharply on their heels, facing each other, and simultaneously blazed away into the face of the blessed moon. Chaste *Dian* promptly pulled the cover of a cloud that happened to be floating conveniently near over her face, and they might have heard a little feminine shriek of dismay had the goddess not been something like two hundred and forty thousand miles out of ear-shot. At the first discharge of their weapons Hutchinson staggered forward, and fell with a dull, sickening thud on the greensward. His two seconds sprang for-

ward to his assistance, and while Conover raised his head in his lap, Harry Ogden, the artist, smeared a quantity of red pigment over his arm and shirt-sleeve. A shutter which, with rare forethought had been brought from the hotel, was placed in requisition and upon this Hutchinson was deposited, while his groans rent the air. The poor fellow was borne to the hotel and tenderly placed upon his own couch. The hotel was soon in a high state of agitation, and the guests gathered about in groups discussing the duel. Soon Hutchinson was surrounded by the ladies, who, at first, pale and frightened, were soon, when the real state of affairs became manifest, offering mock condolence to him. They were not, however, fortunate in deceiving the stage-driver on the night-coach carrying the 'Frisco mail. He conveyed with it a harrowing tale of carnage to the eager press representatives of the coast metropolis, and grotesque particulars were telegraphed to the New York papers.

There is a tradition that the next day Mortimer invited everybody to the bar for "a pick up of whisky and bitters" to wash away any hypothetical stain that might be supposed to have attached itself to his courage. Notwithstanding this propitiatory offering he was obliged to ride in the rear stage the balance of the trip, while Hoston mounted beside the blooming widow in the front one, and basked in her smiles during the remaining days of their jaunt through the Arcadian regions of the Yosemite.



## A TWILIGHT IN JULY.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

EARTH seems to glow with wanton, flaming life—  
 The ether with a softness is imbued,  
 Which melts the wearied spirit to that mood,  
 In which to feel ourselves apart from strife,  
 Is ecstasy; with the green, waving grass,  
 The singing birds, and the translucent sky,  
 On which the clouds in sunset glory lie,  
 We own a bond of union, which, alas!  
 Though latter years have weakened, comes at times  
 To claim dominion o'er us as in youth;  
 And, as the downcast spirit it sublimates,  
 We turn from noisy revelries uncouth,  
 And from the city's follies, and its crimes,  
 To ponder on the past, and sigh for Truth!

THE RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS OF AMERICA.  
HISTORY, PROGRESS AND METHODS OF THE VARIOUS CHURCHES.

VIII.—THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

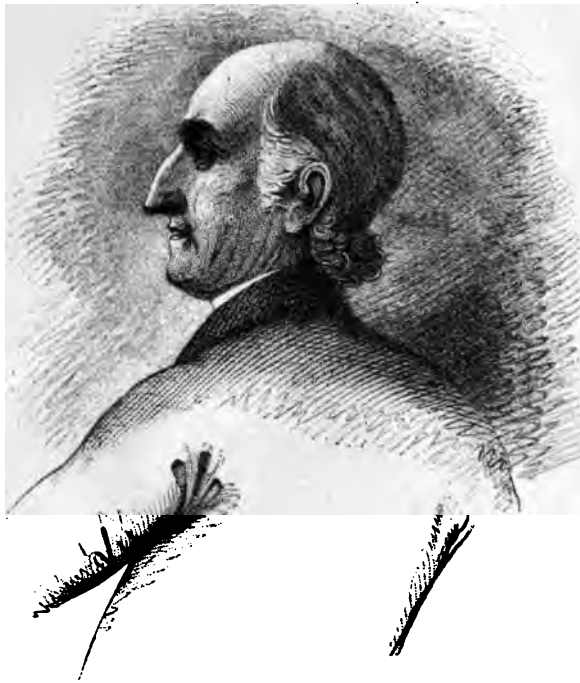
BY DANIEL GIBBONS.

**A**LTHOUGH the Quakers have occupied a unique and more or less prominent place in the Church for about two and a half centuries; and, although they have been the cause of more criticism or controversy in proportion to their numbers than any other constituent portion of the Christian communion, I believe I am entirely within the truth in saying that they always have been, and still are, the least understood of Christian bodies. There are several causes that have contributed to this result, some of which have been furnished by the "peculiar people" themselves. Declaring that their mission was to abolish all forms in Divine service, they have clung in the past with the most intense devotion to their own forms in non-essential things, modes of dress, form of speech, styles of address, and the like. Brought into the world, as they claimed and still claim, to teach among other things, the universality of Divine Love, yet in the days that are gone they rigidly denied their own love and fellowship to such of their members as violated certain regulations and rules of discipline in which the uninitiated could detect no moral principle involved. These inconsistencies, some real, some apparent, were surely enough to give rise to complete misapprehension in the minds of the great mass of observers, who regard a thing, religious or material, in the light of the outward appearance which it presents, for the reason that they have, at the first,

no other means by which to arrive at a judgment.

Two other reasons, more intimately connected with the inner spirit of Quakerism, contributed largely to this popular misapprehension and affected even those who, viewing what they were pleased to consider Quaker character, and being convinced that such results could not spring from trifling causes, were earnestly desirous of knowing the teachings of the "strange sect."

One of these reasons was the fact that the Quakers, from the very first, steadily refused, still refuse, to formulate a written creed; the second was that the spirit and essence of the Friendly cult—George Fox's doctrine or "testimony" of the "Inner Light"—was of a character to escape many except the most faithful searchers, and one that, being taken as a matter of course by the older and more thoughtful members of the sect, actually eluded many even of those brought up in the Quaker communion. This lack of comprehension of what the faith of their fathers taught was by no means confined entirely to



ELIAS HICKS.

AN EMINENT MINISTER AMONG AMERICAN FRIENDS.

the thoughtless, frivolous or indifferent members of the society. It was largely brought about by the peculiar nature of the doctrine itself and by the feeling, very common among the Quakers, that things spiritual should not, cannot, properly be taught by purely intellectual means. Realizing the danger that such a highly idealized principle presented, the younger

**NOTE.**—Previous papers in this series treated of the Baptists, in the December number; the Presbyterians, in the January number; the Methodists, in February; the Congregationalists, in March; the Episcopalians, in April; the Reformed Church in America, in May; and the "Disciples of Christ," in June.

portion of the society in America has formed an organization called the "Young Friends' Association," whose purpose may be said to be to teach the principles of Quakerism from the purely intellectual side. This movement, an innovation in form merely, is producing a greatly increased interest among the membership, and a lusty growth is beginning to show itself in some quarters which is largely attributed to its in-

only. The use of the quietest styles, as was common in Fox's day, and of garments differing widely from the fashions of later times was a part of the strong protest which the early Friends felt called upon to make against the scandalous and criminal license of the Restoration period in England, when the whole of "polite" society, following the lead of the buffoon King Charles II., seemed determined to turn



NEAL DOW.

fluence, together with that of the "First Day" schools, as the Friends call the Sunday gatherings for children.

The dress of Quakerism, that is to say, the garb and speech which have always been traditionally associated with the sect, may well be treated first, though not of the highest order of importance, because these go to form the first—often the only—impressions of those whose knowledge is confined to what has been seen

into contempt all that for which Puritanism had stood, its politics and government, its morals and religion. In these days it will be admitted by most of the adherents of the sect that the protest or "testimony" as to plainness of apparel is to be viewed in the light of its higher meaning; that there is a place for it now is and must be perfectly apparent to anyone who will read the daily papers, and their endless narrations of folly and needless luxury. Not long ago

a man in New York published a book descriptive of what he called "Society," in which he attempted to show that it was necessary for "fashionable" people, in order to maintain their "position" fully, to spend annually a sum more than enough to support the families of two hundred skilled workingmen for the same length of time, and that the mistress of such an establishment was expected—that is, compelled—to pay \$10,000 for dress alone in a twelvemonth. Here are rich opportunities for the exercise of the "Friendly" spirit; not necessarily the old idea that persons should wear a severely plain, unfashionable, and very conspicuous dress, or even that there is any especial merit in so doing, but that expenditures upon the "things which perish" should be directed by justice, delicacy, good taste and common sense.

The use of the singular pronoun, in more or less strict accordance with grammatical correctness, which George Fox also advised, had a good reason in its day. The Quakers put the modern democratic ideal upon purely religious grounds, holding that all men were born equal in the sight of God, and refusing to use the plural pronoun when addressing a single person, or to raise the hat to anyone, for the reason that these were marks of respect to those higher in artificial rank, and therefore forms "not of God." Now that the custom of using the plural pronoun has become universal, and has lost the significance, in English-speaking countries, which once made it offensive to the Quakers, the testimony against it has lost much of its force. Though dress and speech have both been, to a great extent, abandoned in



ISAAC T. HOPPER.

England, both are still treated with the greatest affection in this country, as being institutions which are beautiful and highly useful in as far as they tend to maintain respect for the spirit and teachings of the fathers and to preserve the continued existence of the society. Inasmuch as the peculiar form of speech, the "thee" and the less used "thou," seem peculiarly fitted to express love in families and trust and confidence among friends and brethren, there is a strong feeling, even among the most liberal members of the society, in favor of a continued observance of the custom; and the opinion is widely held that it is one of the ties tending

strongly to bind together the Friendly brotherhood.

The Friendly custom of numbering the days of the week and month instead of giving them the names which have been handed down from heathen times was one of the protests against idolatry in the church. No less an authority

than Lord Macaulay in his greatest work forgot the historian in the partisan far enough to cite this custom as a ground of derision of the Quakers; but no one who knows the history of the church, either in ancient, mediæval or modern times, will maintain that protests against idolatry and the idolatrous spirit have ever been out of place; and although one must hesitate to use seemingly harsh terms as to any institution dear to any one now living, it must yet be admitted, we think, that the great regard paid to gestures, garments and tones of voice, as exhibited in the ritualistic revival of the last twenty or thirty years in certain portions of the church, is a tendency that cannot be regarded in



LUCRETIA MOTT.

"TRUTH FOR AUTHORITY, NOT AUTHORITY FOR TRUTH."



GEORGE FOX.

FOUNDER OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY SIR PETER LILY, NOW IN POSSESSION OF SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

least as a departure from the old idolatrous spirit.

Coming now from the things which are more of the outward garb to those which are of the essence of the Friendly cult, we are at once confronted with that which has given to Quakerism its peculiar position in the church, the cause of its vigorous protest against so many things which our fellow Christians have in the past regarded as of vital importance—that which distinguishes it from Calvinist and Churchman, from Roman Catholic as well as from Independent or Unitarian—the doctrine of the “Inner Light,” which, according to the Apostle, “lighteth every man that cometh into the world.” From this central “testimony” is derived by various steps, near and more remote, the testimony as to the “Free Gospel Ministry,” as the Friends call it (that is to say, the protest against the system of a paid professional ministry), the testimony as to the method of conducting meetings for worship (including the protest against the use of music as a portion of a set, formal service); the practice in the matter of conducting meetings for business; the “monthly,” “quarterly” and “yearly” gatherings; and, in short, all the Friendly tenets except such as spring from some express Biblical injunctions, like the commandments of Jesus against the taking of oaths, and the practice of war, or such as arise from historic or general reasons, like those already explained. The “Inner Light” may, I believe, be explained as follows:

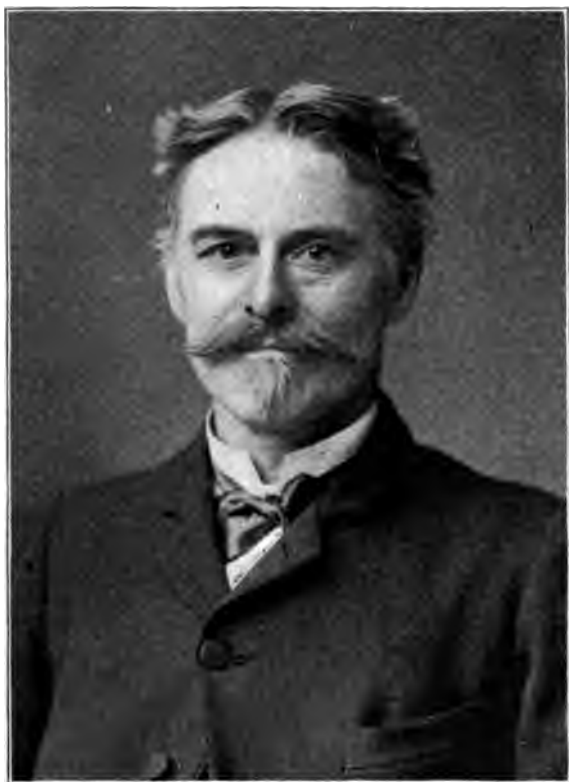
“God has revealed Himself to His children in all ages and by various means; but the most authentic, because the most immediate, revelation of God is that communicated directly to the soul of man by the Spirit—that is to say, the ‘Inner Light,’ the Divine Presence abiding in us.” Or, as George Fox used to preach: “God hath come to teach His people Himself.”

There is a portion of the Christian Scriptures which has caused a good deal of comment among scholars, which is not always understood in the same light, but which has, nevertheless, been much used for doctrinal purposes, meaning by this, used for purely sectarian demonstration; this is the first portion of the Gospel according to John, already alluded to. Here the Quaker resorts for the best of his scriptural authority, for the purpose of proving what he believes to be the great truths of eternal, universal, ever existing, never ending Revelation. Here it is we hear of the “Word,” “which was from the beginning,” which was God and was sent into the world, whose life was the “Light of men,” which light was the “true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.” To the Quaker apostle and his spiritual children these words are a well



THOMAS EARLE.

LAWYER AND PHILANTHROPIST. FIRST CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT ON THE LIBERTY PARTY (ANTI-SLAVERY) TICKET, 1840.



PROFESSOR EDWARD DRINKER COPE.  
FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTENST. PHILADELPHIA.

of living truth, from which they derive their doctrine or testimony as to the "Inner Light," as well as the following conclusions as to the same :

1.—That this "Light" is the Divine witness in our souls.

2.—That it has always been from the beginning.

3.—That it has been given to all men.

4.—That it transcends, but does not supplant all other sources of authority.

5.—That it is superior to will and intellect.

6.—That it is not to be confounded with conscience, the latter being the instrument of the Light, not the Light itself.

7.—That the most perfect revelation yet given of this Light is in the Christian dispensation and in Christ, and that the Christ Spirit, taking the simple and unambiguous declaration of Jesus that he came "to bear witness to the truth" is one which, following the Light that was from the beginning, will lead us into endlessly increasing demonstrations and revelations of the truth.

8.—That the greatest phenomenon resulting from the Divine Presence in us is religion ; its greatest fruit, righteousness ; its most manifest evidence, the yearning of the soul in all ages to be raised upward toward the Infinite.

These principles, it will be seen, make revela-

tion an eternal, perpetual, ever progressing thing, not the property of a few, nor restricted to a certain time in human history. It was this absolute Catholicity of George Fox and his disciples which made for them the greatest number of antagonists in that portion of the church which held to the ideas of election, predestination and the like. It was the "Free Gospel Ministry," however, growing out of the doctrine of the "Inner Light," which especially distinguished the Quakers from all the other portions of the church—from Rome and Geneva, from Catholic and Protestant, Evangelical and Unitarian, and which contributed mostly to the criticism once made of them, that they were "the most protesting of Protestants, the most dissident of Dissenters."

It would consume more than a good-sized magazine article to note all the historical instances in which the great souls of Earth gave expression, in some form or other, of the truth of Immediate Revelation. Whether it was Moses, who, on a certain occasion, refused to permit the leaders of Israel to restrict the freedom of prophecy among the people ; whether it was Socrates, who declared that he was moved to his heroic life and sublime death by his "Daemon" or spirit ; or whether it was Francisco Bernardone, that shining light of the Middle Ages (called by our Roman Catholic brethren "Saint Francis of As-



JOHN BRIGHT.  
FROM THE ENGRAVING BY C. LAURIE.



ELIZABETH FRY.

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY SAMUEL COUSINS FROM THE PAINTING  
BY GEORGE RICHMOND.

sissi"), who, refusing the order of the priesthood, preached much the same thought afterward promulgated by the Quaker apostle; in any case it would appear that the same thought animated all of these rare souls; that to them the real presence of the Spirit and its right to free expression were actualities in their daily lives, and that it was this literal presence which gave them the power to do the work they did in the world. This is the something, as a late writer who keenly realized it said, that "in us, not of ourselves, which makes for righteousness."

The Quakers go one step further than this, however. They hold that not only is the "Inner Light" the beacon of the race toward its infinite destiny; they maintain that, inasmuch as there is no such thing as a communal or social conscience, and as the only conscience or instrument of the spirit is the individual illumination, that it is to this inward monitor that the appeal must be made. It is in reference to this that the Quakers speak when they say as to so many du-

ties that they are "individual concerns." It is difficult to conceive of any doctrine more calculated to give to an organization the best thought of its best members than this, nor one better fitted to keep the organization in touch with the best thought of the Christian Church; for not only does this doctrine mean that the widest freedom of thought is to be permitted; it means also that there should be no obstacle to its expression—indeed, that no worship which is not the result of the impulse of the "Holy Spirit" is worship at all. Or, as the Quakers are fond of quoting: "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

To such an extent do the Friends carry this principle that persons not members are permitted to speak the light that is in them in meetings for worship, decorum being generally the only limit set to such communications.

A later writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, not a member of the society, said that "it was difficult to see how a doctrine of such inherent force and vitality as the doctrine of the 'Inner Light' could ever have been deemed to be the exclusive property of a single sect," and that "the attempt so to consider it could only be compared to the attempt to confine within a flower-pot a thriving young oak." It is only possible to re-

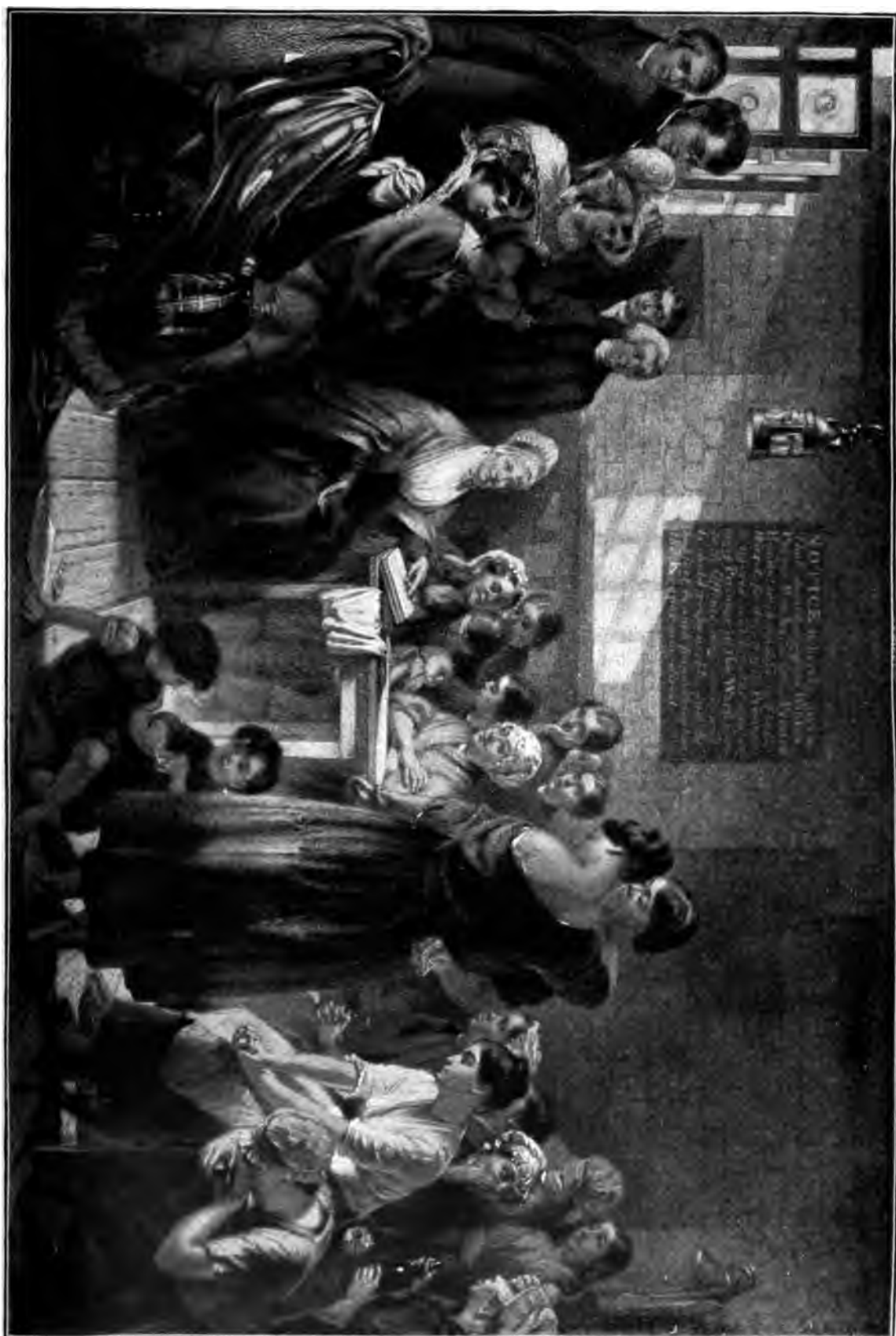


FROM THE PORTRAIT BY J. LONSDALE.

JOHN DALTON.

PROPOUNDER OF THE ATOMIC THEORY.





ELIZABETH FRY READING TO THE PRISONERS IN NEWGATE, 1816.  
FROM AN ENGRAVING BY T. OLDEMAN BARLOW OF THE PAINTING BY JERRY MARRITT.





WILLIAM PENN.

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY SARTAIN OF THE PAINTING BY H. INMAN.

ply to this that it is not claimed that George Fox was the first to proclaim this great truth to the world. All that is claimed for him and the society by the Friends of to-day is, that it is they alone that have given this great testimony the importance to which it is entitled as the fountain of all truth. Its value as a means of securing the widest freedom together with the most perfect faith and trust can hardly be overrated. It is to the domain of religion what the inductive reasoning was to philosophy and science, in that its tendency is to substitute truth for authority instead of the reverse. By *truth* is here meant that which we reach by reverential and ceaseless endeavor to attain to a knowledge of the Divine Will. "Authority," in the sense in which it is used here, means the thought that a past age should be permitted to pronounce a finality for our souls for all time, this being the idea that finds expression in the formulation of written creeds.

The "Inner Light" also means the ascendancy of conscience, and, what is a necessary corollary therefrom, the seeking of righteousness for its own sake. This last, it must be agreed, is the greatest triumph of spiritual religion, since it removes selfishness in all its forms from the domain of influence. The old woman who, according to story, appeared before St. Louis with a torch to burn up Heaven and a bucket of water to quench hell, so men might learn righteousness for its own sake, was a forerunner of the Quaker apostle. Her thought was expressed by a late writer, but in a somewhat different form. In comparing the Quaker leader with a certain great Puritan minister, he said that "George Fox prayed to be delivered from sin; Cotton Mather to be delivered from hell." It is impossible to deny the fact of punishment for transgression or the happiness of virtue, yet, in formulating ideals for human conduct, it is possible to use these facts in a mischievous way, as the history of human development shows. It may also not be out of place to say that the old Hebrew prophets, men who stand out like beacons from the religious history of the world, and proclaimed some ideals which have never been surpassed, were the product of a faith from which the later crudities about Heaven and hell were almost entirely absent.

The rule of faith and practice among the Friends, which springs next from the doctrine of the "Inner Light," is the "testimony" in favor of the "Free Gospel Ministry," as they call it, or the protest against the "professional ministry." It is a common misapprehension that the Quakers' attitude to the priestly idea is based upon the fact that other sects pay their clergy stated stipends. The fact is that it is a necessary corollary from the main doctrine of the Friends, as will be seen from the following citation from the discipline of a leading yearly meeting:

"Let us keep in remembrance that it is under the immediate teaching and influence of the Holy Spirit that all acceptable worship is performed and all true Gospel ministry supplied; that this pure and powerful influence, in vessels sanctified and prepared by the Divine Hand, is the essential qualification to that work; and that, as the gift is Divine, the service is freely and faithfully to be discharged without any view to reward from any man."

The above citation conveys in the most complete way the fact that the testimony as to a professional ministry is an integral part of the central tenet of Quakerism, and this is none the less true because the taking of "reward" from "any man" is inhibited. The only impulse that can take a man or woman into the ministry (for there is absolute equality in Quakerism between the sexes in this respect, and always has been), is the desire to speak the truth that is in them—to follow "The Light." As far as it is possible to eliminate self-interest, the Quakers have gone with the ministry; there are no privileges of any sort whatsoever attaching to any of the offices in the service of the meeting. Many of the members even pay their own traveling expenses when on secular business for the meetings; and those who cannot do so have these necessary expenses paid for them without



JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY.  
EMINENT MINISTER AMONG FRIENDS IN ENGLAND. A BROTHER OF MRS. FRY.  
FROM AN ENGRAVING BY C. E. WAGSTAFFE OF THE DRAWING  
BY GEORGE RICHMOND.

the body of the meeting knowing who they are that are thus relieved of the cost. The ministers are a portion of the congregation in the fullest sense of the words; and the Friendly ideal is that all of the congregation should partake of the ministering function, in some way or other, in some form of service.

It is worthy of comment that other Christian bodies—notably the Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians—have adopted under the name of "Prayer Meetings" a form of divine service which bears a close analogy to the meeting for worship of Friends. The keynote of such meetings is free, spontane-



THE GRAVE OF WILLIAM PENN, AT JORDAN, ENGLAND.  
PENN'S GRAVE IS AT THE FOREGROUND END OF THE MIDDLE ROW.



BUILDING OF THE NEW YORK YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS,  
TWENTIETH STREET AND GRAMMERCY PARK.

ous worship, as the spirit of each worshiper prompts him or her, whether the service be speech, song or prayer. The only difference between these bodies and the Quakers in this respect is that the latter insist that all worship shall be of this free, spontaneous, "spiritual" character; that any set form is an obstruction to spiritual freedom, and intervenes between the worshiper and the Divine Source of all Truth. This is also the real basis of the Friends' objection to music in meetings for worship, that it is always a portion of a set form; though there is also the objection that the use of music is calculated to encourage the use of sentiments (in hymns) which the singer does not understand, and which he might not assent to if he did. It is known that the early Friends sang in their meetings for worship when prompted thereto by the Spirit; it is also well to note that the old-time prejudice against music in the home has pretty well disappeared from among the "Peculiar People."

This idea of strictly free and entirely spiritual preaching and teaching is one of the oldest in both Judaism and Christianity. The reforming elements in all the old faiths were made up of uncultured or rather of unlettered men—rarely priests—who viewed the questions of the age in which they lived from the standpoint of righteousness, and spoke emphatically from "the Spirit." George Fox maintained—using Scripture as his authority—that not only was the learning of the world not necessary to the preaching of the Word; he said that culture

often obscured the "Light" and dried up the sources of Divine Inspiration in the soul. This does not mean, as his antagonists claimed, that the Quaker apostle proscribed learning, but that the learning of the world was not a qualification to the ministry. The fact which is within the knowledge of every one, that the humblest have often spiritual gifts of the highest order; and the historical evidence that the men who have shed ruin, misery and evil examples around them have been nearly always able and cultured persons, are both strong testimonials of the truth of this contention.

The strong conserving influence which other sects enjoy as one of the results of the possession of the priestly order is exercised among the Friends by the strict adherence which they observe to the "Unity," as they call it.

Although in form a religious republic, the Friends are in fact an oligarchy ruled by the aged and experienced portion of the congregation, to whom it is the universal custom to defer, even in the face of a numerical majority, could such be determined or ascertained to exist. I say "ascertained to exist," for the reason that the Friends, in their meetings for business, never take a vote upon any proposition whatsoever. All things are determined in the "unity" of the meeting. This unity may be described as follows:

"Principles and testimonies, as well as rules of procedure which have, by long years of practice, proven their usefulness for the purposes for which they were designed, should rarely be changed. If changed at all, it should be done only after the most mature deliberation, and only upon a practically unanimous consent of all the 'weighty' (that is to say, the aged and experienced) members of the body."

The fact has already been adverted to that the Quakers seek to carry their ideas of freedom and spontaneity into all their meetings, whether these be for worship, business, discipline or instruction. The sessions of "business" meetings are always preceded either by a period of silence or a meeting for worship. There is no presiding officer, no votes are taken on any proposition whatsoever, no majority or minority is recorded or ascertained; the leader of the meeting, if he could be called so, is the "clerk"—a discreet member, chosen universally upon the ground of experience, fitness and tact, to make minutes and give direction to the business, but in all

other respects a simple member. It is the commonest thing in such gatherings to hear sermons as long and as impassioned as those in the meetings expressly for worship. In fact, it is difficult to draw the dividing line in Quakerism between the religious and the secular organization. Most Friends would say that no such line of demarcation existed, that all their meetings were religious gatherings; and this is nearer the truth, perhaps, than any description that can be devised. Such "business" meetings, the "monthly," "quarterly" and "yearly" gatherings, each subordinate to the next succeeding in the order here given, pass upon the most difficult questions of property, and are frequently deeply stirred as to matters of faith or practice, yet never take a vote or a division. If the clerk, from the discussion, deems that the "weighty" portion of the gathering is nearly enough of one mind to be considered "in unity" upon a given proposition, it is deemed passed, and is so entered in the minutes; otherwise it is passed "to a more fitting time."

Whatever other "Christian bodies" may think of the doctrine of the Inner Light as a piece of theology, or as the pronouncement of a numerically small portion of the church (provided they insist upon regarding it in that light), it will, I

believe, be generally admitted that it is a doctrine which points irresistibly to the conclusion of the "Universal Fatherhood of God and the Universal Brotherhood of Man," which so many persons, even of those not professing direct allegiance to the Christian communion, yet acknowledge as one of the highest possible human ideals. Indeed, as has been already remarked, it was this very world-wide catholicity of George Fox—the result of this doctrine—which excited a large portion of the antagonism two centuries ago.

Quakerism, like all other religious bodies, has had its times of fear, its hopes, its yearnings, its changes and development; but notwithstanding all these, despite the period of repose, quietism and eclipse from which it seems now to be emerging with new vigor, it still stands, as in the beginning, for what it deems to be the great central truth of all religion—nay, its very foundation—the Divine Revelation in the Human Soul; still adheres to the belief that all forms are made by man, and tend to hide the Father's face from his children; and will, it is to be hoped, always hold up to the church the ideal of a return to the simplicity of the days of the Master and the Apostles. For such, in all humility, but in faith and hope, do the Quakers believe to be their mission to all the world.



NEW YORK YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS AND FRIENDS' SEMINARY, FIFTEENTH STREET AND RUTHERFURD PLACE.  
Vol. XLVI.—7.



THE ALAMO AS IT IS TO-DAY.

## QUAINT SAN ANTONIO.

THE "ALAMO CITY" OF TEXAS, NOW FAMOUS AS A HEALTH RESORT.

By CHARLES THOMAS LOGAN.

AMERICAN CITIES SERIES.—XI.



GENERAL SAM HOUSTON, HERO OF TEXAS.

SAN ANTONIO, the legitimate commercial center of the southwestern portion of the great State of Texas, is situated about 200 miles west of Houston, on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad. It is some 80 miles southwest of

Around San Antonio there cluster many interesting chapters of American history, and some of the most famous of the country's heroes were those who died in the defense of the Alamo. Colonel Bowie, Davy Crockett, Colonel Travis and others were among those who gave up their lives at the fall of the Alamo.

The city has many unique features, and the stranger-visitor is entertained for many days studying and visiting the numerous places of interest. The old mission churches and convents are still in existence, but most of them are but ruins of their former magnificent pro-

Austin, the capital, and 100 miles from the Gulf of Mexico. It is a city of 70,000 population, and has as much of human interest connected with its history as any other place in the country. It is called "the Alamo City," and also "the Mission City." It is widely known as a health resort, on account of the wonderful salubrity of its climate, though it is by no means dependent on patronage from this source for its business or its fame. The city is built on all sides, it might be said, of a beautiful little river bearing the same name.



GENERAL GRAHAM AND STAFF ON INSPECTION.

portions. The Alamo, about which clings more historic value and interest than any of the other missions, is right in the heart of the city, within a stone's throw of the great Menger Hotel, facing Alamo Plaza on the east side. It is still in a good state of preservation, although it is but a fraction of its original size. The ladies of San Antonio have formed an association for the preservation of the Alamo, and they are getting together a fund for the purpose of erecting a monument to the heroes who fell in their gallant defense of Texas. The walls of these old missions are of wonderful quality, and were evidently built to resist the strongest and most hostile attacks. They are from three to six feet thick, and built of stone and cement. These missions are situated around the city, some being as many as seven miles distant.

San Antonio was originally a Spanish settlement, and dates its origin back to 1712. It was not until 1733, however, that a considerable number of Spanish colonists came from the Canaries when San Antonio de Bexar was granted a municipal charter which embodies six square miles of territory on the site of the present city. This grant was made by the King of Spain, and the land was three miles in each direction from the Cathedral of San Fernando, which is the geographical center of San Antonio of to-day. This old cathedral is still the center of the greatest possible interest and reverence from the visitors and the inhabitants of the city. It was built by the monks who had come to Christianize and civilize the Indians, the same who had built the other missions around San Antonio. San Fernando is as well preserved as any build-



ALAMO PLAZA.

ing could be, having been repaired constantly through its



MAIN PLAZA.



SECOND MISSION.



THIRD MISSION.

long age of 165 years. Before the annexation of Texas, San Antonio was captured by the Mexicans, led by General Cos, under General Santa Anna, in 1835, and then followed a succession of warlike events in the history of San Antonio. In the same year, in December,

General Edward Burleson, with a Texas army, made an attack on General Cos. After five days of very close, warm fighting from house to house, General Cos was forced to surrender, and the Texas soldiers were in possession until about sixty days later, in the month of February, 1836, when the Mexicans, led by Santa Anna himself, 5,000 strong, camped to the east of the city and began the siege which has gone down to history as one of the most notable events in the annals of time. Something less than 200 Texans withstood the fire of the cavalry and infantry for many days. They were offered every inducement for surrender and capitulation, but they stoically re-



fused until they were finally fought down to death, man to man and hand to hand, many of them being sick and dying at the time.

The great military post, Fort Sam Houston, is in the suburbs of San Antonio, and it is in all the full meaning of the term, literally a part of the city. This is the second largest, and one of the finest garrisons in the United States, being composed of a community of over 2,500 people, all of them either enlisted soldiers, commissioned officers, or employés of the fort. The barracks are finely constructed buildings, and cost the United States Government about \$1,000,000. The Department of Texas has had General Graham in charge until the recent decree of the War Department created the Department of the Gulf. This, however, does not in any sense lessen the value of the garrison at San Antonio, as there will be the same number of soldiers, and the same interest in the post, with perhaps the additional advantage of having many Texas posts brought to Sam Houston. There are two of the finest parade grounds in the country at Fort Sam Houston, the special point of value being their rolling nature, thus making every military movement visible from all parts of the field. The annual

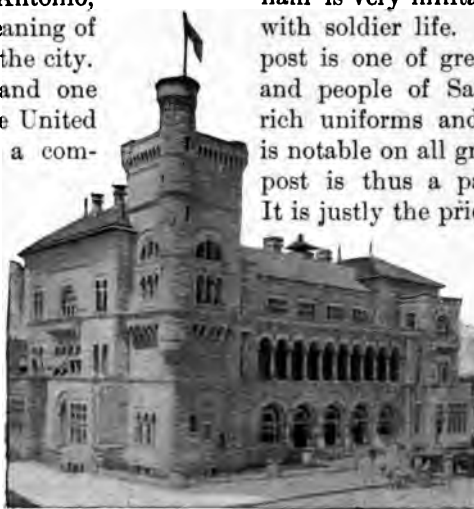
gave the last of his annual inspections at San Antonio, the writer being present and witnessing some of the most interesting movements it has ever been his pleasure to behold. General Graham is very military, and is thoroughly in love with soldier life. The social side of life at this post is one of great charm both to the officers and people of San Antonio. The display of rich uniforms and handsome men and women is notable on all great social functions, and the post is thus a part of the city in all senses. It is justly the pride of San Antonio.

Of San Antonio it need not be said that it is different from all other cities of the State to emphasize its value or importance. To be sure, the many attractions which circumstances have placed in San Antonio are in themselves worthy of the "name and fame," but in this instance

they are not all by any means, for San Antonio is a city amply capable of holding her own with the best of them, aside from these natural attractions which the other cities have not. In a commercial sense the city is looking up in no inconsiderable manner, and the future holds much of the prosperous side of things for her.

If public buildings are considered an index of the character of a city, those of San Antonio speak eloquently and well of the taste and foresight of a people who have faith in the future. From any position on Commerce Street, the main retail thoroughfare, the view is that of a metropolitan city in all of its aspects. The traffic, the action, life and energy visible, are suggestive of a real metropolis, and it is no wonder the Texans generally feel a pride in the "Alamo City." It is the same along Houston Street. Looking north and south the visitor readily sees to what scope the city may come in the near future, with such strides of progress going on. The hundreds of vehicles, thousands of people, and the really superb quality of the buildings indicate a city of much larger dimensions.

The building in San Antonio in 1897 was nearly \$2,000,000, while the contracts for 1898 indicate as much more in the way of public improvements this year. Go where one will, these improvements are going up in all directions; the Menger Hotel alone putting in additions amounting to \$100,000 or more, while the water-works are being increased at \$150,000. Of



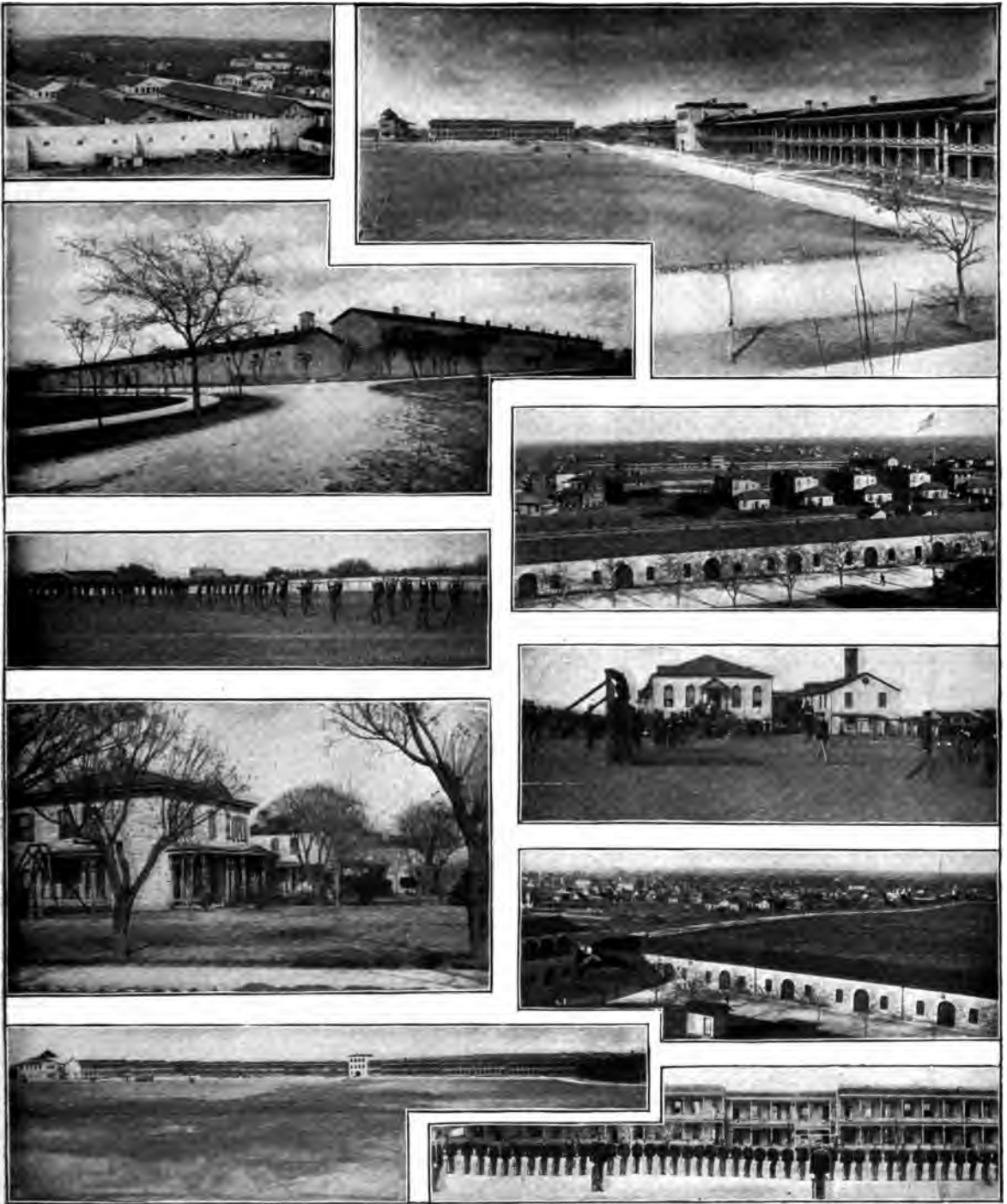
UNITED STATES POST OFFICE.



CITY HALL.

inspections are generally great events in the life of San Antonio, and the evolutions are watched by vast crowds. General Graham recently, on his return from inspecting other military posts,





SCENES AT FORT SAM HOUSTON.

public buildings it may be said that few cities of similar size can surpass those of San Antonio. The Federal Building, on the Alamo Plaza, the magnificent city hall, and the county courthouse, are three fine public buildings.

Some of the most beautiful residences to be found anywhere are in San Antonio. In this direction it may be said that the ambition to follow original methods in building has pro-

duced a marked impression in the appearance of the city. The buff-colored stone is a novel idea as the prevailing color to a scheme in the building of a city, for San Antonio glistens and glimmers like a veritable representation of the white tents of Israel. Nearly all of the stone comes from the immediate vicinity of the city, and a great deal of it within the limits of the municipality.



COMMERCE STREET.

Bexar (pronounced Bear) county, of which San Antonio is the county seat, is the second largest in the State, and has now a population of nearly 100,000. Passing through the county are several of the most important railroads in the the State, the International & Great Northern, Southern Pacific, San Antonio & Aransas Pass and San Antonio & Gulf lines running from north to south and east to west, thus giving the best facilities for the encouragement of farming. Black waxy and black sandy loam are the prevailing kinds of soil, and it is considered as rich as any to be found. The entire country is well adapted for farming. While there is not a great deal of timber, along the water courses there are quantities of elm, blackjack and mesquite to be found. The price of lands is from \$8.00 to \$20.00 cultivated, and from \$3.00 to \$10.00 in an uncultivated state. The principal crops are cotton, corn, sorghum, oats, potatoes, hay, pecans, garden truck, berries, etc.

The appearance of San Antonio is that of a modern city in all respects, although there are many features which suggest its Mexican origin, there being a considerable Mexican population also, numbering probably 12,000 or 14,000.

The visitor will enjoy something unique that is shown here—the open air supper. Scattered about the city at various points

are long tables covered with light awnings, and around them are placed lights—oil lamps. At night the Mexican crowds attending upon these tables form a picturesque sight. This eating out of doors is considered quite a fad among tourists, and the merry parties given to this form of pleasure in the tourist season are legion.

In addition to being the recognized business

and commercial metropolis of this portion of the State of Texas, it is one of the most famous health resorts of America. Indeed the city's fame in this direction has come to be recognized not alone in this country, but is attracting attention from abroad, there being many people coming now from Europe for the benefit of the wonderful climatic influence, apparently obtainable nowhere as it is at San Antonio. Of the climate so much has been said that its peculiar benefits are now widely known. It is



HOUSTON STREET.



COLONNADE.



doubtful if a more constantly equable climate is to be found in any other part of the world. The temperature is such that the pulmonary patient is permitted to be in the open air nearly every day in the year, the extremest temperature seldom reaching low enough to keep one within doors. While frosts come with sufficient regularity during the winter to eliminate all suggestion of disease from the atmosphere, if any existed, the mornings when overcoats and wraps are necessary are few and far between, even in the coldest weather. Driving, wheeling and horseback riding are indulged in through December, January and February, and there is never the need of heavy clothing for these outdoor pleasures. The writer talked to any number of invalids suffering from some form of pulmonary complaint, and all were of the opinion that the equal of the San Antonio climate is not to be found.

Among the many new industrial enterprises which have sought San Antonio as a place of profitable investment has been the ostrich farm. This has been established recently on the outskirts of the city in close proximity to San Pedro Springs, an ideal location, by the same people who were the original promoters of ostrich farming in California. There are some thirty odd birds, full grown, and some chicks and young ostriches eight or ten months old. Compared with the imported South African article, the local product is considered by connoisseurs much superior, and those who know, after a careful examination, prefer the home-bred bird. At the farm is an attractive little reception building for visitors, a small admission fee being charged when one desires to go into the compartments where the birds are kept for breeding purposes. The San Antonio ostriches are splendid specimens, and were bred in California. It is now nearly fourteen years since Mr. Cawston, who owns the Norwalk Farm in California, brought over in a sailing ship from South Africa, forty-two ostriches, taking over three



OFFICER'S QUARTERS — GEN. GRAHAM'S RESIDENCE ON THE LEFT.

months on the voyage. He has since raised nearly 500 birds and is increasing his "troop" at the rate of more



A COMPANY IN FULL DRESS.



OFFICERS AT FORT SAM HOUSTON.

than 100 chicks yearly. It will be interesting to know that the importation of feathers in the United States annually reaches the large sum of more than \$3,000,000. It is thus that one realizes that there is practically an unlimited market for all of the American product.

The general life and action of the streets of San Antonio is considerably enhanced by the sound of the gong and hum of the motor from electric cars. The street railway facilities of San Antonio are up to the standard of excellence of the South and West. In fact, size considered, it is ahead of most places, there being more than sixty miles of electrically equipped lines in the city and suburbs. To no one single factor can the remarkable development of San Antonio be attributed more than to the electric street railways. The highlands around the city are suburban sites of rare beauty, and the ease of access has

made the section grow with unusual speed in late years.

San Antonio is the recognized railway center of Southwestern Texas, and her facilities in this direction are first-class. There are now four lines making a center of the city, with two others in contemplation. The Southern Pacific runs east and west, to New Orleans and San Francisco; the Interna-



GETTING THEIR PICTURES TAKEN.

building of these latter lines seems to be reasonably certain, and they are looked upon as imperative to



OSTRICHES FEEDING ON GRASS.

tional & Great Northern runs from Mexico up through San Antonio, through Austin, and on through other portions of the State. The San Antonio & Gulf and San Antonio & Aransas Pass Railroads are also in operation, while the three lines in contemplation are one to Brownsville, one to tap the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, and the other to run through the "Llano" mineral fields to the North, and thus give another direct line into Kansas City and St. Louis. The



OSTRICH CHICKS AND CHILD.



FULL GROWN OSTRICHES.

the city's interests. The International & Great Northern is one of the great roads of the State, and has been a powerful factor in the development of all portions of Texas through which it runs. Its equipment is up to the best in the country, and its service admirable. The Southern Pacific is too well known all over the country as one of America's most important as well as imposing railroad systems to need commendation here. It is up to date in every point of equipment for service in all its branches, while its passenger accommodations are the very latest and most modern. The Southern Pacific has done great things for the upbuilding of the country and towns along its line in every State through which it passes, but these improvements are especially noticeable through Texas and Louisiana.

The hotels have done much for the development of San Antonio. The great resort hotel, the Menger, is one of the finest and largest in America. It is now in charge of two gentlemen



MENGHER HOTEL OFFICE.

who have brought it into the front ranks, and who are not yet satisfied with its appointments, notwithstanding the fact that it is not lacking in any of the facilities and equipments of the finest caravansaries of the land; but the patronage of the past season has shown the necessity for enlargement and many changes, and these will be made before the coming season opens. These improvements are to cost about \$100,000, and will commence with the erection of a large five or six-story wing, containing some 200 additional rooms, and in addition to this there will be put in what the managers claim will be the finest Turkish bath and swimming pool on the continent. Fine artesian well water will be introduced through especially laid pipes from one of the adjacent ranches belonging to the proprietor, and the furnishing and equipment of the baths will be of the very finest. Of the Menger it may be said that it occupies a peculiar position among hotels. While it is somewhat old-fashioned in its architectural features, viewed from the outside, it is within that its glories are manifest. Entering the office one finds it a vast spacious affair with growing palms, palmettoes, ferns, etc., all of which is lighted from above, the skylight reaching through four floors. The inner courts, or gardens, are ornamented with growing banana plants, palms and other subtropical growth, including large green swards used as playgrounds for children and lounging places for guests. There are two of these large

courts, and nothing more attractive can be found connected with any hotel in the country. The sun parlors on the second floor are very inviting, and are made comfortable and attractive for invalids. The halls, parlors, lobbies and corridors are all ornamented with growing plants. One of the additions to the Menger will be the enlargement of the dining-room, which, although of good size already, will be about doubled in size. Taken all in all, with modern furnishings, electric call

bells and telephones in all rooms, high-class furnishings and soft velvet carpets, it is at once seen that the Menger is as attractive as money can make it. It may be said that the table has no superior outside of New York



MENGHER HOTEL.

City, and there are few tables anywhere that equal it.

The public school system of San Antonio is said to be especially worthy of commendation. They have been growing from year to year until they have now been systematized and thoroughly graded so that the standard of scholarship has been raised to the highest limit, the best work being demanded of the pupils. In addition to the public schools there are a number of private institutions which supplement the city's educational facilities. There are many parochial and private schools and academies, all doing good work, and also a fine Methodist university. San Antonio points with pride to her educational advantages,



CARVED WINDOW IN SAN JOSE MISSION.





[THE SKYLIGHT PARLOR.]



[THE DINING ROOM.]



[CORRIDOR.]



[COURTYARD GARDEN.]

and it is a fact that there is a smaller percentage of children leaving the city for educations than in most communities. She justly feels that she is somewhat of a pioneer in a new era of enhancing the value of education in Texas.

The social side of San Antonio receives much of its stimulus from the large influx of winter visitors who spend something like five months of every season, thus making life there very gay. The city supports several good theatres and one grand opera house on the Alamo Plaza, opposite the Menger Hotel, and there is an additional theatre on Houston Street. There are, also, several smaller variety places of amusement, concert halls, etc.

San Antonio has of recent years become considerable of a wholesale and manufacturing point. It can be said that almost every manner of manufacturing business is established, and well established, while many of the stores are large and as attractive as can be found in any



[MAIN COURTYARD.]

VIEWS IN HOTEL MENER.

city. The mercantile interests may be divided numerically, as is learned from the Business Men's Club, about as follows: Grocers, 200 retail and 7 wholesale; dry goods, 40 retail and 4 wholesale; drug stores, 35 retail, 1 wholesale;

confectioners, 21 retail, 1 wholesale; commission merchants—viz., cotton, wool and hides, 11; fruit and produce, 5; general, 7; grain and hay, 3; live stock, 2; clothing houses, 20; carriages and wagons, 21; cigars and tobacco, 14; boots and shoes, 55; booksellers and stationers, 13; private boarding houses, 100; barber shops, 44; plain and fancy bakers, 27; agricultural implements, 10; hardware, 18; dairy men, 40; dressmakers, 40; dentists, 14; jewelers, 20; laundries, 10; livery and feed stables, 7; lumber and builders' supplies, 9; lawyers, 125; doctors



HOME OF MRS. C. D. L. WILKS



RESIDENCE OF H. D. KAMPMANN



JOHN DARRAGH'S HOME



THOS. SMITH'S RESIDENCE



EDWARD MILHENNY'S HOME



RESIDENCE OF FRANK GRICE



DINING-ROOM IN MR. DARRAGH'S HOME



PARLOR IN MR. DARRAGH'S HOME



MR. DARRAGH'S GROUNDS

SOME SAN ANTONIO HOMES.





RESIDENCES OF B. F. McNULTY, ROBERT CLARK AND THOMAS JOHNSON.

95; meat markets, 100; music teachers, 50; photographers, 14; restaurants, 35; saloons, 421; publishers, 20; printers, 14; hotels, 15; hay, grain and feed, 24; harness and leather, 12; furniture dealers, 16; banks, 9. It will at once be seen from the above list, that San Antonio must be regarded as a large and prosperous business center. The position of the city from a commercial point of view is growing better all the time. The manufacture of shoes has recently been inaugurated at San Antonio, and there is now a very large and prosperous factory in full operation. The factory is chartered under the State laws, and capitalized for about \$100,000 paid up capital. The factory building was especially erected for this work, and is made of brick, four stories high, with total floor capacity of 16,000 square feet. The promoters of this new enterprise are people who are well acquainted with the demand for the Texas trade, and it is for this reason that success has been insured from the start.

Another important branch of San Antonio manufacturing industries is that of beer. The Anheuser-Busch people of St. Louis are largely interested in the beer interests of the city,

and there are several breweries of magnificent proportions. San Antonio beer is famous in Texas. About 20,000 of the 70,000 population are sturdy Germans, about 25,000 native Americans, the Mexicans number about 18,000, while the colored population is about 6,000, the remainder being divided between English, Spanish, French, Italians, Poles, Swedes and others, so it will be seen that the population is very cosmopolitan, and this adds considerable interest to the city. As will be naturally expected with so large a foreign population, social and musical matters strongly prevail. The Beethoven Mænnerchor is a remarkably fine society, which has erected a beautiful building known as the Beethoven Mænnerchor Hall, the main auditorium of which will seat 2,000 people. It is a structure in every way worthy of its highly artistic pretensions, and is a lasting index to the refinement of the population of San Antonio. There is also the Deutsches Mænnerchor, another musical society, beside the San Antonio Frohsinn and Quartette Club, and several other smaller societies. There are several fine social clubs, the San Antonio Club, with its elegant quarters in the Grand Opera House building, being really one of the



SAN ANTONIO NATIONAL BANK.

WAGNER &amp; CHABOT BUILDING.

STAACKE BROS. BUILDING.

finest clubs in all of the South. It might be said to have no superior between Maryland and Texas.

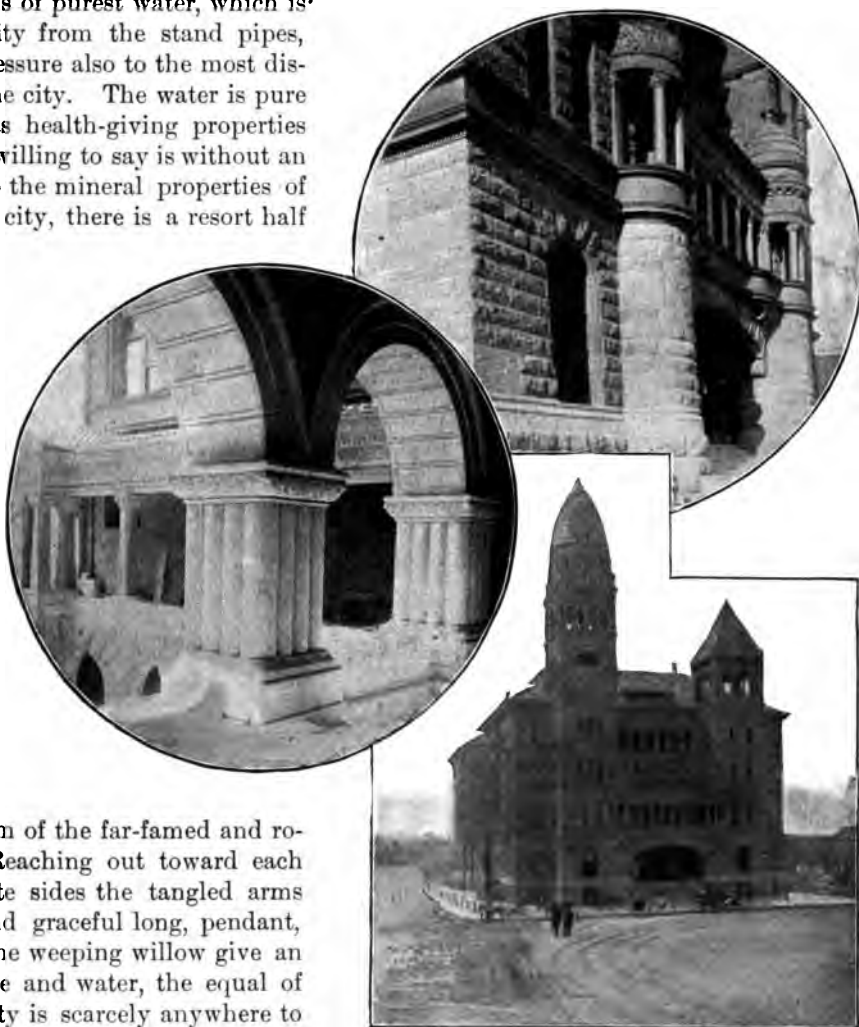
San Antonio is lighted with electricity, there being three electric light companies to supply the illumination both public and private. The service is of the best.

One of the peculiar features of San Antonio is its splendid system of waterworks. The water comes from a system of artesian wells, which vary in depth from 1,000 to 1,500 feet and furnish millions of gallons of purest water, which is forced all over the city from the stand pipes, giving effective fire pressure also to the most distant heights around the city. The water is pure for the bath, and has health-giving properties which physicians are willing to say is without an equal. In addition to the mineral properties of the water used in the city, there is a resort half way from the city's center toward the north, the miniature lake sources of the beautiful creek San Pedro. This lovely stream has its origin in half a dozen or more large bubbling springs, clear as the purest crystal, and large enough each for a good swimming pool. These springs lie in a semi-circle and deploy into a central lagoon, which spreads out into a beautiful lake before

it narrows into the form of the far-famed and romantic San Pedro. Reaching out toward each other from the opposite sides the tangled arms of giant live oaks, and graceful long, pendant, feathery branches of the weeping willow give an effect of verdure, grove and water, the equal of which in natural beauty is scarcely anywhere to be found. At this resort also there is erected a large building used as a museum for the natural curiosities and curio from Texas, Mexico and Central America. In it the visitor will find many interesting objects, such as ornaments worn by the natives, utensils used by the former Indians, and many interesting things from the halls of the Montezumas. The promoters of this special feature of San Pedro Springs also have a very interesting zoological collection in addition to the museum feature, including bears, lions, rabbits, squirrels, paroquets, and many

other tropical animals and birds. The sale of Mexican curios in San Antonio is very large, and that of precious stones and metals is especially notable.

The taxable property of San Antonio last year was assessed on a basis of \$35,000,000, the city taxes are only 1-6th of 1 per cent., and the valuation is estimated on the 50 per cent. basis. The city's debt is small, being only about \$1,500,000, and this was largely contracted for in the build-



BEXAR COUNTY COURTHOUSE.

ing of sewers, city hall, public parks, plazas, streets and school buildings and other public improvements. It is not considered a large debt, and is in no way burdensome to the people.

The banking facilities of San Antonio are amply sufficient for a city of its size, there being enough capital for all business purposes. The deposits run up and amount to about \$5,000,000, and this with the combined capital of the

private, National and State banks brings the banking resources up to the neighborhood of \$10,000,000. In this respect San Antonio may be classed with many cities of larger population.

One finds a welcome difference in the temperament of the people, for while they are prosperous, entertaining and progressive, at the same time they do not flaunt their methods before the public. In other words, there is a commendable modesty in the community over their accomplishments, and while caring for all public interests, there is a conspicuous absence of ostentation or "horn-blowing." It is one thing to be loud-mouthed, and quite another to be wide-awake in the proper manner. This latter virtue is what seems to be the prevailing sentiment at San Antonio, and the growth is of that solid, substantial kind which is attracting attention from all over the country.

Everybody appears so wide awake, and the spirit of progress seems to be on the lips of the humblest citizen. From the illustrations presented herewith it is easily noticed that San Antonio is keeping abreast of the times in a manner calculated to do her honor and credit before the world.

Quoting from an interesting booklet published by the Business Men's Club, it may be said that the city offers material data for a cosmopolitan city. To the immigrant is offered a city, first and foremost large enough to bar out petty prejudices and afford a home where a man's business is not subjected to the provincial criticisms of every other man, as in smaller places is too often the case. It offers a cosmopolitan population, a large representation of numerous races—German, French, Italian, Spanish, American, African and

Mexican. Such a composite of citizenship is bound to result in the largest respect for and toleration of others' opinions, broad-minded and generous principles of private and public policy, and the absence of business or social proscription for opinion's sake. A man goes as he pleases with less covert threatening of proscription on account of his conduct, than in any other city in the land. The brotherhood of man and the code of gentlemanly conduct are the only shibboleth one need possess to gain admission to all the city can offer. Here is a splendid field

for home making, dealing in merchandise, adopting and practicing professions, and for the manufacture of nearly all the articles of general commerce—all at a profit. The development in all the practical lines of the commercial and manufacturing world is possible here without limit. The territory to be supplied with manufactured goods reaches far to the southwest and embraces much of Mexico. The advantage in proximity to markets and raw materials far outweighs any

slightly increased cost due to fuel or other impedimenta. There is little difficulty in solving the fuel problem, however. Although coal is high, there are inexhaustible mines of lignite right at the city's doors, which is equally as good as the

average coal, for \$1.50 per ton. The trade advantages, both in raw materials and sale of the finished product, render all minor questions of little importance comparatively, and place San Antonio as a commercial center first class in every particular.

One of the most beautiful locations adjacent to any city in this country is Alamo Heights, some four or five miles out of San Antonio. This is considered a rare spot for home builders, and it is rapidly being developed. The view from these heights of an evening when the sun is setting behind the western hills is won-



ST. MARY'S  
HALL.



MRS. MULHOLLAND'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

derful. Out of Alamo Heights also are several famous springs, and the place is an object of interest not only for the visitor to the city, but also for the people of San Antonio, who find no place more inviting.

The country adjacent to San Antonio, including that within a radius of twenty miles around the city proper, is said to be without an equal anywhere in America in point of general interest to sportsmen. The enjoyment to be had with gun and rod in this section is actually without limit. There have been, within the last few years, several successful shooting tournaments at San Antonio, which have resulted in giving the city a wide and favorable reputation among sportsmen all over the country. There was a National meeting of sportsmen in 1896 and 1897, which gave the visiting nimrods from all over the United States a long coveted opportunity to get at the game of Southwest Texas, which latter suffered accordingly, while its reputation was thoroughly established as one of the richest game sections in the world. People who come from all lands are won completely over by the historic and æsthetic interests around San Antonio and not a few of them are prone to tarry yet a little longer whenever they do come, and every season finds the number growing with steady increase. Along the line of San Antonio & Aransas Pass Railway, which runs down to Rockport on Aransas Bay, and around the terminus of the coast, there is said to be more enjoyment for the sportsman than in any other section of the country. In the language of those who have been there, it "simply beats the world." The home of the tarpon, the gamest of all fish, is in the Gulf of Mexico, and one successful

fisherman is said to have landed ten of these vicious specimens in one day. Some of the most noted sportsmen in the country make Aransas Pass and San Antonio their headquarters for the winter. In January, 1896, four men were said to have killed 700 ducks in two days. On account of the numerous bays and

inlets the section around the coast country at Aransas Pass and Rockport offers the sportsmen the best hunting in the United States, the duck season running from December to March.

The home of the tarpon, as before remarked, is to be found in the waters at the coast of Texas; they are especially numerous around Aransas Pass and Rockport. Aransas Bay is but a half mile long, 1,600 feet wide and 30 to 40 feet deep. The tides and winds cause strong inward and outward currents to prevail at all times, and in these seething waters the tarpon makes his home, his feeding and playground, and is to be found nearly all the year round. Here they spawn early in June, the young fish seeking the grassy flats in the bay, where they remain until of sufficient size to keep out of the way of the big fish. "In the month of July," said one man, "while fishing for trout I have caught them from four to six inches long, and again in September I have caught several from eight to ten inches long." The action of the young ones when caught is the same as the grown ones, and it is an amusing sight to see them vainly striving to get unhooked. Only within the last three or four years has rod and reel fishing been practiced here. This section of the country is beyond the dream of any tarpon fisherman who has never been there and tested

it. The supply of tarpon is practically unlimited. They play and feed by hundreds. The total number of canvasback ducks shipped out every winter is very large. Over 50,000 were shipped in less than two months.

San Antonio is the second largest wool market in the world, there being within a radius of 100 miles over 1,000,000 sheep, valued by the tax

department at about \$900,000. West of San Antonio in the great stretch of 650 miles to El Paso there are millions of sheep, the clip therefrom being marketed here. The late improvements in the price of wool has had a marked effect on the commerce of the city.



MILITARY PLAZA — "WATERMELON TIME."

The illustrations to this article were made from photographs taken expressly for this magazine by Walter B. Franklin, San Antonio.



SOME YOUNG LADIES IN ALABAMA SOCIETY.

## ALABAMA SOCIETY.

**S**OCIETY in Alabama to-day is not essentially different from society in Alabama before the war. This is particularly true of the older towns. Even in Birmingham the elements of the ante-war society are still much in evidence. The "old families" still maintain the supremacy in a social way which was theirs without dispute in the days of the slave oligarchy. Scattered all over Alabama are families who trace their ancestry back to the Huguenots. Descendants of Revolutionary heroes are to be found in almost every community. There are, perhaps, more Northern families in Birmingham than in any other city in the State, brought there by the iron development. Some of these families are representatives of the best society in the North.

Society in Birmingham remains as exclusive as that of the old communities, such as Mobile and Montgomery. There is, naturally, a little less of the old conservatism in this modern city, but it will be a long time, at the present pace, before the "old family" element will lose its prestige. In no other State in the South, not even in South Carolina, does one's social status so much depend upon "blood." Wealth counts but little alongside of pedigree.

It must be said for society in the South—and no less for Alabama than other States—that it has never been given to exploiting itself. Important social functions come and go, and the outside world rarely hears of them. This might not be possible under a different sort of journalism, but so far the press of the South has always respected the wishes of society people in this particular. New York society is indebted to a greater degree to the South than is generally supposed. It requires but a casual survey to discover that some of the most conspicuous representatives of the charmed circle in the great metropolis have been transplanted from Southern cities. The late Ward McAllister, himself a Southern man, acknowledged for the four hundred its appreciation of the social element from the South. Fewer Southern families of prominence are identified with Philadelphia society, but this element is by no means lacking even there.

There are some strikingly beautiful women to be found in Southern society. It has been claimed that the women of the South have

physical attributes superior to their sisters of the Northern communities. Certainly the "Southern type of beauty" has its strong votaries, but it is a question whether it is more beautiful, as a type, than that of the North. This is a question which everyone will decide for himself.

On the opposite page is presented portraits of a group of young women prominent in Alabama society. Mobile, Birmingham and Selma have been drawn upon for this bevy, though Texas and Indiana have a claim on two. Miss Clare Milner, of Birmingham (Portrait No. 1), is a splendid type of Southern womanhood. She was sponsor for Alabama when the veterans met in Richmond, and was Maid of Honor when they met in Birmingham the year before. One of Miss Louisa Screven Chisolm's (No. 2) ancestors, Thomas Lynch, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence; another, Henry Laurens, was President of the American Congress during the Revolution; and still another, John Rutledge, was Governor of South Carolina during the war, and was afterward Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. She is a woman of exceptional beauty. Miss Inez Cobb of Aurora, Indiana (No. 3), with her rich brunette complexion, might well be taken for a Southern girl. She is well known in Birmingham society as the guest of Miss Julia Ward, a representative of one of the old Southern families. Miss Cobb is the daughter of L. W. Cobb, a well-known editor and publisher of Indiana. Miss Pearson, of Birmingham (No. 5), is a descendant of an old family of the Revolution. Her father is a prominent planter, originally from North Carolina, and resides in one of the most splendid houses in the South, where he dispenses a generous, old-fashioned Southern hospitality. Miss Lake, of Mobile (No. 4), is a member of one of the oldest Southern families. She is equally well known in Atlanta, Nashville and Birmingham through her extensive family and social connections. Miss Nelson of Selma (No. 6), adds to her charms of person musical ability of the highest order. Her family is one of the oldest and wealthiest of Alabama. Her father was for years Selma's well-known banker, and their home is one of the most beautiful in that city of beautiful homes.



## HER FATHER'S WILL.



MADAME LA BRIE was out of temper. Her servants, knowing this to be a fact, went about with serious faces, and as though momentarily expecting to be dismissed from her service. Her fat poodle knew it, for he ran away from her in fear, and crouched under a chair when she entered a room. The jewels in her ears and the puffs and curls on her blonde wig seemed also aware of it, for they appeared to be in a state of extreme agitation.

If she had been any common personage no one would have been greatly concerned about her bad humor, particularly as she was seldom in a good one, but madame was no plebeian. In her own circle she was an autocrat, for she was the most fashionable woman of *le beau monde* of "Quality Hill."

The only creature in madame's house who was indifferent to her choleric mood was the direct cause of all the disturbance.

She was madame's ward, and was named Inez Stafford. She had been summoned into her guardian's presence to receive a reprimand, and she now had the temerity to engage herself with some trifling fancy work under madame's offended eyes.

Madame La Brie could not abide young ladies. She was fifty years old and inclined to *embonpoint*, and she had an unpleasant consciousness of appearing stout in the presence of these younger daughters of Eve. She knew, too, that her complexion suffered by contrast with their youthful freshness. Nature had intended madame to be a brunette. Madame believed she could improve upon Nature, and so she had donned a blonde wig and powdered her face, but the result had not been exactly satisfactory.

We have said before that madame disliked young ladies, yet of all her acquaintances there was not one who so exasperated her as did the imperturbable culprit arraigned before her.

This girl, who was an American, was twenty years old, and had a figure which was a personal affront to Madame La Brie. She had a ripe, warm complexion which had not yet been spoiled by late hours and fashionable dissipation. She had a fashion of dropping her eyelids until their heavy lashes covered her eyes. When she con-

descended to raise them, however, she displayed her chief beauty—a pair of deep, Italian eyes.

"You are too ignorant, too uncivilized to appreciate your advantages," madame was saying. "You were born and bred in a dull country town, where you were associated with rough farmers and their coarse wives. You went to 'paring bees' and quilting parties and believed, no doubt, that you were having a round of fashionable dissipation! You knew absolutely nothing of the requirements of society. Indeed, you were a raw country girl when I pulled you out from the social quagmire you had been in, and brought you here to New York. Think what a homespun creature you were two years ago, and then go to that mirror and note the change I have made in your appearance."

"I can't," the girl said, unconcernedly. "I would drop stitches and spoil my knitting."

"Never mind your tiresome knitting," madame said, crossly, "and listen to me. As I told you before, I have changed your country dress. I now intend to make a greater change in your abominable country manners. I can no longer tolerate your conduct toward my nephew, Eugene La Brie. If he was your footman you could not treat him with more indifference."

"I could not feel any more indifferent to Monsieur La Brie if he *was* my footman," the young lady remarked.

"Monsieur Eugene compliments you by asking your hand in marriage," madame continued. "As I am your legal guardian, he has properly approached me first upon this subject. Although you are totally unused to society, my nephew is willing to overlook your defects and to marry you."

"Your nephew is needlessly magnanimous, for nothing in the world would induce me to marry Monsieur Eugene."

Miss Stafford would have left the room, but Madame La Brie caught her by the arm and detained her.

"Recollect that you are not a free agent," she said, harshly. "Your father's will was peculiar, and you forfeit your fortune if you are disobedient. Before you came here you did as you pleased. Now you must do as I please. Recollect that we are not now at Cloverport."

"Neither are we in France, madame."

"No," madame said, "we are not in France, where girls are taught respect and obedience to



their parents and of liberty, of rebellion. We are in a country where the children choose their partners for life, and ignorant country girls teach etiquette to their superiors. We are in an abominable country, no doubt, and not in France, where proper marriages are contracted by proper persons. But I am none the less a Frenchwoman, for all that, and I shall manage my ward after the French custom."

Miss Stafford had no wish to discuss the subject of her matrimonial alliance, so she made her escape as soon as possible.

While in madame's presence she had been the embodiment of *insouciance*, but as soon as she was alone in her own apartments her manner changed.

If her guardian had applied her eye to the keyhole, she would have discovered that Miss Inez had been playing a part and was in truth secretly agitated.

While her father was lying upon his deathbed he made a will, bequeathing the bulk of his property to his only child. He also appointed his friend, Madame La Brie, sole executrix of his estate and guardian to his daughter, Inez, during the remaining three years of her minority.

John Stafford had led a quiet, uneventful life in a Kentucky village, and he may have felt some qualms of conscience because he had allowed Inez but few social advantages. After leaving Madame La Brie a sufficient sum to compensate her for the trouble, he stipulated that she should introduce his daughter to society.

These were the original terms of the will, and with these Inez would naturally have been satisfied: but there had been a codicil added, which changed the aspect of affairs and threatened to make a wreck of her life. This codicil stated that in case Inez Stafford should marry against the wish of her guardian, Madame La Brie, the property should immediately be transferred to an industrial institution of which John Stafford had been a director.

Miss Stafford had never understood this freak of her father's which had given Madame La Brie such authority over her. He had been indulgent and generous to her while he lived, and had never thwarted her wishes. Why had he desired to be more exacting after his death than before? Why had he wished to force her into an undesirable marriage or else to rob her of her birth-right?

She was sitting alone, wondering if these questions, when she knocked at the door. She at once resumed

We are in the land of bad manners. We

before she bade her French maid, Natalie, to enter.

The girl told her that a gentleman desired to see Miss Stafford in the drawing-room. His card, which was delicately perfumed, was not engraved, for he had seen fit to send up his autograph.

The name was "Eugene La Brie."

Miss Stafford did not wish to excite madame's displeasure again that day, so she agreed to see the man.

She had turned to her mirror to make some trifling alteration in her dress, when her attention was attracted by a curious maneuver on the part of the servant. The girl, who had for years been employed in madame's house, and was greatly trusted, was gliding stealthily up to the table on which the visiting-card had been dropped. Without moving a muscle Miss Stafford watched her in the glass.

The French girl was going noiselessly out of the room with the card in her hand, when Miss Stafford spoke:

"You may return Monsieur Eugene's card to the table," she said; and the girl, flurried and incoherent, hastened to replace it.

Monsieur La Brie was the prototype of a Parisian dandy. He was very sleek, very sallow and very polite. His clothes were so faultless that one of Shakespeare's descriptions always occurred to Inez when she saw him. It was not complimentary:

"There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is in his clothes."

She went down stairs very slowly. Indeed, she was never in a hurry to meet Monsieur Eugene.

When she reached the drawing-room door she witnessed a tableau which greatly astonished her. The French maid was within, and was engaged in excited conversation with Monsieur La Brie. He held the girl's hands and was obviously entreating her to accede to some wish of his.

They started violently away from each other when Miss Stafford spoke.

"I beg monsieur's pardon for intruding," she said, coldly; "but I understood that he wished to see me. I did not know that he visited my servant."

She swept out of the room somewhat disdainfully.

Monsieur Eugene called after her some voluble excuses and remonstrances, but she did not heed them.

She returned to her apartments to

what understanding existed between him and Natalie. Why had the girl wanted his card—or, wanting it, why had she not asked for it? She had never been backward about asking favors. There was some mystery in the house which Inez had not yet solved.

She thought, with a little shrug, that madame would be in a towering passion when she learned the circumstances of the evening. Madame never forgave a slight directed at her nephew.

Miss Stafford took up Monsieur Eugene's card, intending to destroy it, when it occurred to her that his writing was peculiar and unfamiliar.

She went to her card-receiver and examined its contents. She found a number of his visiting-cards, which she closely inspected. Curiously enough, every one was written in a different hand, no two bearing the faintest resemblance to each other. Sometimes the writing was angular, sometimes round; sometimes the letters were heavily shaded, sometimes *vice versa*. Excellent penmanship was the only characteristic which all of them possessed.

Miss Stafford recollected having heard Monsieur Eugene say that he invariably wrote his own visiting-cards. She was about to drop them into her waste-basket, when a sudden thought came to her which drove every drop of color out of her face. After a long time she tied the cards into a package and locked them in her desk.

\* \* \* \* \*

Contrary to Miss Stafford's expectations, madame was in excellent humor next day. She had heard of the episode in the drawing-room, and was delighted with it.

She believed that Inez had withdrawn in a fit of pique caused by jealousy of the pretty French maid, and madame argued that this promised well for Eugene's courtship. She believed no love could exist without the presence of the "green-eyed monster."

The family, accompanied by Monsieur Eugene, left town that day to occupy madame's villa at Long Branch.

For reasons of her own, Inez was delighted with the change.

She was passionately fond of the sea. She had been born and bred in an inland village, and had never experienced anything like her present life at Long Branch.

She lived on the beach; and Monsieur Eugene, who attempted to follow wherever she went, had a weary time of it, for she was an indefatigable walker, and he was a chronic victim to tight gaiters.

She must have had a dash of maliciousness in her, for at times she evinced decided enjoyment of his fatigue.

She had walked rather further than usual one day, and Monsieur Eugene, losing all patience with her, sat down to rest while she continued on. He resolved to await her return, when they should walk home together. He would have altered his plan if he could have watched her.

She was scarcely out of Monsieur Eugene's sight when another man joined her. He was very unlike the dyspeptic, *blasé* little Frenchman she had so lately left.

He was a vigorous, wholesome young fellow, with a genial, honest face, and a body indicative of more than average strength. He was undoubtedly a man of character.

He was rejoiced to see Miss Stafford, and evinced his pleasure by the cordiality of his greeting.

She was perfectly undemonstrative, but the color in her pretty face had deepened perceptibly.

"I have been trying all the week to see you alone," he said; "but your friend, Monsieur La Brie, has monopolized you. I have been wanting to talk with you, and find out if you have forgotten all about Cloverport since you have lived in this busy, fashionable world."

"Is it likely that I forget while you remember?" she asked. "I spent eighteen years there; you, one little summer."

"I am not likely to forget the place where I first met Inez Stafford," he said, quietly.

"And yet you are quite 'the fashion,' I am told. Madame tells me you are the *distingué* 'in our circle,' excepting Monsieur La Brie, of course."

"Why 'of course'?" Then he continued, coldly: "I think I understand. It is generally believed that monsieur is affianced to madame's ward."

She made no reply.

"And yet, three years ago I would have believed it impossible. We have not met often since the summer I spent in Cloverport, but—shall I confess it?—I have kept myself well informed of you. This life is so different from the old quiet one, and madame's house is so unlike your home, that I wondered what you would think of it and what change it would make in you."

Somehow his words irritated her.

"You knew how unused I was to society, and you wanted to know how I would behave in my new circumstances. Madame could have in-

formed you. She proved, that city dress is greatly improved, that city dressers have done wonders for me, but this I am the same 'raw country girl' who came from Cloverport two years ago. She abhors my manners, and believes that Monsieur Eugene is the soul of magnanimity, else he would not fancy me."

"Madame La Brie is not complimentary," the gentleman remarked. "I could have told her that John Stafford's daughter could never go out of his refined and homelike household appearing uncouth or bad-mannered. I could have informed her also that when Inez Stafford agreed to marry such a man as Eugene La Brie she condescended far more than her friends desired."

"Are you not afraid of offending me by depreciating monsieur?" she asked, with preternatural gravity. And then, breaking into a laugh, "You know, Guy Howard, that my head has not been so completely turned that I could ever fancy Monsieur Eugene."

"And yet," he told her—"and yet you are not out of danger if you escape Monsieur La Brie. You are known to be a rich woman, Inez. How can you ever be sure that your money has not great weight in the minds of your suitors? Whom can you trust in the money-loving circle in which you and I both move?"

She watched him now with wide-open eyes, to see what effect her revelation would have upon him.

"Shall I tell you how rich I am?" she asked. "So long as I am Miss Stafford I shall be a rich woman, but if I am ever rash enough to marry against Madame La Brie's wishes I shall have to forfeit my entire fortune. These are the very reasonable conditions of my father's will."

Her words were tinged with a little bitterness.

"You have been badly treated," he said, looking unreasonably cheerful meanwhile. "Still, if you ever should marry without your guardian's consent you can have the satisfaction of knowing that your lover is not marrying you from a mercenary motive. You will have to love a man a great deal to sacrifice your fortune for him."

She laughed uneasily.

"I prefer not to discuss that," she said. "The subject is premature. I haven't a lover even, and am not likely to have while madame and monsieur keep such vigilant watch over me."

"We are out of their sight now," he told her, "and no one can prevent you from having a lover. I have been waiting for you for three years, Inez, and I have come to London to see you. I do not well do with

about you, for lately I have begun to fear that you are surrounded by treacherous people, and I want the right to shelter and care for you. I am asking you to give up a great deal for my love."

"Not so," she said, looking away from him at the ocean, the sound of which nearly drowned her utterance. He had to strain his ears to catch her next words: "I would not be a woman if I could value the wealth of the Indies and make it weigh in the balance against what you offer."

"And you will make the sacrifice?"

She turned upon him, almost angrily.

"Do not speak that word again."

"And you care a little for me, Inez?"

She could not keep from smiling. He was a man of whom any woman might have been proud.

"Yes," she said, "I care—a little."

\* \* \* \* \*

Monsieur La Brie had become thoroughly rested, and was growing very impatient for Miss Stafford's return. It was becoming chilly out-of-doors, and he had not worn his overcoat—a circumstance which added much to his discomfort.

He was beginning to wonder if, after all, she had gone home by a different route, when he saw a woman approaching, whom he at first mistook for Inez. As she drew nearer, however, he recognized the French maid, Natalie.

"You may as well go home, Monsieur Eugene," she said, saucily. "You are catching your death in this damp sea-air to no purpose. You and madame have played a hard, fast game, and have lost it. Your lady has a lover, and will be married on the day she comes of age."

The Frenchman turned as white as death.

"You don't know what you are saying," he said.

"Ah, but I do," the girl told him; "and if you will walk a mile further on, you will find the proofs of what I have been saying. The new monsieur, who has so neatly cut you out, is seated beside mademoiselle in a rather secluded grotto, and they are talking as sentimentally as French lovers. I heard them with my own sharp little ears, which are never deceived. I also heard some uncomplimentary remarks about Monsieur Eugene."

"I am not afraid," Monsieur La Brie said.

"You are mistaken, for madame will tell me all that she knows of your acquaintance since you came to London."

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"You are mistaken, for madame will tell me all that she knows of your acquaintance since you came to London."

"Monsieur Eugene is badly deceived. This objectionable rival is no *bourgeois*. He is the fine Mr. Howard, who is considered a far more desirable *parti* than Monsieur La Brie. I know his reputation well ; and I know, too, that mademoiselle can afford to forfeit her fortune for so rich a man. Poor Monsieur Eugene !" with tantalizing impertinence, "and poor madame ! What will they do when the French codicil is a dead failure, after all ?"

Monsieur Eugene went home to tell the news to madame, and later Inez returned and shut herself into her room. She was afraid to meet any one that evening, lest her warm face and her telltale eyes should divulge her new-found happiness.

Poor child ! she did not know that her secret was already the common talk of the household, and that a plan had been formed to rob her of her contentment.

Perhaps it was her happiness that made her wakeful ; but late that night she grew restless, and resolved to go out upon her balcony, where she could hear the ocean. She believed its monotonous washing against the shore might make her sleepy.

As she stepped out into the darkness she was surprised by seeing a light still burning in Monsieur Eugene's room and by hearing voices from the piazza below. She would have retreated, but something which she heard arrested her.

"You and madame were too self-confident," the French girl, Natalie, was saying. "Madame and you both wanted money, and you set to work clumsily to get it. You had faith in your fine penmanship and your personal attractions ; madame had faith in her own cleverness. You and madame were fools ! It is a bad thing to write upon a legal document with which you have no business."

A suspicion crossed Inez Stafford's mind which had occurred to her before. It had drained the blood out of her face when she had examined Monsieur Eugene's visiting-cards. This time it caused her to crouch down in the darkness while she strained her ears to listen. It was the first time in her life that she had enacted the part of eavesdropper, and her heart beat so loud that it seemed to her it would betray her. She was beginning to understand the mystery in the house.

"Monsieur and madame talked quite late one night," the French girl continued, "and they kept the shades in the room drawn very close. Monsieur exhibited his marvelous penmanship, and madame was rapturous. Natalie was behind

the curtains, and heard and saw everything. Natalie has the eyes of a lynx."

Inez was unable to hear Eugene's reply, but the girl's voice was shrill and more easily heard.

"Madame was cautious, but not clever," she resumed. "She was afraid of detection, so she did not dare have the money come to her in case mademoiselle would not agree to the conditions of the codicil. She was afraid that Madame La Brie's plotting and Monsieur Eugene's writing might be obvious if their selfish motive was apparent. Madame was prudent, yet madame has been outwitted."

"Everything is not yet lost," Eugene said, excitedly. "You have found out so much by listening that you may as well know the rest. Madame is enraged at the turn affairs have taken. She expected to have no difficulty with this girl, who was fresh from the country and not versed in the abominable laws of America. But madame is not yet defeated. In Paris many things are possible which cannot here be accomplished. Madame will take her ward to Paris. Their passage has been engaged for them, and they start to-morrow."

Inez could hear no more, for Monsieur La Brie and the French girl entered the villa ; and when she could do so safely, she crept back to her room. She was cold and stiff from the night air and her cramped position, but forgot all smaller grievances while her mind was filled with the two facts she had learned—there was something wrong in her father's will, and she was to start for Paris on the following day.

She knew that matters at the villa were fast reaching a crisis, and that she was about to be the victim of some unusual violence. She was not yet of age, and Madame La Brie was still her guardian. Did these circumstances give the French woman power to drag her away from the man who was to be her guardian for life ? Could they force her to marry Monsieur La Brie ?

There was no time left her in which she might appeal to her lover. True, he would be at the villa at ten o'clock next day, but what might not happen before his arrival ? In the happy time she had spent with him she had forgotten to ask where he was staying, and not knowing his address she could not send a message to him. There was no time for consideration. She realized that she must act for herself, and act at once.

She dressed herself for a journey, packed a satchel with a few necessities, and, after secreting Monsieur Eugene's visiting cards in her pocket, she crept down-stairs and out of the house.

She had scarcely realized what she was doing until she was out of doors, in the black, lonesome night. She intended to take the midnight train for New York if she could reach it in time, and then to travel home to Cloverport as fast as steam would carry her.

She was obliged to walk to the depot, for there were no public vehicles to be hired at that hour, and as she was not a strong-minded woman it must be confessed that she was terribly afraid in the darkness, and hurried on pursued by a thousand foolish fears.

This, then, was the end of her happy day! She was running away like a culprit in the dead of night—running away from the only person in the world who had not forfeited his right to demand from her an explanation.

She was white and exhausted when she reached the station.

The place was almost deserted, but two or three men who were strolling about the platform looked at her curiously as she hurried past.

She bought her ticket and found her way into the train.

The men she had seen went into the smoking car, and as she was left alone she indulged in a little fit of crying.

She was the only passenger in the car she occupied, and as there were no sleeping coaches on the train she realized that she would have to remain sitting during the rest of the night.

She had been crying under her veil for some minutes, when someone entered the car and touched her arm.

She supposed the conductor had come for her ticket, and she offered it without turning her tear-stained face toward him.

Instead of her ticket, however, her hand was taken, and facing him suddenly, she broke out into a hysterical little cry, for it was Guy Howard who stood before her—Guy Howard, with an expression of grave concern in his eyes.

He sat down beside her, and told her how he happened to be there.

He had been at the station with some friends, who were starting homeward that night. He had seen her enter the train, and had followed her to take care of her.

He gave her time to recover her self-possession before he asked any questions. Then she told him all she had heard at the villa that night, told him that she was sure her father's will had been tampered with, and that she was now going to Cloverport to tell her story in the county court where the will was recorded.

She must know the truth at last, she said, and

she must also escape from Madame La Brie, who was bent on dragging her off to Paris.

When she had finished her story she felt that inexpressible relief which a woman feels when she shifts her burdens upon the strong shoulders of the man she trusts.

There was no one but a sleepy brakeman near them, and Guy Howard made a proposition which would have greatly horrified Madame La Brie, and which certainly startled Inez Stafford.

"My dear," he said, "you were kind to me to-day, and promised to marry me at the end of the year, and since then I have wished that this was the month of December instead of July. Fate has also been kind to me, and has taken matters into her own hands. She has made us elope, whether you would or not. You may as well yield to the inevitable and marry me to-morrow, for I am going every inch of your journey with you. You almost escaped me once to-night, but I will never give you such another opportunity. I am going to make Madame La Brie powerless to bring you back again, for I must be your guardian—your husband—as soon as we reach New York."

At first she would not hear of it, but he was a good talker and she loved him. Was it strange that in the end she yielded to the wish?

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. Howard spent their "honeymoon" in Cloverport. While there Guy Howard was indefatigable in his search for evidence concerning the forgery, and his efforts were successful. He learned at the county court that the executrix and one of the witnesses had proved the will before it was recorded, and this witness was Monsieur Eugene La Brie.

Mr. Howard consulted with the attorney who had drawn up the will, and in whose writing the entire document appeared to be written. He recollected the will perfectly, but denied all knowledge of the codicil. Fortunately the remaining witness was easily found, and he declared that his signature to the codicil had been forged.

It could be easily proved that Monsieur and Madame La Brie were guilty of forgery, but it puzzled Mr. Howard to know why they had not gone further with their scheme, and had the money divert to themselves in case Inez had not been easily controlled. Perhaps they feared to act upon this plan lest they should be detected. Inez would undoubtedly visit her old home, and would probably visit the attorney and the other witnesses who knew the facts of the case, and she might become informed of the forgery.

Mr. Howard was leaving the court one day, when he unexpectedly encountered the French maid, Natalie. He knew her at once, having seen her with Inez at Long Branch.

"I have come a long way to help Monsieur Howard with his lawsuit," she said, composedly. "If monsieur will be generous to me I will give him much valuable information."

"I have already heard your story without paying for it," he replied, coldly. "My wife heard you rehearse it to Monsieur La Brie on the balcony at Long Branch. You have wasted time and money by coming here."

"Not so, monsieur," she told him, showing her white teeth and dropping her eyes. He could not endure the sight of this subtle, cat-like woman. "Madame La Brie paid me well to follow her ward and to report what is being done in Cloverport. Madame is a very clever woman, and keeps herself well informed. She and Monsieur Eugene are now *en route* for Paris."

"There you are mistaken," he said. "They have both been detained by the strong hand of the law. They will be here to-morrow to answer to the charge of forgery."

The trial had occupied but a few days when Guy returned from the court-room with news for his wife.

"My dear," he said, "these French people have not the ghost of a chance of proving themselves innocent. The evidence against them is so overwhelming that no one has a doubt of their guilt. They have absolutely no case at all."

She did not speak immediately.

"Do you know that this is bad news to me?" she asked, at length. "I cannot bear to begin my new life by ruining two people and sending them to prison."

"What!" he cried, playfully. "Tears in my wife's eyes because these conspirators have not succeeded in robbing her? I believe you would be glad to know that they had escaped the punishment which they so richly deserve."

"Yes," she answered.

"My foolish little wife, you must dry your eyes, for you have your wish. Madame and Monsieur La Brie did not appear in court to-day. When the matter was inquired into, it was discovered that they had recognized the hopelessness of their case, and, forfeiting their bail, had run away so as to escape their punishment."

"They will *not* escape punishment," she said. "Madame has been a leader of fashion—a sort of solar light about which five hundred smaller planets revolved. She will have to give up her home, her position in society, and will be a fugitive. Eugene La Brie will have a similar experience. Is there not punishment enough in all this?"

"Perhaps there is, Mrs. Wiseacres," he replied. "But now let us dismiss these conspirators from our minds, and talk of our own plans and prospects. Are you almost ready to return home with me?"

She drew nearer to him.

"I am ready now," she said. "I ran away from my last guardian, but I am willing to follow my new one, if need be, to the uttermost parts of the earth."



### SAY BUT ENOUGH.

Who's full of words, instructed well by age,  
Wastes not his breath by idle verbiage.  
First deeply ponder—see thy thoughts are good;  
No harm slow utterance, if with sense endued.

Within thy mind's deep womb thy thoughts mature;  
Say but enough, or thou must e'en endure  
Thy hearer's stern "Enough." Speak thou aright,  
Or worst than speechless beast will be thy plight.



# FOR the BOYS and GIRLS



## BERT'S HEROISM.

BY LURANA W. SHELDON.

BERT GREEN was an awkward, freckled-face boy, and not very well liked among the other boys of the village. He was the biggest dunce in the village school, and there was hardly a child in the neighborhood who had not taunted him with his awkward manners. Bert lived with his mother in an old log house on the very edge of a great Maine forest.

His father was dead, and his mother did sewing for a living, but Bert helped what he could by shooting all sorts of small game, with which the outskirts of the forest abounded.

His mother had warned him not to go far into the interior, for there were larger animals there—far too large for a boy to cope with.

Day after day he started out with his dog and gun to look for something for his mother's supper; but the boys, who saw nothing but his shuffling gait and downcast look, would taunt him as he passed, and sometimes fling things at him.

"There goes pretty Bertie!" they would cry when they saw him. "He is going to kill lions and bears for supper!" But Bert never turned back to reply to their taunts, for his mother had always told him it was better to say nothing.

Probably if his father had

lived his training would have been better: but a meek little woman like Mrs. Green could only counsel her son to be silent, when, perhaps, a good, sound thrashing apiece would have taught the boys to respect him a little.

One day Tom Way's father missed some lambs



"‘BRING HOME THE BEAR!’ SHOUTED TOM WAY."



from his flock, and the footprints of a bear were discovered near the sheep-fold.

The farmers turned out in a body to track the beast ; but, although they searched all day, they could not find it.

The next morning another neighbor had lost a lamb, and again they searched, but could find no trace of Bruin.

Then they began watching for him at night with their lanterns and guns, but just so long as they watched the bear kept away from their sheep-pens.

Then one day fresh tracks were discovered in another direction, and a lamb was missed by the poorest man in the village.

Bert Green said nothing, but he was thinking very deeply. His nature was a sluggish one, but when it was aroused it was far more intense than that of others who were quicker and brighter.

He had always been sensitive about his awkwardness, and the fact that the boys did not like him had grieved him terribly.

Over and over again he had gone to his mother with the tears in his eyes, and begged her to tell him how he could make the boys like him ; but unfortunately the poor woman could not advise him in the matter. The boys were so tantalizing that she was afraid it was hopeless.

But this matter of the bear was worrying Bert greatly. He thought it was too bad that the poorest man in the village should be robbed and no one be able to catch the robber. And so one day he started out with his dog and gun, but without telling his mother the deed that he was planning.

The boys shouted at him as he passed, but he only blushed and walked on a bit faster.

"Bring home the bear !" shouted Tom Way, jeeringly. "Bring the bear home for supper, my pretty Bertie !"

Bert bit his lips and his cheeks burned hotter, but a moment later he whispered fiercely :

"I *will* bring home the bear, if for no other reason than to make those bad-mannered boys respect me."

But at candle-light Bert had not come home. Mrs. Green was half-frantic, and ran out among her neighbors.

"Oh, my boy ! my boy !" she cried, wring-

ing her hands. "What if the bear has caught and killed my Bertie !"

Even the boys were awed and frightened at her grief. It seemed terrible to them to think of being alone in the forest in the darkness of the night with bears, and perhaps wolves, prowling all about one.

They began to be sorry for their treatment of Bert, and to wish they had not told him to bring the bear home for supper.

It was not very long before the searching party started, going in different directions as soon as they reached the forest.

They searched mile after mile, swinging their lanterns around them, and keeping a tight grip on their guns to be ready for action in a minute.

At last, almost in the heart of the woods, Bert's shrill voice replied faintly to the shouts of the searchers. Delighted at the sound, they ran quickly in his direction, and, parting the underbrush below some gigantic trees, they saw a spectacle that filled them with horror.

There, indeed, was poor Bert, alive before their eyes, but he was so weak from pain that he could not move from his position, and there, not ten feet away, was a monstrous bear, snarling with rage and trying to get at him.

He had shot at it twice and crippled it, and then had fallen himself and sprained his ankle.

The bear would have crawled to him, and probably half eaten him up if it had not been for his dog, who defended him nobly.

Standing between her master and the brute, she had bitten and snapped, and snapped and bitten until the bear was worn out with its rage and pain, and was easily disposed of with the butt end of a musket.

They picked Bert up carefully and carried him home, with the dog at their heels wagging her tail most joyously.

And oh, what a fuss they all made over Bert when the bear was dragged home and exhibited before the neighbors !

When the boys all mustered together and went over to Mrs. Green's cottage the next morning to see the bear they were all a good deal more awkward than the boy whom they had laughed at. Not one of them could look the hero in the face, for the realization of their past rudeness made them ashamed to meet him.



## AN AMERICAN PRINCESS.\*

By EVELYN RAYMOND.

### CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.



ICHNESS, indeed, to one in her pitiful plight ; for in a niche in the wall, though higher than her head, she saw a pile of the jerked beef which the Indians prepare to withstand the changes

of time. Beside this was also a basket of corn, ground fit for samp, a few potatoes, a tin box partially filled with the hard tack familiar to the reservations, and a bottle of the inevitable "fire-water."

"Well, I sha'n't starve, that's certain ; and I'm not in the dark. Now, if I could only find water ! Perhaps I can. Ouleon couldn't cook that corn without it, and I don't believe he'd eat it raw ; else why should there be a kettle or pail over there ? I'm sure it's Ouleon's home, where he lives every day, and that he'll soon come back. I'll just help myself to one of those crackers, and then I'll hunt the water. I've found so much, the story won't be half perfect if I don't find that, too."

She had much ado to reach the food, it was so high above her head ; and when she caught a glimpse of the hungry, gleaming eyes of the white fox looking up at her from the ground, she understood why it had been so placed. But she was agile and ingenious, and she presently brought enough of the loose stones which lay around the wall to make a sort of stepping-block. Mounted on this she could reach the store of food ; and, frightened by the fox's hunger, she threw him down a bit of the dried beef and proceeded on her tour of exploration.

"It's a big place. It's ever so much higher in some parts than any room in our house, and the walls are just lovely. The further in I go the whiter and more curious they are ; the damper, too, it is. These beautiful things growing upward out of the floor are stalagmites, and those up yonder are stalactites—I remember reading all about them after Dad and I'd been to see a cave near 'Frisco. Dear dad ! if he were only here ! He'd tell me more in a minute than I'd learn in a week studying all by myself. Well, it's wet here, surely ; and, to make it all right, I *must* find that spring. Oh, here comes

Sir Fox. After more meat ? Well, you'll have to wait and ask your master for that."

Presently, as she stooped to admire an especially lovely formation of the limestone, she saw what looked like a path, and, after a further examination, the actual imprint of a moccasined foot.

"That's good ; it must lead somewhere—I hope, if not to the outer air, at least to water."

The last desire was realized. Beyond the path, where it terminated in a little grotto, was a pool of water as cold and clear as that of the Fairy Spring itself. The pool was fed by invisible springs, and the surplus flowed gently northward in a tiny channel with a continuous rippling sound that it was company to hear.

"Thank the dear God for that. I'll take a drink of it first, then go back and bring the little kettle. Probably there is brushwood somewhere in the cave for a fire. Ouleon is a tidy fellow in his housekeeping, and I'll praise him for it when I see him. He's evidently fixed everything here for a long stay—through the rainy season, I suppose. I wonder when he will come back !"

Ouleon *was* tidy, and thrifty as well. His life at the mission, where he had been one of the house servants, had given him ideas of comfort above that of his own tribe and this was one reason why, now that he had left the mission, he passed his days in solitude. He visited his own settlement when he wished, but of his comings and goings nobody there took great heed. To this thriftiness and forethought against a day of need, Patience Eliot would always own her life.

"Well, if here isn't a bed !—or what will answer for one !" she exclaimed, when after several hours more had passed and the supper she had fixed against her captor's return had waited long, she set out in another direction on a second tour of discovery.

But it was not exactly a bed. It was a store of Navajo blankets, the sight of which would have made old Rosa's eyes grow big with envy. They had never been used, and had evidently been put where they were for safe keeping. But Patience had no scruples against appropriating them to her own use, and returning to the larger

\* Begun in the October number.

part of the cavern she piled them up high and threw herself down upon them.

She did not mean to sleep just yet, but she did ; and so soundly that many hours passed before she awoke to find the white fox lying at her feet. She was dazed at her surroundings, so different from her luxuriously appointed room at home, and as the full significance of her situation forced itself upon her mind she buried her face in the blankets again and sobbed aloud.

"Dad ! Oh, my precious Dad ! Can't you feel me calling you, even if you can't hear ? I'm alone—forsaken—lost !"

An answer came. An answer so different from the loving response she craved that it seemed to curdle the blood upon the hearer's heart.

A cry, harsh, discordant, horrible, rose and filled the silence of the great cavern. Echoed again and again through its unknown depths and passages, till it seemed to come from above, below, and all about her ; and fleeing, she knew and cared not whither, Patience ran screaming into the darkness beyond.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE VISION OF TULITA.

WHEN Tulita left her home by the arroyo on that night when Ramon so relaxed his guard, she passed swiftly from the valley to the mountains beyond, and half-way up the ascent lifted her face upward as if her eyes would drink in all the grand beauty of that vast solitude, even as her cramped lungs had already filled themselves with the pure air, so different to that she had endured within the hut.

High above her, perched on a rocky point, stood a majestic figure bathed in the moonlight, which, in that rarefied atmosphere, seemed to clothe it with a sort of halo.

Tulita caught her breath. "It is the spirit of the great chief, my father ! He has come back from his unseen abode to counsel me."

The superstitions of her race and those of her later mission-training mingled to fill her soul with a profound awe, and, prostrating herself at the foot of the crag, she cried aloud : "Here am I, Prince of thy people ; be it unto me as thou wilt !"

For a moment there was silence, and then old Ramon, who was himself half-fanatic and had strange seasons of "communion" with equally strange and unseen powers, sent down an answering cry : "What doest thou here, Tulita ? Thou dost well to tremble before me. When gave I thee permission to leave the safety of thy home ?"

Tulita's spirit returned at this assumption on the part of her old attendant. She loved him sincerely, but she fully felt herself a "Princess," and chafed at any tone of authority, even from one so faithful as Ramon.

"Oh, is it so ? Is it only thee, my uncle ? Well, then, know that the day has yet to dawn on which Tulita de la Vega will ask leave of any man to do what she wills !"

Habit is a great controller of men's moods. Ramon, in his ordinary life, was almost abjectly humble before this maiden, to whom he looked for the restoration of his decayed race. Had not the stars foretold it ? Was he not at that moment consulting them, and did they not promise that this restoration should be speedy ?

"In verity, Daughter of the Mighty, thou sayest. Even now I read thy fate in the vault above. But I had not finished the reading. And if I reproved thee for that thou hast done, it was because no chance must be run that will endanger thy life. Thou art not for thyself, Tulita de la Vega, but for others. The wound thou suffered has not yet healed sufficiently for thee to cast aside all prudence. Seven times more should the sun have run his course before——"

"By seven sun-courses I should have been dead, surely. Much Tulita can endure, but not imprisonment. Besides, hast thou seen my foster brother Ouleon, the Eagle Feather, since I have been within my home ?"

"No ; nor have I wished to," answered the old man, gloomily. He had descended and she ascended till now they stood side by side midway the crag, able to gaze upon one another's faces and read in each other's eyes the things which the lips did not speak.

"Ouleon is of my blood, Ramon the Wise. He, too, is the son of a great chief."

"In verity ; but the son of a chief who betrayed his people. So will Ouleon do."

"So shall Ouleon not do !" retorted Tulita, hotly. "He shall not be a traitor."

"What I have said I have said."

"What thou hast said I will unsay. Dost thou know where my brother is, old Ramon the Croaker ?"

"No ; and if I did I would not tell thee. He is unworthy thy anxiety. He !—'Coyote Jack,' the scoff and plaything of the palefaces ? Ugh ! Ps-t-tt !"

Tulita's face flushed. There was something degrading, to her mind, in the fact that Ouleon was defrauded of his rightful name by their white neighbors, but she did not share the old warrior's contempt for her brother's calling.

"There is no need for anger, Ramon the Wise. Nor is there any hope of future battles which shall set our people back in the place where they should be. No; I, too, am ambitious, but not as thou. I, too, believe that I will yet live to see these mountains thronged by the descendants of our forefathers. I, too, hope to see my Ouleon depart on his mission to the great village where the White Father of both his white and his red-faced children lives. But when he returns, will it be to sound the war-cry and perish—a handful against a multitude? No, indeed, no! It will be with the proofs in his hand that all this country is once more our own. In peace will the Shoshones and the Apaches, the Navajoes, the Piutes—all, all—wherever they are, whoever they may be—that bear

within their veins one drop of native blood—all shall gather in one vast concourse upon these mountains which were once and shall again be ours. All our tribal quarrels ended, we will dwell in peace—a mighty and united nation. All the white men's arts which will tend to our glory we will copy. All that are silly and useless, reject. We will not give up the traditions of our ancestors in whatever they were wise, but there is also wisdom among the white man. Else, how come their broad fields teeming with food, their fruits so much finer than the wild fruits, their wealth so much greater than our wealth? We want none of their prison-like houses, their ugly clothing, their hurtful 'fire waters' and their brutality. But all that is good we do want—and will have. Yes: *thou* wilt be among the royal braves who have already passed into the



"THE GIRL KNELT DOWN, AND THE OLD CHIEF MUTTERED SOME WORDS OF HIS NATIVE TONGUE ABOVE HER DOWNCAST EYES."

presence of the Great Spirit, whom those pale brothers of ours call God, but *I* shall see it—I shall see it! Have not the stars so foretold, Ramon the Wise?"

The girl had become so wrought up by her own eloquence and by the beatific pictures her imagination painted that her countenance now glowed as the face of one inspired.

Ramon, more obstinate and less wise, could not relinquish his own desires that the future glory of his tribe should be accomplished through the bloody extermination of the whites, but he was forced to acknowledge a certain power in Tulita's words which impressed if it did not convince him. He answered quietly, after a moment:

"Time will prove, my daughter. Meanwhile, thou shalt go back to thy home. There is a

chill in the air, and thou hast been a caged bird for long. I will remain. I must look for a fresh supply of serpents. Those who went with us on that *Noche Buena* suffered even worse than thou. A curse was on them, I think, and they are dead. I did not tell thee before, until I could bring thee others. Go back, and they shall come. See! I have brought the soft basket and all the charms."

For answer Tulita caught up the familiar receptacle, and with a gesture of infinite disgust threw it from her.

"So ends that life, old Ramon! I have done with all such tasks. I will be seen no more upon the street of the city for such a purpose. No; I have other plans for my people—far better plans, far greater good than the paltry calling I have hitherto followed can ever bring them."

"Tulita, daughter of my soul, what has come to thee? Thou wert never like this before? Is thy head gone strange with all this silence in the cabin?"

"What has come to me? A knowledge of better things."

"What better? How? Thou has been shut up alone. Whom sawest thou to teach thee—strangeness?"

"A word changed me, Ramon. One little word. It was spoken by the lips of a daughter of our enemies."

"What word? By whom?"

"By that other 'Princess,' as her own people call her. She whose head is covered with a fleece of gold, whose skin is fair as the lilies in the pool, whose voice is like the tinkle of the brook yonder among the stones, and whose laughter like that waterfall."

"H-hm. The daughter of the rich man, who suffered thee to go away as if thou had been guilty and he generous. Pouf! What are such to thee—these usurpers where we have ruled forever? But the word—what was the word?"

Ramon bent forward eagerly, scanning Tulita's beautiful face.

"The word was 'Friend';" and the face into which he gazed became transfigured.

"Friend! Friend! Pouf! I tell thee, Daughter of the Plain, there is no *friendship* between thee and her. It is a lie."

"It is the truth. '*Friend*.' Hear it—learn it—believe it. Her lips could not lie, ever—nor mine. We two girls, speaking that one word, have solved the problem of two nations. Thou wilt see. It has been revealed to me, Ramon; even as thy visions have shown thee other truths. Our hands, clasped above the hatred of two

peoples, shall hide it forever. Oh, my Ramon! I see it—I see it! The comfort—the beauty—the peace that shall be over all this, through us, two Princesses of one land, two handmaidens of one Great Spirit!"

She swept her hands about her with a gesture that included all that great stretch of land, and, overcome by her own emotion, sank down upon her knees with her face hidden in her blanket.

## CHAPTER XX.

### OULEON'S STORY TO TULITA.

RAMON waited until Tulita arose from her knees; then he asked: "Art thou yet ready to return to thy home by the arroyo, Daughter of the Plain? Whatever seems good to thee, old Ramon will do. There are other ways of earning money than by toying with serpents. Thou sayest truly, and dwell thou in peace. I, a warrior, will find food for the women and children. The youths of the village shall arise and help me. Too long they tarry in idleness, while thou——"

"Peace, Ramon the Wise. In some things thou mistakest. The youths will not arise and labor for women till they have been taught how. I—Tulita—will teach them. But not yet; let them idle still a few days—what matters it? In the end they will stand up—*men*. So I have seen in the visions of the silent days and nights, while this was healing—for it *is* healed. I am a prisoner to pain no longer." The girl held up her arm that had been broken, and waved it gently to and fro.

"Yes; but healed bones are not always strong bones. Seven more suns——"

"Healed bones must gather strength where they will. Is it fit that I, Tulita, daughter of a king, should be as hard to cure of evils as poorer clay? No matter; it is well enough. I am not again going to the home by the arroyo till I bring my brother with me. Too long I have suffered him to toss the burden upon my shoulders; too long he has been heaping up the money that should feed our households. He must come now and show himself a prince, or—But he *must*. There is no other way."

"Coyote Jack—a prince! Take care. He is a fool. His head is in the clouds, his feet in the mud. By and by he will stumble and fall flat. Then who will lift him up? Place not thy trust upon the renegade son of a renegade chief, Tulita, my Princess."

"As for thee, Ramon, though I love thee above all who dwell with me, if thou speakest

again one word against my Ouleon I will ask thy counsel again no more, forever. I have said it; and what Tulita says, she does."

Ramon shrugged his shoulders slightly. Otherwise he gave no sign that he had heard and understood her.

"Where wilt thou look for Ouleon, my daughter?"

"Where, but in the secret homes of his people?"

"They are many, and the storms have been fierce; the roads to some will be impassable. Thou wilt take care, Tulita?"

"Yes; fear thou nothing for me. I will remember. I will take care, since through me, we both agree, shall come the blessing of the red man!" answered the maiden, smiling fondly into the venerable face above her.

"The blessing of the red man; thou art, indeed, to be that, Princess de la Vega. What matters it if we two, in our visions, reach the same end, that it may be, by different trails? The blessing—take mine; and if good betide thee, or ill, thou wilt find old Ramon ready and waiting either to rejoice or weep with thee."

The girl knelt down, and the old chief muttered some words of his native tongue above her downcast eyes, then raised her to her feet.

"Farewell, Ramon! Thou remainest the last, the best, of all the warriors. I go for Ouleon. He shall give thee the money he has hoarded, and thou shalt buy all things needful for the village. He has enough for that, also to go bravely to the Great White Father in the far-away council. Have faith; I will bring Ouleon and money. Farewell."

They parted without further speech. Ramon took the way into the valley, Tulita sped upward and over the mountain; but neither turned in his tracks to gaze after the other, though both felt in some indefinable way that this parting was more than ordinary. Tulita, indeed, put some of her thought into words, though only the night-birds circling about her heard them; but they relieved her spirit of a tension too strong, and restored her faith in herself and in her future.

"As I have left the village by the arroyo and the home where I have dwelt in ignorance till the visions came, so have I put all the old life away. I folded it in the blankets and buried it in the ashes upon the hearth. The old Tulita is dead; the new Tulita lives, to grow noble and great in blessing—worthy of her who called La Vega friend!"

There was magic in the little word. The girl's

sadness all fell from her; her step became again buoyant, and her rich voice broke into the wild, sweet strains of one of her tribal hymns. Still singing, she came after a while to a cavern in the cañon, down which she had descended, and paused before its low opening to give a shrill, peculiar cry.

There was no answer; but Tulita had resolved to begin with this, the first of a series of cave-dwellings which honeycombed that gulch, and if she did not find Ouleon there, to try the next and the next till the last. Even all these failing, she would not be discouraged; there were other cañons among the mountains, and almost innumerable other secret dwellings.

"They are the last homes the palefaces have left to us undisturbed, and among them somewhere is that one which shall some day be discovered, that the old, old mission-fathers knew, where the yellow gold lies deeper and richer than anywhere else in all the land. Where? I wonder; and when will it be found? If it might be by me, and soon, how swiftly would I make this wilderness a garden such as no white man ever owned! In it— But I must not dream again; dreams are for the time of illness, action for health. Ouleon! my brother!"

This time she sent her voice down the hollow opening in the cañon wall with a cry like the eagle's itself, and this time an answering cry greeted her.

"So soon? That is well. I had not hoped so much. Only the cry was faint; and lest I be mistaken, and make the long journey inward upon a fruitless quest, 'Hallo!' again. Ouleon, art thou within?"

No person who had not previously known it would ever have supposed the small aperture down which Tulita proposed to pass was the entrance to anything save the burrow of some beast; and the fresh débris piled about it showed that it had been undisturbed since the rains began. These had now ceased for a time, but it was too early to consider them over for the year, and Tulita had remembered this in her decision to set out that night to find her foster brother.

"Tu-li-ta!"

"It is Ouleon! He knows my voice," cried the girl, and throwing herself flat upon her stomach, began working her way swiftly through the long, narrow passage by pushing her hand before her head and clutching at the roughnesses of the way. Very speedily she disappeared from the outer world, as one of her own serpents might have retired into its hole and with something of its same sinuous motion.



But when she had thus proceeded to twice her body's length the passage suddenly enlarged into a spacious chamber, from which other passages led into other rooms, all showing traces of long occupancy, and some showing also the beautiful limestone formations which had so enraptured the eyes of Patience Eliot in her own prison house.

"Ouleon, my brother!"

"Here, Tulita, my sister."

Her eyes grew quickly accustomed to the darkness, which was tempered slightly by the few rays of light that penetrated the narrow passage. She was able at once to find her brother, but she became chill with fear as she perceived that he did not offer to rise and greet her, nor even to at all change his recumbent position.

"Ouleon, why art thou like this? Is it illness, or 'fire water'?"

"It is the work of the white man, Tulita. For more days than I remember have I been here."

"Alone?"

"Why not alone?"

"Thou speakest of a white man. Who? When? Where?"

"And thou askest as many questions as the silly old women in the village. Listen! But first, of thyself. Was thy hurt a bad one, Tulita?"

"No matter. It is past."

"It made me wild for revenge. I *tried* to avenge thee that very night. Upon those, also, who had caused thee thy trouble."

"Ouleon! Quick! What dost thou mean?"

"Art thou pleased, Tulita? I am glad. Then I know that I was right. I feared—a little—that thou would blame me. Well, another time. Fate is fate. They cannot escape."

Tulita put her hand on Ouleon's forehead. It was cool, and his breath came evenly. He was not, then, suffering from that fever which did sometimes distort his thought, and which the old *padrés* had called "crazed."

"Ouleon, tell me, first. Art thou in need of anything I can do now?"

"No. Ouleon is an eagle. The eagle may suffer a broken wing, but does it therefore complain? Wilt thou listen?"

"Yes, yes."

"On that last night in the city. Thou hadst been thrown down and injured. Had not old Ramon been there beside thee I would have been. But it was better so, I thought. It gave me a chance for that vengeance which I meant should be swift and sure. Besides, these white

skins have more money in their pouches than I can earn catching my little beasts in many a day. To be rid of them, that they never more should harm a daughter of my people, and at the same time fill my bosom with that precious money which we will need when we go up to the great pow-wow. Truly, I was in the highest favor."

"Ouleon, of whom art thou speaking? Quick, the names!"

"They call her the other 'Princess' Eliot. The rich man and his child, thou must surely know them. They talked with thee that night."

Tulita had become very calm. She was cold with apprehension, but she would not again interrupt this story by any question. Ouleon went on:

"I knew a way. The best way and the surest. I took it. I got me a poison to kill me a hundred coyotes, and I drank 'fire water' till my heart was in a glow. Then I mounted and rode for life—for death! They, too, would mount and ride, but I would be the first at the Fairy Spring. Only—the old white man—curse him!"

"Well?" asked Tulita, with a gasp.

"But for him it would have been all well; exactly as the trap was set the prey would have been snared. But he came. He always comes. He came, I say, and he rode beside me all the way, or nearly. Then he pretended to go away to the lower ranch, and I was free. It worked. I had planned it all before; how I could stop the coming and the flowing of the spring. It worked. Into the little channel it trickled safely; but in the pool, where I had stopped it well, where all men and all beasts which pass that way always must drink, I put the poison. Ay, it worked, for the horse lay dead that tasted it but once."

Even in the dimness Tulita could see the satisfaction which overspread the haggard, sinister face of the speaker.

"The others—did they also drink?"

"No; for that white man—my enemy—he had not gone away. He had hidden, and when they came he cried out and warned them. I shot him and he fell; I thought that he was dead, but when I went back after all was still he had been taken away. If he died he came back to life again, for he met me in the cañon, or on the *mesa* above it, and—here I am. But, that other princess—long will the days and nights be to her, where she is shut up in the darkness; for she will not have what Ouleon has had—sweet thoughts of revenge achieved—to comfort her."

Tulita's natural affection, always strong and protecting, seemed suddenly frozen within her. *This*—her Ouleon, from whom she had hoped so much? But her agonized curiosity was the only emotion of which she was conscious.

"How comes she in the darkness, Ouleon?"

"As fate willed. There was trouble in the rich man's places; trouble which Ouleon began, and the fool white men took up and finished. I had set them to fighting one another, like birds of prey, and I was satisfied. Then, afterward, as I went down the gulch toward that cavern beyond, I saw her—the white Princess—imprisoned there by the storm. She was on her white horse, and only I might get her free. Did I? I went to her, and she trusted me. They are all fools, these palefaces. So I blindfolded her eyes and led her all the perilous way. Without me she would have died in the cañon, unless her own people had found her in time; or she would else have died crossing the Ledge of Death. But with my care she lived, and still lives, a prisoner, as I am; but not, like me, a prisoner by choice, who can free himself at his will—when his strength comes back."

Tulita sat silent, too moved to speak, and pondering how best to accomplish the object which she had resolved upon the very instant that Ouleon had uttered the reassuring words, "still lives."

"Did I not well, Tulita?"

"I will tell thee that later. Let me hear the finish of the tale; there is more to come."

"Surely. I left her secure; but there is food enough. She will live a long time; and for company there is the fox and the owls above her head. When I can walk once more I will go back. I will offer her freedom for her money, and I will not release her without it. She will promise, but—I don't know; I get confused, some way. It was the fall he sent me to—curse him!"

"What fall, Ouleon, my brother?" asked Tulita, sisterly affection again returning to her heart.

"The man I shot and hoped to kill. When I had left the white girl in her prison I took her horse home. Ah! I remember. I was to demand money from her father, not from her. He would see the horse, and he would believe; and I would make the price a large one. But, instead——"

"Instead?"

"That man again! He was there at the brink of the mesa, with hatred in his heart and revenge in his hand. He had loved the palefaces, his friends; so he hated me, their enemy. He spake

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with me, and he struck me. I rolled over and over. It was a long stretch to the bottom of the gulch, and any other would have died; but not Ouleon. A day and a night I lay there; then I crept—crept to this. It was the nearest. There is always food in these caverns. I know not in which I will ever pass the night, and what I do not bring to them other braves do. No bones were broken. I shall be well again; but my head—I like best to lie still and wait. When hunger comes I crawl away and eat, but it is little; and water is always here at my hand. Art pleased, Tulita de la Vega?"

"I shall be better pleased when thou tellest me in what cave she lives and suffers, this other would-be princess." The tone of her voice was intended to disarm his suspicion, and it did.

"Thou couldst not set her free, Tulita."

"Why should I try? But why could I not?"

"Because before the entrance is a rock which only many men can move, or—he who knows its secret!"

"Then, if I could not move it, nor be so moved by her entreaties, thou mightst as well tell me just where it is. I will go and look upon it from the outside, and reflect upon the revenge my Ouleon has wrought." #

"I do not mind that, Tulita. Thou art a feeble child, and the strength of thy hand is the strength of a bird's claw. North, north, and north again, where the manzanite is thick and there is a cross of stones, such as the *padrés* used to heap in their journeyings to and fro."

"But such crosses are plentiful as the clouds in the sky."

"But not a cross all of white stones. Ouleon knows. Did he not help to build it just within the sheltering rocks? I tell thee, Tulita, that is the cavern where the gold will some day be found. I, Ouleon, will find it. I live there mostly, just for that, so that no other brave may suspect and find it."

"The gold! Ouleon, art thou crazed indeed! These palefaces have sharp eyes. While thou liest here laughing to have shut her up, that other princess may already have been digging it out herself. Her hair is of gold. I have heard it said in the city that her father has but to touch a thing and it turns to gold. Thou hast wrought thine own undoing, Ouleon, my brother. Unless——"

"Unless? Quick, Tulita!"

Forgetful of the wounds and bruises which had been so terrible, and which were still far from healed, the Indian raised himself upon his elbow and scanned her face.

The Princess had lighted the rush-lamp and placed it beside her. Its rays illumined her beautiful countenance, over which so many conflicting emotions played.

"Unless you tell me exactly how to find her, and so protect the treasure."

"But if I tell thee, what good? Thou canst not move the door of rock. I might show thee, I could never tell thee its secret!" cried Ouleon, in despair; for his weakened brain could now grasp but one idea; and wholly merged in his fear of losing an unknown and doubtful treasure was the other fear of having his prisoner escape without a rich ransom.

"But is there no other way?"

"None that admits of entrance. There is one—a spot, a vein or fissure in the cañon wall itself—through which one might look down upon her and gloat upon her misery."

"Then tell it to me quick, my brother!"

He believed her at one with himself—and told.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### A TALK THROUGH THE CAVERN'S ROOF.

TULITA crawled back out of the cavern in which she had found Ouleon; but she had no sooner reached the outer air than she regretted having done so little for his personal comfort. Her love for Patience Eliot had sprung up suddenly in her heart—an absorbing affection, noble and beautiful, and that was to influence all her life for good. But the old saying, "Blood is thicker than water," is no truer anywhere than among those people who live according to natural instincts without the restraints of a higher civilization.

"He said that she had food and drink if she would use it, while he—poor Ouleon! Those whom the Great Spirit has deprived of something here"—and she tapped her forehead—"should be the especial care of their own households. I will go back and help him first; it is my duty."

In a few moments she again appeared in the cavern, and, to Ouleon's now greatly excited fancy, like a tormenting spirit. The fever which had lain dormant in his veins rose and burned fiercely, and his wild ravings frightened Tulita while they all the more convinced her that she had been wise to return.

She resolutely put all thoughts of Patience from her as she set to work to allay his distress.

"He is suffering great pain, that is plain; and the heat in his temples is terrible. Well, I can help that, at least. I saw some of that fever-

weed outside this very cavern; I will get it and bruise it at once," thought Tulita, and crawled back again into the outer air.

She cared little for the troubles of this difficult passage to and fro, and quickly returned with the plant in her hand. Bruising the great cool leaves, she bound them about Ouleon's head; and at the grateful touch he opened his eyes and smiled faintly. He was evidently a very ill man, and Tulita made haste to fetch the gourd of water fresh from the little spring that, as in most other caves of that cañon, bubbled close at hand.

All night she tended her foster brother, though her heart ached with its longing to reach and set free the girl about whom all her young imagination clustered with ideal romance. And all night she listened to his broken utterances—fragments of the dreams which had filled his unbalanced mind, or of the sordid habits of his life.

But toward morning the tenor of his thoughts seemed changed, and Tulita listened with quickened interest as the words, "Gold," "Swing right—left—up—down," "The owls hoot," "Food enough," "Die, die, die!" and a great many similar disjointed phrases proved that his brain was then busy with his last piece of treachery—the imprisonment of Patience Eliot, and its possible consequences.

"Swing right—left—up—down," repeated the coyote hunter again and again, and once after such repetition he added, angrily: "Why dost thou tarry, Tulita? I have told thee! She will get it—she will get it all! The gold—quick!—if she is not free—she must not—the gold!"

Tulita laid her hands upon the tossing hands of the sick Indian and held them firmly. The touch quieted his restlessness, and after a little he relapsed into a deep slumber from which Tulita knew he would wake a sane man, though a much weaker one. But she hailed the silence gratefully, glad of a chance to sit and think over the words she had heard, and which she knew referred to Patience.

"After he rouses once more I will cook him a breakfast of beef and biscuit; and I will make him tea of the slumber-bush; then he will lie at ease and peace for hours, and I—can set that other princess free."

Soothed by her own plans, Tulita also sank into a refreshing sleep, from which she waked at daybreak, and set to work to care for her Ouleon as she had designed.

He, indeed, slept late under the healing effects of the leaves upon his brow; but he woke at length, and eagerly ate the food prepared by Tulita, and drank deep draughts of the sweet-flavored tea.

"Thou hast the gift of women, Tulita, my sister. Thou canst heal all ills. I have longed for thee sorely sometimes, when the pain racked my limbs. But, mostly, I have not suffered much. Now I will suffer no more. I will drink and sleep, Tulita, and when I wake we will go together, thou and I, to that cavern in the north where she is, alone with the gold. There is gold upon her head, too, thou sayest. It is a part of that—— But what—art angry, Tulita?"

"Not angry, my brother; but thou art comfortable and on the road to health. I will go now, and come again."

"Where wilt thou go?"

"To speak with thy prisoner. Is that not well?"

"Yes; but thou canst not let her out. No; I took care for that. Only, some day, if thou wilt swear to be faithful, I will show thee how to open the great door of the cavern. Nobody alive now knows but Ouleon. So I believe the *Padré Miguel* knew. He told me; but the *Padré* is dead—peace be with him! and if Ouleon were dead—but he is not. Farewell, Tulita. Safe journey, safe return."

Tulita went joyfully away. She was always fleet of foot, but she had never moved as swiftly as she did then; and very soon she had gained that point which Ouleon had described, where a crevice in the cañon-wall admitted the descent of a human body. Narrow as it was, and easily overlooked by the ordinary passer through the main ravine, Tulita found, as her brother had described, a sort of stairway cut in the rocks. The care bestowed on these steps, and the smoothness to which some of them had been worn, proved that it had been a descent utilized for ages, perhaps.

"It may be true—that old, old, story! This may, indeed, be the very way to the 'cave of gold', though Ouleon has not yet found it, well as he knows the place; because if he had we should have seen some signs of his possessing it before. No; he thinks it leads to it, but at the end there is no trace. Well! I, too, am after gold; but gold richer than was ever dug from any mine—the sight of a golden head."

In a few seconds she had reached the uttermost depth to which it was possible to proceed; and there, exactly as Ouleon had told, was a small, flat stone, whereon were traced some curious hieroglyphics. Indian paintings they appeared to be, and though Tulita had been an apt scholar during the few years that she had been under the care of the mission fathers, and had often seen such paintings in their possession, she

had never been allowed to study their significance.

But at that moment she cared not one whit for any hidden message from any dead and gone Indian. She longed only for the welcome sound of a clear, girlish voice; and carelessly tossing aside the stone, which moved smoothly and easily, she put her lips to the aperture in the earth which this disclosed, and gave a loud cry.

"*Hola! O, Hola!*" the familiar halloo of that locality—that which was very often on the lips of *Patience Eliot* herself.

There followed a silence, and after waiting a reasonable time lest she might lose a return halloo, Tulita cried again. Again she waited, and again she cried; and at last, as hope was dying within her, there was borne to her strained hearing a faint sound that was too unlike her own summons to be its echo.

"She is there! *She lives!* But it sounds—— Is she ill?"

It was no *echo*, surely; nor was the prisoner's response faint for the reason that Tulita feared. But the cavern was a mighty one, and *Patience* was at that hour taking the daily walks throughout its chambers which had helped to keep hope alive. Each day she had thought: "To-day I may find a way out;" and each day—till then—she had returned from the fruitless search disappointed, but not wholly discouraged.

"God would not suffer me to live so long if He did not mean me to escape at last," she said over and over to the white fox, who had become her constant and now loving companion; and as for the owls, whose screeches and cries had almost killed her with fright during that early portion of her imprisonment, these had become a most curious and interesting study to her. She had seen none of their sort before, and she often found herself laughing at the grotesque results of her efforts to tame and teach them.

So on that day when Tulita came, *Patience* was less startled than if she had given up hope in the first place.

"Hark, Reynard! Listen! You do! You can hear with your sharp ears even quicker than I. It is a halloo! It is somebody looking for me; it sounds this way. Come!"

She ran forward, following the rescuer's voice, but misled sometimes by the echoes of the cavern, and advancing in one direction only to retrace her steps and take another; but at last she came so near, the "*Hola! O, Hola!*" so distinct, that she could, also, make her own glad response heard.

"Thank the dear God!" she cried aloud.

Then came a second thought: "What if it is Ouleon come again—only to do me more harm! Well, he is still a human being; he cannot be *all* bad."

But her fears died wholly then and there, for the next cry sounded so near and so clear that she could tell it was a girl's voice—an eager and glad voice—and she shouted with all the force that her intense relief and joy could give to her bell-like tones.

"I am here—I, Patience Eliot!"

"And I am here—Tulita, the Indian girl!"

"Will you let me out?"

"Be patient—I cannot; the door is too heavy. But I have only just heard of this—this awful thing. I am going straight to your father himself. Listen. It was my brother—my poor, wicked, half-crazed brother who has shut you up. I will atone for it if you and I live long enough. So you will believe me, and keep heart while I am gone. The way is a long one, and I must run it. I have no horse, yet that shall not make me the later back if love can wing my footsteps. Take heart—I will come

back, and I will bring your father with me. He, and he alone, shall open the door of your prison and set you free. Do you believe me? Will you trust me?"

Patience strained her eyes to see the face above the aperture in the cave's roof; but though she failed in this the words carried clear and distinct.

She was so happy that she could scarcely control her own utterance; but she replied, and Tulita heard: "I trust you; I will wait in patience." Then, as another thought occurred: "But Ouleon—will he not also come?"

"Fear not; if I read the signs aright, Ouleon, the Eagle Feather, will come no more to his home in the north cañon. He lies at rest and ill. Forget him; remember only Tulita, whom you called *friend*—who will prove herself such, or die. *Adios!*"

"*Adois!*" returned Patience, and caught up old Reynard in such an embrace as astonished him into slinking away to the remotest chamber of the cavern, sociable animal though he really was.

"Never you mind, Reynard, my friend. There are others coming—and Dad—my Dad!"

(*To be continued.*)



## QUEER CLOTHES.

### THE FROG AND HIS VARIOUS SUITS.

By DALLAS LORE SHARP.

THE commonest things, should we stop to study them, would often prove very strange and interesting. It is only because they are familiar that we seldom think of extending our acquaintance with the hope of discovering new and interesting characteristics.

I need not ask our readers if there is one of them who has never seen a frog. You all have, of course. But did you ever notice how he was dressed? "Dressed! Why," you exclaim, "if there is one creature above another that is *not* dressed, it is the frog." At first sight this looks true enough, for frogs do seem to wear very little clothing; and, indeed, what need have they for clothes? They live continually along the water; much of their time is actually spent in it; and so, if they must have clothing, a bathing suit ought at most to be sufficient.

But frogs are really dressed in two suits all the time, and they wear out as many as fifteen or twenty in a single summer. Astonishing! Yes,

and every suit is made to order, and is a perfect fit.

Catch five or six frogs. Rub your thumb over their backs till they are almost dry. Among the number you will find one or two from whose backs you can peel off little films of clear, colorless skin. If you continue, you can pull it off their legs like stockings. This is the frog's second best or everyday suit. He goes swimming in these clothes. They were made on purpose for bathing and gymnastics, and he uses them altogether in his standing board-jump and high-diving contests.

You do not pain him in the least by taking them off in this manner, although they seem to be a tight fit. You rather aid him, in fact, for it would be impossible to start them off at all if they were not worn out and ready to be cast aside. Without your assistance he would have to take them off alone, and it is no easy matter for a frog to undress.



Beneath his first suit is another, which he always keeps for best and in which he feels very much "dressed up." How proud and really "swell" a big bull-frog feels when he first comes out in these brave clothes! Did you ever see a gayer dress? Look at his green cap, his striped stockings, his spotted vest and his big, expansive bosom. Mr. Frog in full dress! He is up-to-date, in the very latest style, except, alas! in the length of his coat-tails—they are woefully short.

But why does he need two suits? Not to keep him warm, surely? No; the frogs have no winter clothing, and the question of warmth never enters a frog's head when he is getting new clothes; for, though he feels the cold as every other creature does, he resorts to other means of protection. As soon as the first chilly nights of autumn come on, he dives to the bottom of the pond and digs in the mud a soft, warm bed, where he sleeps all winter without a fear of your waking him as you skate or slide over the frozen surface. It is not to keep the wearer warm, but for quite another purpose that the gay suit was intended. It is especially made to protect him against his many enemies.

Frogs, you know, have no sting, no poisonfang, no disagreeable odor with which to defend themselves; the only way they can escape the hawks, snakes, small boys and the host of other foes is by hiding from them, and in doing this their gay dress aids them more than anything else could.

It is almost impossible to see a frog among the grass and rushes of a pond, even while he is croaking. I once looked at three small pond-lilies for nearly an hour to find a little cricket frog, who was all the time peeping away from one of them, but I did not see him until he dove off into the water. He had been sitting upon the stem of the nearest leaf all the time, but his green and spotted back was so like the color of the leaf that I could not make him out until he moved.

It is so hard to see these little frogs that most people believe that they are not frogs at all who make this music in the marshes, but some kind of a tadpole.

Frogs and their relatives—the toads—are never troubled about getting a new suit, as to when or where, but they do, however, have to take care of their old clothes, and it is very curious how some of their cast-off garments are disposed of.

A few days ago I picked up a tree-toad (*Hyla Versicolor*) stiff and nearly dead with cold. I brought him to my room, and put him in a

wide-mouthed bottle to thaw out. Toward evening he was quite alive, and sat on the bottom of the bottle, his toes turned in, his head cocked up, looking very much surprised at the strange surroundings.

He made himself at home, however, so I fixed a cork to let in fresh air, and left him in his new abode.

He seems to enjoy living with me as much as he did in the hole of the old apple-tree in the garden. He climbs up the sides of the bottle, hangs on there, and goes to sleep for a whole day at a time. Instead of a web between the toes, as has the frog, there is on each toe of the tree-toad a little ball or disc, and it seems as easy for him to hold on the sides of the bottle with these as it is to sit on the bottom. If I turn him upside down he knows nothing about it till he wakes. Then he deliberately turns round, so that his head is up, shuts his eyes and goes to sleep again.

At night he is wide awake, and is now looking at me, apparently listening to the scratching of my pen, but little does he dream that I am writing about him.

The second night after his arrival my little toad sat very still. He was doubled into a ball, his eyes drawn in, his feet rolled up, and I could hardly tell which end was his head. After a time he began to kick and gasp as if in great pain. I feared he was dying. He would huddle all up in a bunch, then suddenly kick out and stand up with his mouth wide open, trying, it seemed, to swallow something.

I picked up the bottle and saw that he was really choking, for there was something in his mouth that could not be swallowed. It was a kind of cord running out of each corner of his mouth, over his front legs, and thinning out along the sides of his body. With the next swallow I saw the string slip down his throat a little, and as it did so the skin along his sides began to roll up. It was his old suit! He was taking it off for a new one, and instead of giving it to the poor, he was trying to economize by swallowing it. What a meal! What a way to undress! What curious economy!

Naturalists for a long time have said that toads ate up their skins *after* they had shed them, but I have never seen it recorded that a toad eats its skin *while* shedding it, and actually uses this means of pulling it off. Three great gulps more, and the whole suit, shoes, stockings and all, disappeared.

That was some days ago. Four days after this curious performance he ate up another suit, and



I saw the whole operation. He pulled it over his head and neck with his fore-feet, as if it were a shirt, then crammed it into his mouth, kicked it off his back, worked out his feet and legs, then *swallowed it off* as before. But it comes off pretty hard, and how can he possibly swallow it and *keep* it swallowed while he kicks?

The toad's tongue, unlike ours, is fastened at the front end, with the free end forked and pointing backward. It is so long that it can be pushed

far down his throat, and getting the end of this strange fork fastened into the skin, he readily forces it down as far as it is necessary and holds it there.

My little toad has had nothing to eat but his cast-off clothes since I have had him. How long these will last I cannot tell, but he now wears a new suit of gray and black, which, doubtless, will soon serve him for another meal, like the rest of his queer clothes.



## BUTTERFLIES.

BY SARA BEAUMONT KENNEDY.

ONE day when Spring was dropping buds  
And green leaves near and far,  
A careless goblin left the gates  
Of Fairyland ajar.

And straightway through the opening flew  
On wings like glancing snow,  
A flock of white enchanted things  
Unto the world below.

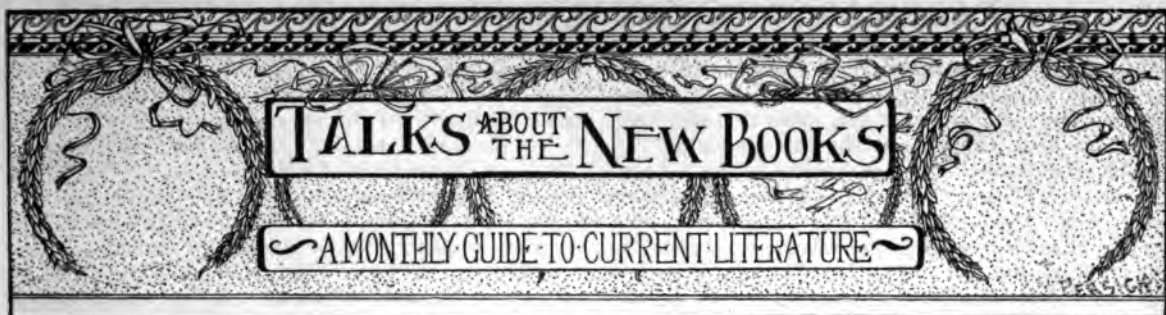
A fleecy cloud had just let fall  
Its garnered crystal store,  
And soft a rainbow's radiant arch  
The pearly mists upbore.

And through the glowing archway flew  
Those airy, fairy things,  
And with its melting colors stained  
Their spotless velvet wings.

Then floated downward through the sun  
In dresses strange and new—  
Purple and gold and emerald green,  
And softest sheen of blue.

To Fairyland they dare not go  
Stained with those gaudy dyes,  
So among the flowers of earth they flit  
As brilliant butterflies.





# TALKS ABOUT THE NEW BOOKS

## A MONTHLY GUIDE TO CURRENT LITERATURE

THOSE readers of "Quo Vadis" and Sienkiewicz's famous trilogy of Polish historical romances, than which there is nothing finer in their special field, will find a new phase of the author's genius in "The Third Woman," translated by Nathan M. Babad (J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co.)

It is a gem of brilliant character-sketching, running in a lighter vein than the more familiar books, and deals with the three love experiences of Magorski, a young Polish artist. There is not a little humor in the account of the efforts he and his friend, Swiatetski, make to thwart the attempts of their landlord to collect the rent for their attic. They play on his superstitions and in every other way postpone the day of settlement indefinitely. Magorski is at first in love with Pani Kazia Suslowski, whose parents strenuously oppose his attentions until one of Magorski's paintings is awarded the gold medal of the year's *salon*, when her father gives a reluctant consent to Kazia's seeing the young artist. The poetical beauty of Magorski's account of his first visit to her is fully equal to the lines of one of our latest London poets when he describes his heroine as—

"Roaming with morning thoughts amid the dew,  
All fresh from sleeping; and upon her cheek  
The bloom of pure repose; like perfect fruits  
Even at the moment was her beauty ripe."

Compare this with: "Kazia opens the door for me herself. She is charming. She has in her the warmth of recent sleep, and the freshness of the morning she has brought along with her from the garden in the folds of her light-blue calico dress. Her bonnet, which she has just taken off, disheveled her hair a little. The face is laughing, the eyes are laughing, the moist lips are laughing. The spring morning itself! I grasp her hand and begin to cover it with kisses up to the elbow. She bends to my ear and asks: 'Well, who knows best how to love?'"

With true masculine fickleness he transfers his love to an actress, Helena, finding in her the artistic sympathy for which he craves. Speaking of stage life, Sienkiewicz, through the medium of Magorski, says: "It is difficult to demand that a woman, who every evening plays love and devotion, should not instinctively form the idea that all these virtues form only the outer polish of the drama, and have nothing to do with real life. The tremendous difference between the art and actual life strengthens this idea of the actress; the rivalry and the fight for applause poison every noble impulse in her heart."

In "The Dull Miss Archinard," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Scribners), the affection of the two girls and their contrasted characters is delightfully por-

trayed, while the love of the "dull little Archinard" girl for Peter Odd is well conceived and delicately drawn. The story of Peter Odd's early married life and friendship for the two girls lacks nothing of realism; but when he sees the two girls after ten years, the verisimilitude disappears.

Katherine's character is interesting, and her charm is not only told, but felt; but the utter devotion, the utter self-abnegation of Hilda, is not only overdrawn—it is utterly weak and most unnatural. It also seems incredible that a young girl supporting herself in Paris should be so unsophisticated as not to know that the affection she feels for her childhood's friend, who, his wife having died, has returned, was love. With the exception of this defect the book is pleasantly and lucidly written, while the occasional references to "the last Meredith novel," or a late essay of Pater's, makes the atmosphere of the story most natural and familiar.



A series of revival sermons by Louis Albert Banks, of which two volumes, "Christ and His Friends," and "The Fisherman and His Friends," have already been published, receives an addition in "Paul and His Friends" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) The book contains thirty-two sermons of an original and practical character, delivered by the author during evangelistic meetings. They are attractive both as devotional reading and as an aid and suggestion to all classes of Christian workers.



In line with the foregoing, and presented by the same author and publishers, is "The Christian Gentleman," a collection of addresses to young men. The character of these talks is suggested by the title, dealing with incidents and illustrations of the conduct of the true gentleman, who lives in the love and fear of God toward his fellow-men and with himself. It is both timely and helpful.



There is an odd, foreign flavor to the five tales collected under the title of "The Imported Bridegroom," by Abraham Cahan (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) They deal exclusively with Jewish life in New York—the life of the emigrant, orthodox Jews, with all their observance of and pride in their religion. The initial story comprises nearly a half of the volume, and takes its name from the young man Shaya, who is famed for his Talmudic learning, and whom Asriel, a worthy Jew who has grown rich in America, "imports" as a bridegroom for his daughter, Flora. His pride in his prospective son-in-law is half-humorously, half-pathetically depicted, and his plans, running at variance with

Flora's ambition to marry a man who is a doctor, forms the structure of the story. In "Circumstances" the author has feelingly written of the grind of poverty on minds that have been taught to look higher by education, and the hard, slow, but sure effect that surroundings have upon character. The other tales are "A Providential Match," "A Sweat-Shop Romance," and "A Ghetto Wedding." Through all the stories there is shown the intense desire of these people for education, for advancement, their mental superiority to their surroundings, the spirit which, in spite of centuries of oppression, hate and almost unsurmountable difficulties, has successfully combatted all opposing powers, and placed them in the front rank of whatever country they become citizens. Mind is ever proven superior to matter, and even their most violent detractors, their most bitter enemies, have never been able to truthfully deny the brain power of the race of Israel.



The life of the stage has an ever-present interest for those who know little of it except what they see through the medium of an opera-glass. Like many another thing of this world the distance of this long range vision, whether taken literally or figuratively, is responsible for the enchantment of the beholder. With few exceptions, those who have a nearer view, looking over the footlights in the opposite direction, find the gold to be tinsel, the finery tawdry, and the glitter a glare. In speaking of newspaper life one of New York's editors said to me, not long ago: "The steps of the newspaper offices are spattered with the brains of young men." Much the same might be said, with a slight variation, and substituting "women" for "men," of the stage. It is a fiery furnace through which few pass unscathed. "A Born Aristocrat," by Matthew White, Jr. (Frank A. Munsey, New York), deals with the story of a girl, Barbara Van Dyke, who is suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty, and who goes upon the stage to support her mother and younger sister, Freda. The description, in the opening chapters of the book, of Barbara's unsuccessful efforts to enlist the aid of former friends is only too true to life, as is also her first experience with a theatrical manager. But in the latter she was much more fortunate than the majority of her sisters in real life. To be accepted at the first place of application is not an experience that falls to many. She begins as a chorus girl, and the story is that of her upward climb upon the theatrical ladder until she finally makes success a reality. The sweetness and delicacy of her home life is maintained throughout, and the attachment of the two sisters for each other makes not a little of the charm and interest of the story until it ends with Barbara's retirement and marriage, and Freda's succession to her part in the play of "The Born Aristocrat," which gives its name to the book. Of the probability of the story one must judge for himself, according to his experience and opinions. It is, at least, well worth the reading.

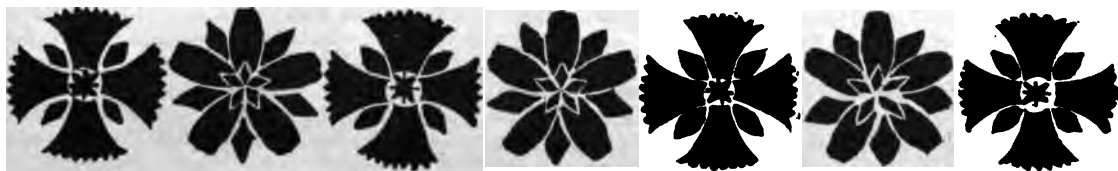
Bracketed under the title of "In Old Narragansett" (Scribners) are eleven "romances and realities" of that portion of New England in the "good old days." Alice Morse Earle has invested them with a unique flavor which is not all "local color," and which yet eludes the pen in naming. In the foreword she says: "Some of these stories of Old Narragansett are familiar fireside tales to those who have lived in that picturesque land; some are but vague traditions, others summer dreams; a few are family chronicles. . . The conditions of life were widely different from those of other New England colonies. . . It was a community of many superstitions." Indeed, in reading these stories it is difficult to remember that their scenes are not of the South, with the negro slaves, "hants," voodooism, and semi-autocracy of the owners of the wide acres. This latter is well shown in "A Narragansett Elopement." Rowland Robinson's unplaceable anger toward his daughter and her husband, his long struggle before he will receive her again, is well matched by the inherited pride and obstinacy of the "Unfortunate Hannah," as she is known. There is a dainty, bright little touch in the story of her meeting with "Crazy Harry Babcock," who "kissed unrebuked the lips of the proudest queen on earth."

"Cuddymonk's Ghost" savors still more of the life which we have come to associate only with the region south of Mason and Dixon's line, as does "A Black Politician" and "The Witch Sheep." The ease and grace of the telling is not the least factor of the attractiveness of these stories. They make an acceptable addition to the "Ivory Series" in which they are published.



The pen which wrote "Robert Elsmere" falls naturally into the discussion of "New Forms of Christian Education" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) Mrs. Ward declares that "we are on the eve of a new Christianity." New in presentation rather than in form. "The faith of nineteen centuries has been no mere delusion," she says; "the history of these centuries themselves, of the part played therein, and the transformation suffered by that force which we call 'the life of Christ,' will enter into the new *symbolum fidei* whenever it appears." With all deep and true thinkers she considers love and faith to be the foundation upon which rests all education; "love to the most lovable thing that history contains, which is the story and character and preaching of Jesus Christ; and faith, that in making it lovable and beautiful in our eyes, in lifting it to such a place in human life, the Divine Mind has given us one chief clue to its own nature and purposes for man; and that in calling us to the work of Christian reconstruction, the Power whose we are and whom we serve is only bidding us turn another and fuller page of his best and tenderest lesson to us." These extracts are indicative of the book's argument, and Mrs. Ward pictures the changing conditions of the day with eloquent simplicity and quiet power.

J. FREDERIC THORNE.







PHOTOGRAPH BY H. K. G.

REPRODUCED FOR FRANK LESLIE'S PUB. HOUSE.

A FLIRTATION.

## *A LEGEND OF RED ROSEBUDS.*

By *ETHEL HATTON.*



*WHEN* cruel hands the crown did twine  
Which pressed the Saviour's brow divine,  
Unconsciously a rosebud white  
Was twined amid the sharp thorns tight ;  
And lying on His holy hair  
It saw where thorns had wounded there ;  
So gently from its place it slips  
To kiss the wound with fragrant lips.  
And ever since, the legend said,  
His blood has stained the rosebud red.  
Fit emblem of His love and grace,  
Amid the thorns it found a place.  
So every grief that here we win  
Has some sweet blossom hid within ;  
And every sorrow, without doubt,  
Some helpful lesson twines about.  
Search 'mid the fingers of each care,  
You'll find the rosebud hidden there.







MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.  
COMMANDING THE UNITED STATES ARMY.



# FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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GATLING GUN IN ACTION.

## THE UNITED STATES ARMY. AND MILITARY WARFARE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

By FREDERICK STONE DANIEL.

THE latest style of soldier is not, as the latest style of warship, liable at any moment to become a self-stopping piece of machinery, and on this particular score a tremendous superiority rests with the modern army over the modern fleet, which has been so revolutionized from top to bottom, inside and outside, as to be entirely unlike that of former times. Suddenly enabled to view the century's closing scenes, the hero of Waterloo could have no difficulty in recognizing any existing army to be an army; but surely the hero of Trafalgar would need a new pair of eyes before he could see a fleet in the costly and rare naval monsters that now claim to rule the ocean, though admittedly after "a German clock, still a repairing" sort of way. There always has been an element of uncertainty in-

volved in ship-fighting entirely absent in soldier fighting, owing to the very different conditions under which each occurs. This element is enormously increased by the actual structure of naval vessels, and the fact has been clearly demonstrated, even in the slight practice that has up to this time been had with them. These vessels afford too wide a scope for chance to get in its work upon them, individually and collectively. Maritime warfare must be mainly of fleet against fleet, since it is not feasible for ships under the present changed conditions to cope with land forces solidly embanked and supported. It is in pure fighting on the sea of fleet against fleet that chance work can tell with terrible effect, because it cannot be held that in a sea fight or anywhere else "chances are equal,"

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MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM R. SHAFTER.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PRINCE.

The nucleus of the American army was formed at the time Washington established the Republic. Owing to the unnecessary expense and possibility of danger involved in a large permanent force, the regular army has been, during the century of its existence, exceedingly diminutive in quantity while very superior in quality. It has only been cherished as a "nucleus," or central organization, around which temporary enrollments of volunteer forces gathered as the public needs required. In this way it has played a prominent and valuable part in all the wars fought by the United States. In those of 1812, 1846 and 1861, the small regular army was the chief reliance of the government upon the outbreak of hostilities, and from its ranks were taken the men to organize and command the hundreds of thousands of volunteer soldiers who did the main fighting. The heroes of the last two wars, Scott and Grant, after having been educated at the West Point Military Academy, were fitted by service in the regular army to perform the deeds that have illustrated their own and the country's

equality of chances being impossible, inequality being the governing law in the nature of things. Chance may so disarrange the many and wonderful intricacies of the vessels in a contending fleet as to annul it together with the superiority of skill possessed by its personnel over that of its opponent, the utmost ability of the commander on the one side being thus made to yield to the vastly inferior capacity and management of his opponent. Through excessive complexity of make-up, the current ships are certainly unequal to all the straining requirements of battle, which call for precisely and surely working machines from which the play of chance may be as far as possible eliminated and guarded against. Invention has wrought an immense change in the armament of navies and armies, especially of navies; but the supreme controller over both remains now, as of yore, identical—the ever constant and unchangeable power of mind.

name. As soon as each war was over, a demand was raised for the curtailment of the temporarily enlarged army, and it was at once reduced in size. Thus the opening of the war of 1898 found it numbering only a small collection of twenty-five thousand men, and, of course, Congress was compelled to order additions to it. Though the army is small, its organization is in a very creditable state of efficiency, and from it the best results can be expected, especially in point of readiness for any kind of military work, and in its salutary influence on the volunteer forces. Its organization and equipment in all the various branches of the service, infantry, artillery and cavalry, are of the first order; the engineer corps proficient and ingeniously supplied; the whole equaling in quality that of the European monarchies. The service of the regular army is now stricter in discipline than it ever was, for within the last few years the requirements in re-



OFFICER, ARTILLERY. PRIVATE, ARTILLERY. OFFICER OF CAVALRY. COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

LINE OFFICER. INFANTRY.

#### COLONIAL UNIFORMS.

recruiting its ranks were of the most exacting kind, and secured a very fine class of men both in intelligence and in physique. The soldiers and officers are above the average of Europe's armies in height, build and manly appearance, though their uniforms are neither so gaudy nor brilliant as the European. Indeed, the American uniform is extremely simple and sober, and, precisely on this account, extremely tasteful. What is naturally fitted and appropriate, in all, in taste because more likely to right itself. In every respect

service, for the one thing that an army is intended; and only the German uniform can be compared with it for sober simplicity and usefulness.

Of course in war times regulars and volunteers stand on an equal footing of uniform, equipment and regulations. Whenever the volunteer soldiers are called into service, it is provided that they shall be organized under and subject to rules and orders that govern the army in all respects. The article in all respects is the same, and the uniform is the same.





MAJOR-GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT,  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEFFINS.

regular army men and to the volunteers mustered in under the laws of the United States for a limited period. The relative rank of officers of the same grade and date of appointment is first determined by the time which each may have served as a commissioned officer in the service of the United States, and, when there has been no such service, by lot, and in this way a general equalization is secured between the regular and volunteer portions composing the enlarged army.

An army, pursuing the very even tenor of its ways during an extended period of peace, is necessarily precluded from exhibiting veteran warriors or able generals. Peace is the canker that galls the officers of an army too oft before their abilities be disclosed; a long stretch of calm, in which regular seniority has inevitable sway, does not allow room for those promoting exertions and accidents which war alone can

offer. War, therefore, is strictly as much food for the soldier as the latter is food for war, the two flourishing only in conjunction. At the opening of war in every land long given over to peace, armies have been quite green when taking the field, because neither officers nor soldiers had previously opportunities of testing their metal, and this incipient greenness invariably gives rise to a certain amount of blundering and confusion, soon remedied if adequate management be forthcoming, though, as this is never a sure quantity to count upon, there are many very notable examples of armies and generals failing right along from first to last throughout the most memorable campaigns. Many very fine armies have been sacrificed by incompetent generals, but history records not even one poor army sacrificed by a good general. The mobilization of an army is the sudden and abrupt jerking it up out of the calmness of peace and dropping it into all the excitement and friction caused by war rage, and this step, always hastened by popular sentiment, unavoidably gives rise in the be-

ginning to mistakes through hasty movements and flimsy notions, though even the most ordinary executive management is enabled speedily to rectify these, and to turn over the direction of the mobilized army into the exclusive keeping of its duly appointed leader, and then it must take the chances of being either properly or improperly led, for all is more or less uncertainty in war—"in war as in war." Ordinarily the leaders of armies so mobilized have been bred in peace, and they can be expected to exhibit only the academical knowledge acquired from books, which does not go far unless it be backed up by original powers latent within their own noddles. But, if they are the fortunate owners of original powers, their performances will soon make the fact known far and wide, for war is a genuine crucible to try the good and the bad, without appeal.

No large army was ever so quickly and



smoothly mobilized as was that of Germany, by Germany found a quarter of a million soldiery during the war of 1870. The German army was on the Rhine confronting France, which was in-

INFANTRY PRIVATES AND OFFICER OF ARTILLERY.

GENERAL.  
UNIFORMS OF THE WAR OF 1864.

LIEUT. OFFICER OF LIGHT ARTILLERY.

OFFICER OF LIGHT DRAGOONS.



at in the field in three weeks' time after the vaded on the 1st of August. The orders for  
 first muttering of war made by Napoleon III. marching and traveling by boat and rail over  
 two weeks after his war challenge, its acceptance considerable distances had been worked out for





MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM M. GRAHAM.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARR.

each division of the concentrating troops, together with the most minute directions as to their starting points, the hours of departure and arrival, and the halts at stations where food was prepared amidst the most patriotic demonstrations of the citizens and peasantry. Nothing had to be changed in the programme as previously laid down, but all worked out to perfection. It was this same provident system that also secured maps of the topography and routes in France, after it was invaded, and that enabled the Germans to boast that they knew the smallest routes and roads and pathways there as thoroughly as the natives did, and much better than the officers of Napoleon's army knew them.

Since 1870 all the military powers of Europe have taken lessons from the style after which the German war was waged, though whether they have become proficient in it remains to be seen. The cost of keeping their armies in a constant state of preparation in peace for the possible outbreak of war has been almost incalculable. The item of new guns and armaments has been very costly and bothering to them all during the last quarter of the century, for no sooner was one model accepted than it was set aside by some other invention, and, at the present time, each is clamoring to renew its entire outfit under

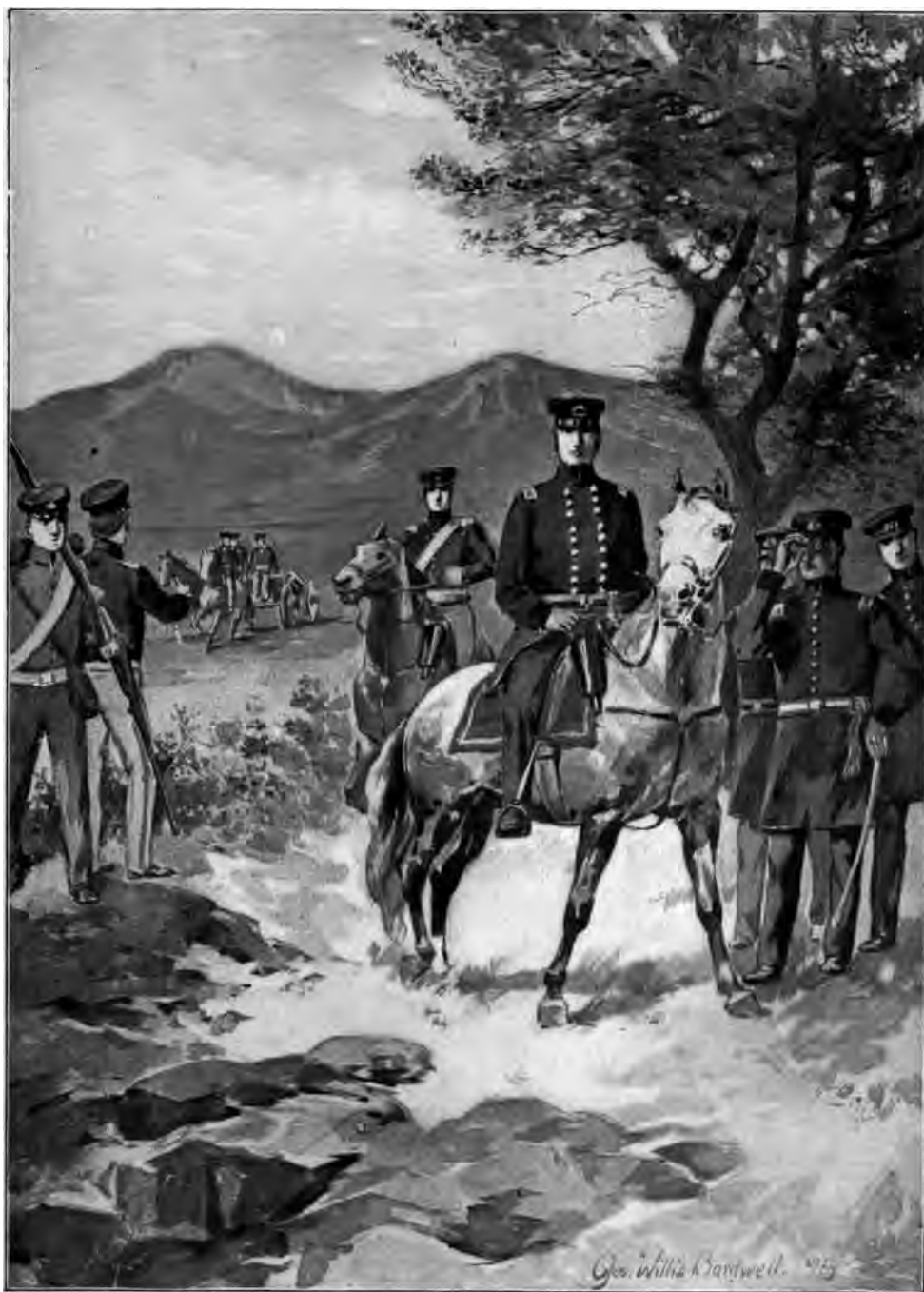
penalty of not being able to take the field to preserve "the life of the nation."

Moltke proclaimed the doctrine that war was a positive good for every nation, and for the human race as a whole. His ideas, as well as his military plans and discipline, have been adopted and imitated everywhere on the continent. Germany has only added to its war furor since the death of the celebrated marshal in 1890. The reigning war lord, Emperor William II., boastfully claims that he rules the finest army on the planet, and can throw it into the field within one short week, out-Moltking Moltke, quick as he was. With such an urgent example set, it is readily understood how all Europe has been steadily piling up military expenditures, which might have been more profitably placed, though it must be remembered that Europe hangs together only in separate rival nationalities, and, not being conditioned as America, absolutely does require the raising and employment of large standing armies.

In time of peace the five greatest military powers of Europe command a force of over three millions of men. But large as are these figures they may be increased by speedy mobilization in time of war to almost inconceivable fighting numbers, for theoretically the war lords can call



MAJOR-GENERAL J. C. BRECKINRIDGE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RICE.



PRIVATES.

ARTILLERY.

CAVALRY.

MAJOR-GENERAL.

STAFF OFFICERS.

UNIFORMS OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

out at the blast of the bugle over seventeen millions of men, with twenty thousand pieces of field artillery to bring up the rear of the procession. For twenty-seven years the European peoples have been writhing and staggering under the burden of war taxation corresponding to the requirements of this active schedule and total registry, and all the parliaments are put to their wits' ends to meet imperial and royal demands

for more taxes, more extra money for furnishing additional men and new guns.

No less than half a billion dollars have been this year required of the various parliaments of the five great continental powers (Germany, France, Austria, Italy, Russia) for extra outlays in behalf of armaments and re-armaments, necessitated by rapid inventions. The Emperor of Germany, who sets the tone to bellicose Europe,

said to his generals on the first of the year: "We cannot stand still; we must hurry on, keeping the army ahead of the rest of the world." And the four other nations' rulers followed suit with words of a similar strain. There is no denying that the rifle and cannon business is a very serious one for all these famous war lords, because it is vital to any army not to be at the mercy of its possible opponent in the implements with which it is sent into the field to fight. The rapid fire gun for which the parliaments are asked to appropriate so heavily is a



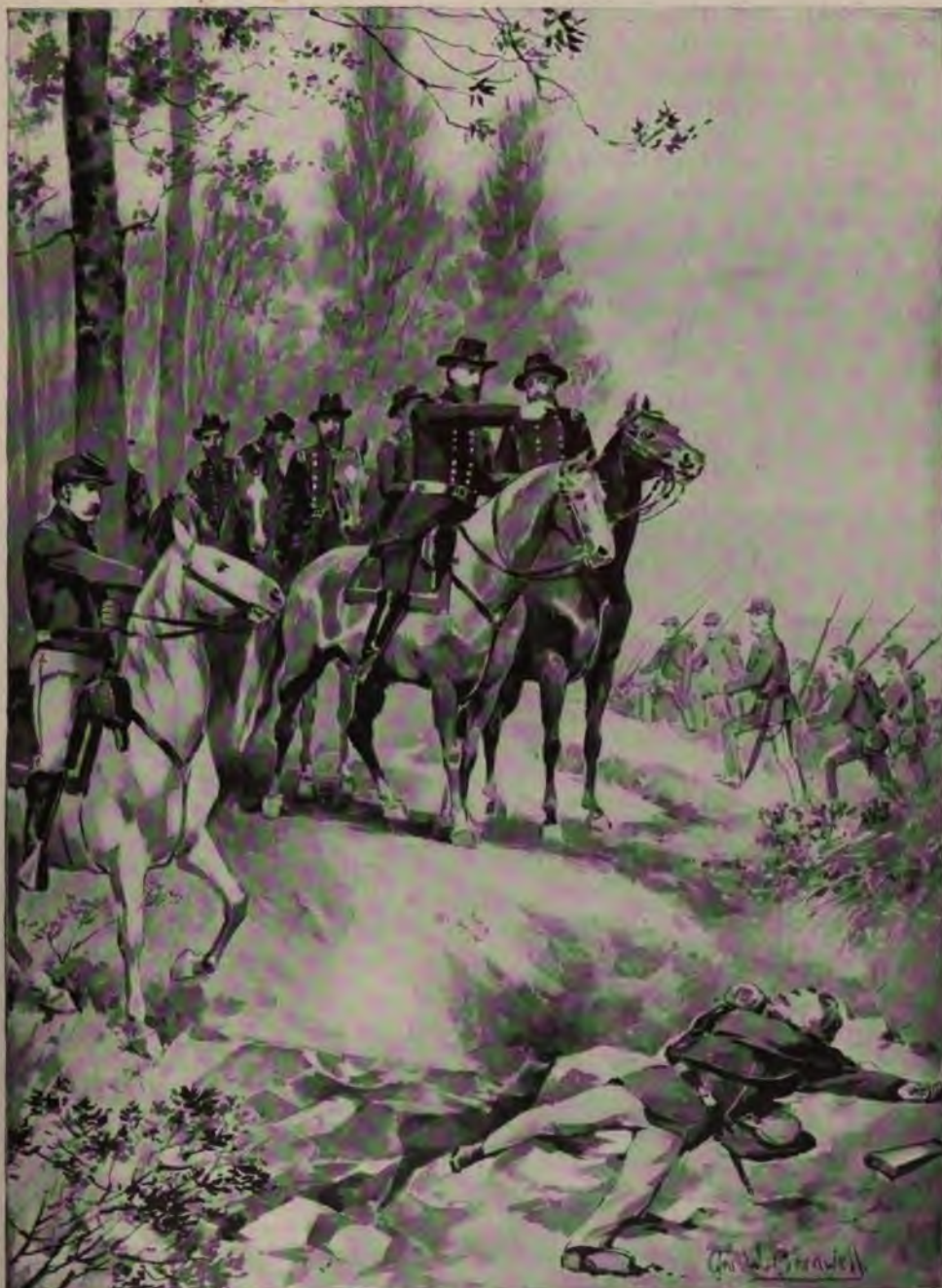
MAJOR-GENERAL ELWELL S. OTIS.  
FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY HUFSTEATER.

French acquisition put forward to meet the increased strength of the German army. This rapid fire gun is made of steel throughout, is breach-loading, and the projectile, powder and fuse, are confined in one case. It does away with the laborious process of loading by three distinct manipulations, works from seventy to ninety per cent. quicker than the old pattern cannon, and greatly surpasses it in accuracy and destructiveness. The French pattern was adopted two years ago, and ever since then the Krupp factories have been turning them out very hastily for the German



SOME NEW SOLDIERS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.  
THE CLASS OF 1898, WEST POINT.



LIGHT ARTILLERY OFFICER.  
STAFF OFFICERS.LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.  
BRIGADIER-GENERAL.

PRIVATES OF INFANTRY.

UNIFORMS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

government, which slyly secured the secret of the invention, and in such expenditure Germany now stops at nothing, having, according to official statistics, spent five billions of dollars on her army during the last twenty-five years in order to "keep ahead." Arbitership and preponderance on the armed continent come high, verily.

The improvements and modifications effected in armies has not in the least diminished, but rather augmented, the supreme value, the vital

importance of generalship, which holds in its hands strategy, tactics, and all that militarily decides the fate of battles. Leadership, good or bad, is indeed almost always the all-in-all of campaigns, and stands for good or bad results. This truth, so simple in itself and plain to common sense, was never more accurately and profusely illustrated than in the three great wars of this century that have occurred since Waterloo. In the Crimean War, 1854-6, between England

and France against Russia, the English army was sacrificed by the utter incapacity of its general, and the war was only successfully ended for the allies by the dashing skill of the French general Pellissier; in the War of the Union, 1861-5, the American army was sacrificed during three years by the incompetence of its generals, and was only enabled to win at last, against an able opponent at the head of nearly worn-out battalions, when General Grant was made its chief and freely allowed to direct all the resources of the land; in the war between France and Germany, in 1870, the large and magnificent French army was downed in a trice by the arrant folly of Napoleon III., who constituted himself its general-in-chief without the slightest

day to day for him by his opponent; his was a common-sensed fighting advance on well-greased wheels run directly to a set goal. "I know," remarked General Moltke, "the French are waiting for me, and I am going to meet them—in Paris." He met them there with a vengeance. There is no like case of a great result-making war so scientifically, mechanically, precisely carried to completion in so short a time. The general impression prevailing at the time in every European country was that France would win, because the French army and its principal generals had been previously successful, and so the only generalship in sight was supposed to be harbored on their side; the supposition, though superficial, was very natural, because the gen-

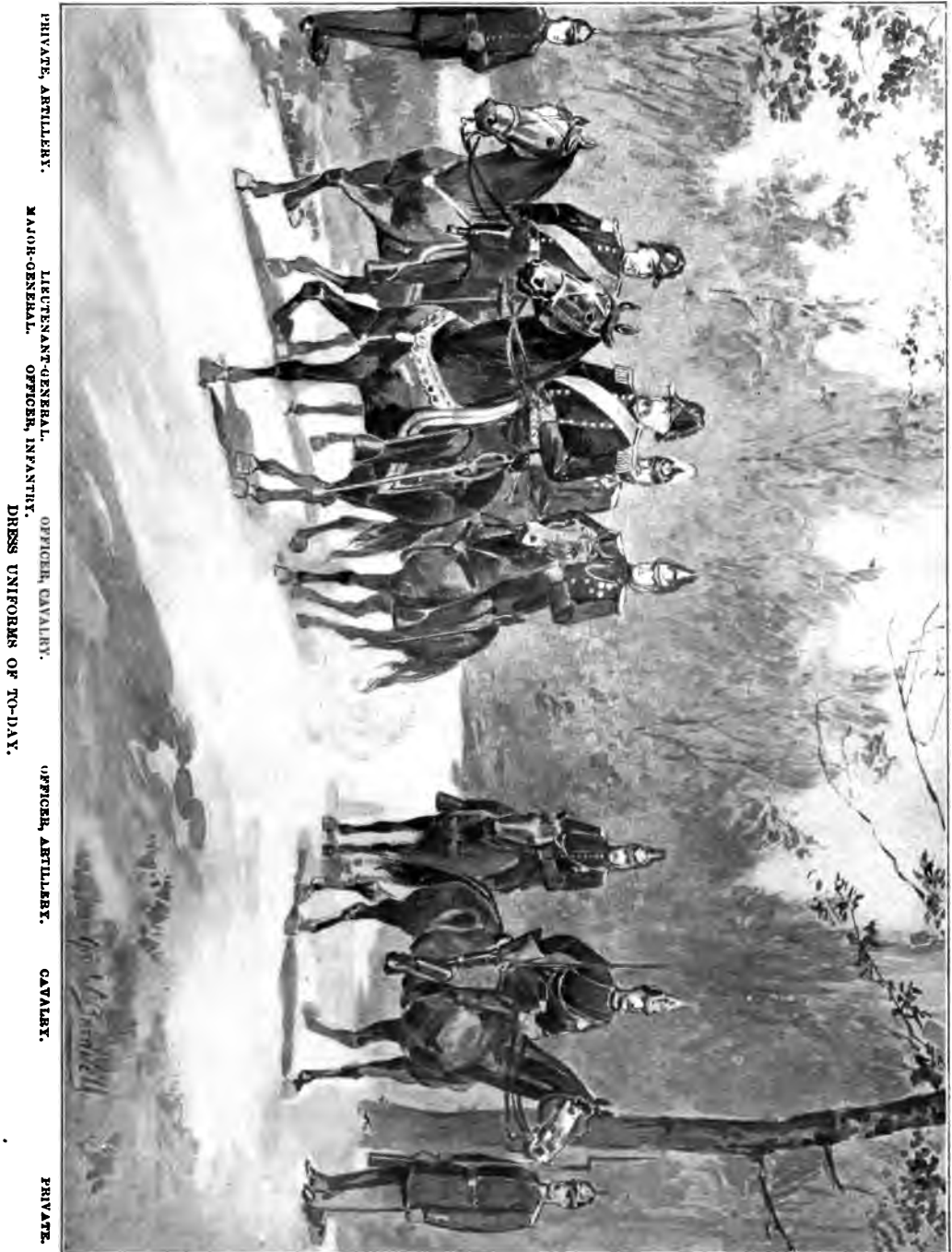


RECRUITS DRILLING WITH GATLING GUNS.

right to the title, and worked confusion among his jealous marshals, thus enabling the clever General Moltke to have an easy walk-over from Berlin to Paris. In this last instance, particularly, the illustration was most pointed—folly ruled at Napoleon III.'s headquarters, good sense at Moltke's. The folly on the one side could hardly have been practically greater; the good sense on the other side was of a very high order—but that was all, for the German commander never pretended to be anything of "a great genius," as in reality he could advance no claim to be one. It was not his gift to exhibit the daring, brilliant originality of a Bonaparte, but simply to work his way from the River Rhine to Paris over a straight road, made straight and straighter from

eral public could not foresee or even suspect the talent that lay concealed within the German host, finely organized as it visibly and openly appeared to all. The trouble is that no one knows beforehand where to look for talent or genius in generalship or any other walk of life; they are at once recognized when manifesting themselves in their own good way, at rare intervals, and then seemingly doomed to suffer agonies through not being able to waste their greatness unseen on the thin air. Only after their appearance can the public put its big hand on the favorites, grant them "a local habitation and a name," and vociferously acclaim them, with added electrical accompaniments, in these favored days.

A fighting soldiery is an article of luxury common to all peoples, civilized and savage, but in the composition of a good army the ingredient of training is of great weight, and of still greater is the quality of the national race to many, England and America stand more than a match for the rest of the world if combined in arms, though there is neither likelihood nor need of any such combination, for each nation is acting separately and is zealously enough en-



which it may belong. The best armies since the time of the Roman Empire have sprung firstly from the Teutonic stock, and secondly from the Latin race variety. On the threshold of a new century the armies (and navies) of Ger-

gaged in the task of developing its land and naval forces through a system of continuous preparation, thorough training and severe discipline. This preparation is naturally less extensive in the American army, on account of fortunate





3.2 BREECH-LOADING RIFLE—PIECE LIMBERED.

geographical and grave political reasons. The trained American army is small, yet easily enlarged by volunteer soldiers, who invariably make of the whole assemblage the most effective and powerful fighting machine. There have been excellent proofs given that freshly trained American volunteer soldiery can safely be pitted against the best disciplined regulars turned out in the Old World. To make an army out of merely mechanically taught material cannot yield the best results; something more precious than all that is needed—to wit, high intelligence, a self-identifying national spirit, and superior individual character. These are the endowments

of the American volunteer soldiery alone, over and above all the armies of the other nations, and it is in and by these gifts that they can triumph. Those who are cognizant of the actual fighting that took place among the French and German regulars in 1870, and of that between American volunteers in 1861, were then made to see and learn that soldiers of two and three months' training, when imbued with high intelligence and spirit, are even better fighters than are the soldiers of two and three years' disciplining, who have been reduced to the footing of inert machines. The mechanical making of a soldier is a very short job soon done, a few



3.2 BREECH-LOADING RIFLE—AIMING THE PIECE IN ACTION.

months suffering for it, and if the spirit of duty, obedience and something yet more valuable can be furnished ready made to him as he first steps in the ranks, there can be no need for him to wait three or five years to acquire the same by rote and by order from his immediate officers, corporals and sergeants.

There are many special causes arising from the unique conditions of this vast new country which add to the merits of the American volunteers as soldiery. Accustomed to living in extensive "pioneer" regions, they are enured to hardiness, readiness, exercise of all kinds, and especially to the use of firearms. American marksmanship is proverbially excellent over all other. Americans are shooters from early and

afar, and this is to be accounted as a considerable advantage in spite of whatever mechanical inventions may be produced; excellent marksmanship means something more than mere aiming and hitting; it means, besides, self-control, coolness of temperament. It is a natural peculiarity of the emotional, sensual characters bred in races of the hot belts and in Latin countries that they prefer the exciting, enthusing, personal close-quarter fighting to firing from a distance and being fired at from a distance; whereas

the more self-possessed people, grown in cold countries, delight to fire from a distance and submit to be so fired at, because their cool judgment and action have then better play. The Romans were always close-quarter fighters, and their short swords won all their victories; sword fighters have been all the nations descended from the Romans, especially the Spaniards, who, at the time of their proposed invasion of England, wrecked their big Armada primarily because they were so intent on boarding the English fleets and getting to work with their side-arms as to allow their own ships to be riddled and sunk by the English admirals from a distance. Similarly in the war in Cuba, Spaniards and insurrectionists have preferred to do most of

their fighting with swords and knives, or machetes; in all their contests, at home or abroad, the Spaniards have invariably relied on cutting instruments, "*les armes blanches*," as favorite weapons. The Spanish army on the island was armed with first-class magazine rifle guns supplied with five cartridges for quick firing, and yet so unaddicted to shooting were their soldiers that they only took a first perfunctory aim and thereafter each time fired without any pretense of aim by merely side-raising their guns, of course to the great benefit of the insurrectionists, and with disastrous consequences to themselves.

The introduction—with unexampled rapidity within the past ten years—of improved weapons has to some extent altered the tactics of a fighting force in battle.

Old rules and formations under fire may yet have to be more modified than they have been by fresh developments in shooting capacities; but so far army organization has undergone no great revolution. The new weapons have introduced the element of strict calculation in the principal business of two armies firing at each other. This is due to the invention of the small-arm magazine gun, supplied with ready cartridges for continuous firing, with diminutive calibre and nitrate powders. There



SHRAPNEL AND SHELL FOR 3.2 BREECH-LOADING RIFLE.

have been many successive kinds of these, each, after short practice, being pronounced a failure and discarded for others. Many of the new rifles were complained of as being unreliable to kill unless striking some vital part, and inefficient as life destroyers; all that one of the latest accomplished was to drill a clean little hole through the obstacle or obstacles encountered, and thereafter sail on swiftly to drill many other like little holes until ultimately spent. The English generals commanding in their African skirmishes reported that the "wounded niggers" kept right on fighting, unless shot through the head or heart, unconscious that the new rifle's missives had touched their tough anatomies. In India, also, the English found



ARTILLERY SADDLE PACKED FOR THE FIELD.

that this same new small-bore rifle bullet failed to stop the enthusiastic rush of the natives, and accordingly they have devised a bullet whose soft lead point expands at long range and makes a lacerating wound, but at close range it simply bores its little hole like other new rifles, the new device being proclaimed as one intended solely against the natives, and not to be employed against European troops in contravention of the laws of civilized warfare. The American army is equipped with the Krag-Jorgensen magazine rifle gun, which has given already some very fine results in practice, and is expected to continue to do so or until changed for some better invention, for this is the era of changing throughout and everywhere, and nothing seems to please your American better than to be changing things, as all know.

The advantage resulting from the new arms appears at present to lean rather toward the defensive side, so far every improvement of arms and ammunition having told in favor of the stationary or hidden soldiery. The zone of accurate fire has been extended over two thousand yards, and it is estimated that each rifle of the defense would be capable of discharging more than three hundred aimed shots during the length of time that infantry would require to traverse that distance. Any attack of strong intrenchments in daylight would probably now meet with a more liberal

shower of lead than was ever known before in fighting, one to effectually cancel charging dashes like those formerly so much in vogue. It is considered impossible, since flesh and blood cannot stand everything, or every shock, to throw with any hope of success hereafter massed troops against a well-fed breech-loading fire. Nevertheless an invention is already reported as being able to fire thirty thousand bullets a minute against an army advancing on the field; being thus capable, if each bullet should strike in the desired place, of wiping out of existence an army of a million of men in about a half hour's time, for the better closing up of wars altogether.

The effect of improved weapons on battle results has been very marked in all the wars of this century. Each struggle was sharper and severer, and its duration shortened by the successive advances made in inventions from the time of the flint-lock musket, on to the percussion cap gun, the rifle, the revolving, and the present magazine implements. The Franco-German war was fought with the "needle gun" and "Chassepot" gun, and was immensely more destructive than had been the American war, only five years before; its total losses in killed and wounded were in six months' campaigning one-third of the total American losses in killed and wounded during four years' campaigning, which, prolonged as it was by other than merely military reasons, had in its turn exhibited greater destructiveness than the preceding European war of 1854. Every new invention seems to point unerringly toward rendering warfare still more severe and deadly in the future, and toward diminishing its duration, if not its frequency. The next great conflict to occur between freshly, newly armed hosts in Europe must of necessity open a new chapter of revelations in the annals of warfaring.



"OLD-TIMERS."



## DON CARLOS.

### PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE PRETENDER TO THE THRONE OF SPAIN.

By BLANCA DE FREYRE TIBBITS.

**D**ON CARLOS, Duke of Madrid, and Pretender to the throne of Spain, has written of late several spirited letters on the momentous question, and it may be of interest to the American reader to hear a few of the personal reminiscences of one of his devoted admirers, who had the honor of knowing him personally and who received many tokens of his august kindness.

It was at Viareggio, a small bathing resort on the Mediterranean, that I first saw and knew him. His first wife, the much beloved and much lamented Margherita of Parma, owned a large estate, called the Tenuta, on the outskirts of Viareggio, which she had inherited from her father, the assassinated Duke of Parma. Here she lived throughout the year with her children, her chamberlains, her ladies-in-waiting—a small court, in fact, where ceremony and abandon made a strange contrast. That was by far too quiet and unexciting a home for the gay and handsome duke, who established his headquarters in Venice, but came every summer to spend some of his time with his family.

It was a warm summer's evening. I, a girl of sixteen or seventeen, sat talking with a very fash-

ionable lady at one of the primitive bathing establishments of that place, whilst a loud and rather discordant band played a dreamy Waldteufel waltz—oh, well do I remember it!—and some intrepid dancers, oblivious to the Sahara heat that reigns in that spot even till late at night, timed their steps to the music. Suddenly I saw a tall, commanding figure approaching, followed by a number of distinguished-looking men, who remained a little way behind him. He sauntered up to where we were sitting, and bowed gracefully to my fluttered companion. She stood up at once, and while they ex-

changed a few words I examined that handsome and kingly face, and knew instinctively that I had before me a personage indeed. His beard, short and of ebon black, contrasted with the ivory pallor of his face, while his eyes, as black as night, flashed haughtily from beneath his dark brows. His forehead bore the Olympic serenity of the gods, and indeed one might quake without being a coward before so kingly a man were it not for the smile that suddenly illuminated his countenance, softened the eyes almost to tenderness, and played over his regular features like a sunbeam on the statue of a god. That smile



DON CARLOS.

DUKE OF MADRID, AND PRETENDER TO THE THRONE OF SPAIN.



ARCHDUCHESS BLANCA, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF DON CARLOS,  
AND HER HUSBAND, ARCHDUKE LEOPOLD SALVATOR  
OF TUSCANY.

was indeed divine, that smile must have played sad havoc with many a beauty's heart and haunted her in her sleep. Remember I was but silly sixteen, very, very susceptible, and it was the first time I saw a prince of the blood royal.

I was brusquely aroused from my ecstatic contemplation by my companion who, in dulcet tones, said : "Mademoiselle de F——, allow me to introduce you to the King of Spain."

Oh, reader, pity me ! My knees shook just a little, I confess, and I made the most awkward reverence that can be pictured, while my sense of the ludicrous was still lively enough to make me chuckle inwardly at the "King of Spain," and I thought to myself, "What a fool and flatterer she is !" I said not a word, for—what could I say ? He broke the silence, and, with the tact that belongs to those of his standing, he said : "My daughters have very often spoken of you to me," and he smiled. I saw his pearly-white teeth, and I showed him mine. I took no part in the conversation, but watched him in fascination, and felt rather proud that the many people passing to and fro and who eyed him with curiosity, knowing who he was, should see me near him. Suddenly he turned to me and

said, in his winning way : "Won't you try this waltz with me ?"

I gave him one desperate look, like that of a drowning man. I felt I would rather die than face all those pairs of eyes that would be riveted on us when we entered the ballroom, I on his arm, and when everyone would stop to watch us. I forgot the honor he was conferring on me, I forgot the laws of etiquette which declare that every wish of a king shall be a command, I even forgot the severe reprimand I should get from my mother, and the foolish figure I was cutting before my fashionable friend who, doubtless, was eating her heart out with envy, and I murmured, in subdued tones : "Oh, monsieur, the room is so full, another time will do as well !" He smiled. Remember, I was but sixteen.

That he made but a poor sort of a husband to his first wife, Princess Margherita, was a well-known fact. He led a dissipated life at Venice, and the echoes of his follies rang through Europe, and when I saw the saintly duchess leading a life of charity and austerity, and humble in the midst of so much grandeur, I felt my blood boil with indignation toward him, but in his presence one forgot all save that he was a gracious sovereign, who willingly told an amusing anecdote in which he came out in colors far from glowing.

On one of his annual visits to Viareggio he was traveling in a first-class compartment with a few of the gentlemen who always attended him, when, at a small station not far from the place of destination, the door of his compartment was flung open and a gentleman entered and took a seat. A few casual remarks on both sides paved the way to conversation, during which the prince inquired of his fellow-traveler whither he was journeying. "I am bound for the 'Tenuta,' in response to an invitation from that gracious and martyred Princess Dona Margherita. Of course you have heard of her, for who has not in this part of the country, where her name is surrounded by a halo, as, for that matter, it is throughout the whole of Europe ? There are no words to qualify her virtues, as there are no terms to disparage her husband Don Carlos."

And here the gallant defender of our oppressed sex waxed eloquent, and gave vent to all his suppressed indignation in no complimentary words. The prince listened to the whole tirade in quiet amusement. His opinion was not asked, but his gentlemen-in-waiting grew more and more nervous ; they were hot and cold by turns. They cleared their throats, and tried to catch the

eye of the irate traveler, to warn him of the precipice toward which he was heedlessly running; but all in vain.

"Viareggio! Viareggio!" the conductor called as the train stopped before the small station; and, on seeing the duke rise, the gentleman be-thought himself to inquire: "Do you descend here?"

"Not only am I getting off at Viareggio, but I am also bound for the Tenuta, and it will afford me immense pleasure to offer you a seat in my wife's carriage." *Tableau!*

A sudden death carried away the much-beloved duchess, who, though far from possessing any title to beauty, or even grace—for she was brusque in every movement—commanded respect and inspired a certain awe.

I have a vivid recollection of the uncomfortable and fidgety sentiment with which, as a girl, I received every summons to go with my family to dine at the Tenuta, and which never wore off till the very last time I saw her royal highness. The starting off was quite a charming affair, especially when the royal break was sent for us, and we had on our prettiest gowns and felt so satisfied with ourselves in particular and the world at large. But when we entered the royal lodge, showed our invitation to the keeper, and started down the broad drive under the odorous pines, through which no ray of sun ever pierced, then I grew silent and kind of wished I had never come. How long the drive was, and how annoying were the horse-flies! Then the low, flat roof of the house appears in the distance. Why am I not in my quiet little room with some interesting novel? "But what about the honor?" I would say to myself, to give myself a semblance of courage; and I fear I gave an expressive shrug of my shoulders in answer to that question.

Well, here we are. The house has no particular style, as it was originally a hunting-box, to which each successive prince who inherited it added a wing to suit his own convenience, and the result was a dear, roomy, rambling house, without the least savor of or pretence to a palace. A servant in red livery and knee-breeches opens the glass door on hearing the carriage stop, and offers his arm in a respectful manner, but with a pale smile of recognition, for Italian dependents are irrepressible even though they may be in the service of royalty, and in that lies their principal charm. We place a hand lightly upon his proffered arm, and are ushered into one of the ground-floor reception rooms, while the duchess is notified of our presence. The house is perfectly silent, and it seems ages before we

hear steps. Here comes the rustle of a dress and a quick step—is it she? No, it is her favorite lady-in-waiting, Countess de L—, the most charming of charming women, who tells us the duchess will soon come. Now, this is surely she. That rapid, nervous tread is hers. In an instant we have risen to our feet, and she enters, smiling brightly, and extends her hand to each in turn, which we vainly strive to kiss while she struggles to draw it away and imprints a kiss on our foreheads. Then the ordeal is over, and it was not so terrible, after all.

Now we are free to scamper off to the little salons of the princesses. My sister makes for the apartments of the charming Princess Blanca, to-day wife of the Archduke Leopold Salvator of Tuscany, nephew of the Emperor of Austria. What a sweet, mignonne little princess she was, with her mischievous dimple and her quiet fun when you knew her well; but what a haughty, nervous princess she struck the casual observer as she tried to hide her painful timidity! I made for the unfortunate Doña Elvira's nook. She has since given such painful publicity to her name that I must not think of her as she is to-day, but as the princess I loved and admired notwithstanding her caprices, her wayward moods, and her utter lack of beauty. She was downright ugly, and had not the necessary plea-



PRINCESS ELVIRA, SECOND DAUGHTER OF DON CARLOS.





PRINCESS BEATRIZ, THIRD DAUGHTER OF DON CARLOS, AND WIFE OF PRINCE MASSIMO OF ROME.

sant expression to redeem the heavy lower part of the face, characteristic of all the Bourbons, and her habitual scowl. Her figure was regal, and she carried herself with a dignity and hauteur that made a gentleman exclaim: "Sapristi! but every drop she has in her veins is of the bluest blue!" Yes, I was very fond of her, but grew to love her after she made all the advances and showed me the best side of her nature. I once asked her: "Princess, why did you hide from us when we first visited the Tenuta?" "Because I did not like you," she answered, very calmly, with a smile. "Well, princess,"

I answered, just as calmly, "nothing was lost, for I disliked you." Her answer was to throw her arms impulsively around my neck and kiss me.

I one day found her all absorbed in a beautiful quilt she was knitting. I admired the pattern, and the lovely thick, soft wool, and most of all I admired her diligence, for I knew such work was not in her line. "Pray, who is to be the happy possessor of this royal gift?" I asked, jestingly. "Why, you, of course!" she answered. And she kept her word. The quilt is in my possession now, and I prize it and the note that accompanied it among my treasures.

The Princess Margherita had been dead but a year when Don Carlos wedded in second union the Princess Marie of Rohan, one of France's proudest and noblest of royal names, whose device is: "I can't be a king; I despise being a prince; I am a Rohan." The princess is young, beautiful and haughty—too much so, perhaps, for the taste of her step-children, who claim to be of still more royal lineage than she, and who, already hurt at this marriage of their father's, could not bring themselves to kiss the hand of this new mother as she desired. Some go so far as to assert that the Princess Elvira would never have taken the sad and false step she did but to revenge herself on her father for his distasteful union. A poor, poor, revenge, indeed! And yet she it was who wrote in my album, in her decided and stylish hand, a Spanish saying that runs to this effect: "The past is darkness, the future mist, and the present a flash. Life is but smoke if we but knew it, and all that is certain in this world is Death."



# ANDREW JACKSON.\*

## HIS LIFE, TIMES AND COMPATRIOTS.

### TENTH PAPER.—RACHEL DONELSON JACKSON. PART II.

By MARY EMILY DONELSON WILCOX.

Among the guests of the Jacksons while they lived in the frame house in the Hermitage grounds was Aaron Burr, who, after his duel with Hamilton, came South, having previously written Jackson relative to the construction of flat boats for the transportation of troops and provisions to the Wachita River; where he proposed establishing a settlement. He arrived in May, 1805, remained a while and returned in December, and probably no visitor ever entertained by Jackson so potently influenced his opinions and shaped his future course. To impressions received from Burr may be ascribed his distrust and aversion, never overcome, to Jefferson, his antipathy to Hamilton's financial schemes, to the National Bank, to New England cant and

fanaticism; his predilection for Van Buren and approval of New York political methods. History

has emphasized Burr's magnetic personality, and no two people ever yielded more readily to its fascination than Mr. and Mrs. Jackson. They talked, on the night he spent with them, into the wee sma' hours, he delighting Jackson with

inside pictures of national politics and politicians and charming Mrs. Jackson with tender allusions to his dead wife, and bright anecdotes of his beautiful young daughter, whom he promised to bring to see her while visiting Blennerhasset Island, and whom he begged her to remember in her prayers.

Posterity has reached no decision as to Burr's real aims and ambitions, though it is conceded that, dazzled by Napoleon's success, he hoped, in imitation of him, to found a Western em-

pire, including Mexico and Texas. This, though impracticable, was possible, and did not necessar-



ANDREW JACKSON IN 1845.  
FROM THE PAINTING BY G. P. A. HEALY.

\* Previous papers in this series of articles were: "Andrew Jackson's Private Life," in the November number; "Andrew Jackson as a Military Commander," in December; "Military Heroes of Jackson's Time," in January; "Jackson as Statesman and President"—Parts I. and II., in February and March; "Statesmen of Jackson's Period," in April; "The Medallic History of Andrew Jackson," in May; "Recollections of Jackson's Home Life," in June; and "Rachel Donelson Jackson," Part I., in July.

ily imply treason to the Federal Government. While in Nashville he expressed the opinion that Jackson, the most forceful, prominent man in the West, would be the first Westerner elected President of the United States, and then and there nominated him. After Burr's departure Jackson received some anonymous letters accusing Burr of treasonable designs and of trying to implicate him in them. He at once said "the contracts agreed upon must be fulfilled, but no new ones considered until all suspicion is removed, for I have no sympathy with treason or traitors!" Then came the collapse of the expedition—Burr's arrest, trial and nominal acquittal at Richmond. Insisting that no man of his affectionate nature could be a traitor, Mrs. Jackson urged her husband to attend the trial and befriend him, and it was while preparing his testimony as a witness in that trial that Jackson began that thorough and exhaustive study of constitutional law which made him so familiar with the provisions and limitations

of the Constitution and enabled him to contend so successfully in after years with Congress and the courts. When Burr's daughter was lost, supposedly in a storm at sea, Mrs. Jackson wrote him, saying: "Let me, who have no daughter, weep with you in your great sorrow."

It was also while living in that little frame house that the most deplored event of Jackson's life—the Dickinson duel—occurred. He had a store at Clover Bottom (three miles distant) to

which he daily rode to and fro, and in the valley below, where Colonel Donelson planted Tennessee's first corn and cotton patch, he had a track noted as the scene of many exciting races. In December, 1805, a race planned between Jackson's horse Truxton, and Plowboy, owned by Captain Erwin, came off. Charles Dickinson, Erwin's son-in-law, bet heavily on Plowboy, and seeing Truxton forge ahead, screamed, though Mrs. Jackson sat near: "His horse is gaining,

and will win the stake, just as he ran off with and kept another man's wife!"

It was said and believed that a political clique, alarmed at Jackson's immense popularity, saw the necessity of getting rid of him, and, to accomplish this, prompted Dickinson to pick a quarrel by this and other insulting remarks, sure to be repeated. Dickinson remembered that in the Sevier-Jackson feud the unforgivable, only-to-be-wiped-out-with-blood words were, "I know of no great service rendered by Jackson unless it be running off to Natchez with

Robards's wife." Dickson was considered the best shot in the world, while Jackson, known to be a poor marksman, was singularly averse, notwithstanding his numerous frays, to personal encounters. A challenge was sent and accepted, date and place being named for the meeting. Mrs. Jackson, knowing that Dickinson's young wife was with child, implored her husband earnestly to arrange the difficulty if possible. Kissing him good-bye as he rode off with his second, Judge



ENTRANCE TO GROUNDS OF THE HERMITAGE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. C. MOULTON.

Overton, she said : "Forget his remarks about me, think only of his wife and babe, and if consistent with honor spare him." Awaiting his return and noting his pallor and blood-stained clothes, she screamed : "You are wounded !" "Yes, only slightly, but Dickinson will insult no more innocent women"; then, remarking her look of dismay, he added : "I promised you to spare him and meant to keep my promise. On the road I saw signs of his skill—hairs cut in two, small circles on trees and fences black with shot, then heard his messages, 'Tell Jackson I will snap his life's threads like that hair, will pepper his craven breast with lead like that disk !' Even when we took our places on the ground and waited for the seconds to give the word, I still intended to fire in the air, but when I felt his bullet plowing through my body and heard him shriek, 'Great God, have I missed the d— scoundrel?' hate of me overpowering even death's agony, the demon in me awoke. I fired and he fell." Mrs. Jackson, almost fainting, fell on her knees, praying : "Oh, God, have pity on the poor wife, pity on the babe in her womb." Years afterward, Jackson said : "There never lived a woman in whom the mother instinct so predominated, she would have gathered in her pitying arms every afflicted being. Why, she even wept and prayed for Dickinson's wife and child."

In 1809 they adopted a twin son born to Mrs. Jackson's brother, Severn Donelson, named him Andrew Jackson, reared him tenderly, and bequeathed him their large estate. Naturally religious and a devout Bible reader, Mrs. Jackson, under the teachings of Parson Blackburn, joined the Presbyterian Church. Wishing to make her a present, Jackson asked what she would prefer. "A church near-by where I can worship God regularly," was the ready reply. The little brick church, now the object of such curious interest, and the scene of many memorable services, was the result of that wish. Without steeple or bell-fry, nave or chancel, it looks more like a plain farmhouse than a church. It was there that



FRONTISPIECE TO A LIFE OF JACKSON PUBLISHED IN LONDON IN 1834.

REPRODUCED FROM THE BOOK NOW OWNED BY W. H. WHITCOMB, NORTHAMPTON, MASS. THE VOLUME CONTAINS THE FOLLOWING DESCRIPTION OF THE PICTURE :

(Above the Portrait.)

Part of the city of New Orleans with the flag of the United States upon the citadel; surrounded by a rampart of cotton-bags, with the Tennessee militiamen and the other patriot defenders firing from behind the cotton-bags upon the British, who are falling in all quarters and escaping to the sea, whereon some are already in boats, rowing off to the fleet which is setting sail for Old England. The figure in the foreground of a man, heels upward and horse dying under him, represents Packenham, the commander and brother-in-law of Wellington.

(Under the Portrait.)

On one side an Indian chief, hanging to a gibbet. As tomahawk, scalping knife and horn, on the ground. On the other side, a Jew, suspended in like manner, and a bank-note of five dollars lying in the same manner as the murderous but less destructive instrument of the savage.

General Jackson made his first profession of faith and took his first communion. Mrs. Jackson's family, the Donelsons, still worship there and keep it in repair.

When war was declared against Great Britain in 1812, Jackson, then in command of Tennessee militia, offered his services to the Government; and, they being accepted, he headed that Southern expedition which, though it accomplished no great public benefit, brought into prominence his great executive ability and superior military qualifications. It was in tha'

expedition that he acquired the familiar soubriquet of "Old Hickory," and laid the foundation of that all-embracing popularity never before or since equaled by an American, and which to-day, over fifty years after his death, is still strong. One bright October morning, 1813, they attended service together in the little brick church, after which, embracing her tenderly, he, though still prostrated by Benton's bullet, hardly able to mount his horse, but determined to check Creek depredations and avenge Fort Mims,

started on that campaign from which, victorious at Tallustatchie, Talladega, Emuckfaw, Pensacola, Mobile, New Orleans, he returned the most famous, most courted, most idolized man in the world, hailed by his own nation as its deliverer, by all nations as the conquering hero. The country, depressed and humiliated by the disasters attending the Northern and Eastern commands, by the capture and burning of Washington, and dreading a successful British invasion in the South, hailed the news from New Orleans with extravagant demonstrations of rejoicing. People said: "Jackson seals and perpetuates the liberty and independence gained by Washington and Bunker Hill receives its glorious fulfillment at Charleston." Mrs. Jackson, urged to accompany the delegation that went to meet him on his return to Nashville, declined, saying, "I prefer waiting for him at home"; and probably her simple greeting, "I am so thankful to have you back again!" outweighed the many laudatory addresses he received. Henceforth exchanging the happy, peaceful quiet of backwoods farmers for the glamour and turmoil of public notoriety, they lived amid ceremonial pomp and parade. Their home became the Western Mecca, was always crowded with visitors and alive with excitement. Finding their residence (the little frame house) unsuited to new conditions, they built a large, handsome home, christening it the Hermitage, and a hermitage it proved—a refuge from all care and worry; a haven whence, de-



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FROM A FRENCH LITHOGRAPH.

parting for the spirit land, they entered heaven as from an outer chamber. Then came the Presidential campaigns of '24 and '28, when the flood-gates of partisan virulence stood wide open and torrents of slanderous falsehoods deluged the country. Unable to check his great popularity or deny his gallant public service, his opponents sought to mortify and belittle him by besmirching his wife's character. Charges *ad nauseam* were rung on "the marriage before divorce," caricatures of her person and manners

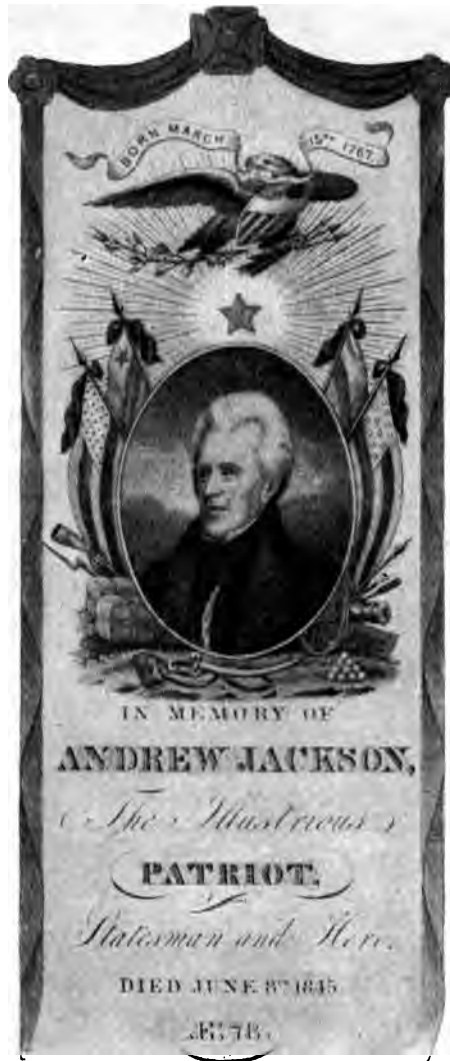
were scattered broadcast, processions singing burlesques aimed at her paraded the streets. This vituperation, however, did him no harm. Brave men honor a man for fidelity to an injured wife. Yet mud-throwing generally leaves some stain, and falsehoods, often repeated and widely circulated, finally gain credence. Impressions still prevailing of Jackson's ignorance (bad spelling and bad grammar) and of his wife's unrefinement may be traced to the malice of partisan enemies in those crucial years.

Lately Mr. Richardson, by authority of Congress, has compiled and published the records of Presidential administrations, an examination of which shows Jackson to have been the equal in spelling, rhetoric and general scholarship of any contemporary—to have been an earnest student of state matters and thoroughly conversant with constitutional law and governmental policy. At a dinner party in London in 1850, at which my father (then United States Minister to Russia) and the Duke of Wellington were guests, the latter, speaking of American affairs, said: "I know you Americans admit no comparison with Washington; but, in my opinion, Jackson is the greatest man your Republic has produced. His course in his Indian campaigns was remarkable, his generalship at New Orleans worthy of Hannibal or Cæsar; and his policy as President, though arbitrary and despotic, was both wise and patriotic. I predict that the time will come when the absence of a man of his nerve and self-confi-



dence in the executive office will result in great national disaster." Did his prophetic eye foresee the days in '61, when people, seeing Buchanan blanch and quail before the coming storm, cried: "Oh, for twenty-four hours of Jackson in the White House!"

There was great political excitement in Tennessee in the summer of 1844, even school-children becoming violent partisans. I, then in the preparatory department of the Nashville Female Academy, was the Democratic champion, Lou — being the Whig. After school we met in the hall to discuss public questions. One Thursday afternoon we had an angry debate, Lou quoting Clay, I Jackson, closing my argument with the words then familiar: "Westward the star of empire wends its way." Suddenly Lou sprang up, and, arms akimbo, head erect, danced up and down the platform, singing to a jig tune: "The girl kicked the kiver off and I kotsht cold." The girls, giggling at first, said: "Don't, Lou; that's unfair." The meeting broke up, Lou's friends going with her, mine with me. Then one of them told me that it was said that, at a grand ball given in New Orleans to General and Mrs. Jackson, she said to a lady inquiring kindly about her health: "Poorly, thank God. To tell the truth, the girl kicked the kiver off and I kotsht cold!"—that the Whigs, using these words as the chorus to a scurrilous song, had chanted them all over the United States during his Presidential campaigns. Of course I was indignant and deeply hurt. Aunt Jackson died before my birth, but I had been taught to love and honor her memory, revering her name as do good Catholics the Holy Virgin's. I generally went home Friday (Tulip Grove, twelve miles from Nashville), returning Monday, and calling Saturday at the Hermitage to tell Uncle Jackson the week's school incidents, seemingly much relished by him. I found him propped up in an



BADGE WORN AT FUNERAL OF GEN. JACKSON.  
FROM THE ORIGINAL NOW IN POSSESSION OF  
W. H. WHITCOMB, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

easy chair near his wife's tomb, where, when the weather and his strength permitted, he always went after breakfast to smoke and meditate. Greeting me affectionately, he said, pointing to the birds overhead and the flower-beds near: "In life she loved birds and flowers, and I enjoy seeing them near her grave." He was then very feeble—seldom able to leave his bed; and his snow-white hair, pallid, pain-drawn features, bent, trembling form, warned his friends that the empty grave near his wife's would soon be tenanted. I had intended to mention and ask the verity of the occurrence alluded to at the debate, but, to save my life, I could not repeat those revolting words at that sacred spot, where the very air seemed redolent with the fragrance of deathless love. I, however, visited and questioned my grandmother, who lived near, and who was Aunt Jackson's sister-in-law and most intimate friend. "False, cruel and wicked," she said, emphatically. "Sister Jackson was not only well-informed, but elegant and dig-

nified—far superior to her detractors. Her father stood well, and moved in the best Virginia society. She visited with him, when a little girl, both Monticello and Mount Vernon, and had interesting reminiscences of Colonial customs and usages, often describing to us the appearance, manners and costumes of the grand dames then prominent in aristocratic circles. No woman in the Western country had traveled so extensively or better used the opportunities for self-improvement afforded by travel and association with cultured people. On her trips with General Jackson to New Orleans, Mobile, Pensacola, Washington, Cincinnati and other cities, she was the honored guest, the recipient of the most distinguished courtesies and attentions. They entertained handsomely and lavishly at the Hermitage, Louis Philippe, Lafayette, Aaron Burr, and many distinguished men and women enjoying



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their hospitality, and testifying by word and letter to her grace as a hostess and charm as a woman. Generous and kind-hearted, none appealed to her in vain for comfort, advice or pecuniary aid, bestowed as if acceptance were the favor, and she, the donor, the one obliged.

"General Jackson loved and admired her extravagantly, finding his chief pleasure in her companionship, his greatest reward in her approval. Once I was present when, trying on a new dress and bonnet, she asked, 'Are they becoming?' he answered, gallantly, 'You become them, my dear, and lend grace to any costume.' They lived for each other, and, no matter what happened, were happy if together. Learning of the proposed New Orleans trip, we, desiring her to make a good impression, persuaded her to order a handsome outfit. We had in those days singular ideas of French ladies, whom we supposed to be a combination of courtesies and shrugs, patches and furbelows. Dancing masters taught the former, girls mimicked the latter. We also imagined French society to be hollow and insincere, devoted to unmeaning ceremonials, and, upon her return, questioned her closely as to what she had seen and done, especially her impressions of French ladies, to which she replied: 'I did very well, enjoyed everything, and found

the French ladies delightful, as kind and unaffected as our plainest neighbors. I let them courtesy and shrug, I did as I do home, thinking that good manners, springing from true politeness, are the same in cabin and palace.' Her descriptions of French balls—the grand polonaises, minuets and cotillons and of French banquets, shrimp soup, fricassed frog, crawfish salad, crab croquettes—were perfectly splendid, and delighted us all, to whom frogs, crabs and shrimps were tabooed luxuries." On other occasions, she, my grandmother, who was an observing, intelligent, highly cultivated woman, told me the incidents mentioned in this sketch.

During the turbulent electoral campaign of 1828, Jackson, though naturally indignant at the unmanly warfare waged against him, was calm and resolute, caring only to guard his wife from knowledge of the cowardly assaults on her. Occasionally he would find her in tears, and learn that she had seen some slanderous document or cruel caricature. Then his wrath would be terrible. He once said: "I forgive those who opposed and abused me, but will cherish undying hate for those who so relentlessly persecuted my wife." He had never desired public office, resigning many high public positions sought by ambitious politicians, and, when he returned home after his Florida service, was anxious to lay aside public duties and enjoy the domesticity he so ardently desired, but from all sections of the country came the cry: "He has earned and should receive his country's crowning honor—the Presidency." Opposed by the wealth, culture, traditional power, business activity, the masses upheld and sustained him, instinctively recognizing in him sympathy with their tastes and ideas, and, his election, hailed with boundless enthusiasm, was the work of the plain American people. When Mrs. Jackson heard of it she said: "For Mr. Jackson's sake I am glad, for myself I never wished it." Persons unfamiliar with Southern plantation life prior to emancipation, can hardly understand the relations, quasi familiar, quasi affectionate and sympathetic, subsisting between master and slave, and would be amused at the extravagant jubilation of the Hermitage slaves at Jackson's election. Singing, dancing, laughing, they shouted: "Mistus and marster done elected President, and gwine lib in de White House."

On all plantations there were many holidays, shared alike by masters and slaves. At the Hermitage holidays were numerous and pleasant, but the greatest of all occasions was "Mistus's trips to town," referring to Mrs. Jackson's

spring and winter shopping expeditions to Nashville, when, purchasing the clothing, provisions, domestic supplies, not produced on the farm, she added presents and favors for each—needed comforts for the old and infirm, coveted gewgaws for the young. On a bright December morning, 1828, the air balmy as May, all nature seemingly suggestive of peace and happiness, she started on her long-anticipated, much-talked-of trip to town, smilingly kissing her hand to the

Washington) she went to the Nashville Inn to rest before returning home. Reclining on a sofa in the back parlor, the folding doors between it and the front room being closed, she heard her name called, then came a rehash of campaign slanders, many of them heard by her for the first time, cruel suggestions as to the practicability of getting rid of her, unkind predictions of the impressions she would make in Washington high life. Though shocked and humiliated, the su-



THE LAST PORTRAIT OF GENERAL JACKSON.

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY I. DANFORTH AFTER A PAINTING ON IVORY BY JOHN W. DODGE

groups calling to her from door and gate, from lane and field: "Don't forget me, mistus; remember your promise." General Jackson, on her trips, always accompanied her some distance going, and met her returning. Having made her purchases, not omitting an item on her list, consulted milliners and mantua makers (for beside shopping, she intended to examine the handsome costume ordered for the great ball on the 23d, and also the elaborate outfit needed for

blime charity of her soul was still in evidence. When asked why she did not reveal her presence, she said: "I supposed they did not know I heard them, and would be hurt if they found out I had." General Jackson met her at Stone's River and commented on her palor and nervousness, and the servants awaiting at the gate, said: "Mistus looks as if she had been shot." The next morning, having distributed her gifts, adding to each some kindly words, she sent for m-



TOMB OF GENERAL JACKSON AT THE HERMITAGE, NEAR NASHVILLE, TENN.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT C. MOULTON.

mother, repeated to her the cruel remarks of the unseen gossipers, exacting a promise never to tell General Jackson of them—and he was never fully informed of them—never to endeavor to discover who the ladies were, to forgive and forget them herself. My mother, alarmed at her unusual excitement, advised her to dismiss it all as malicious gossip. “No, Emily, I’ll never forget it! Listening to them, it seemed as if a veil was lifted and I saw myself, whom you have all guarded from outside criticism and surrounded with flattering delusions, as others see me, a poor old woman, unsuited for fashionable gayeties, a hindrance instead of helpmeet to the man I adore. I will not go to Washington, but stay here as often before in Mr. Jackson’s absences.” In a few days slight spasms of the chest and shoulders appeared, returning each day with increased violence. A doctor being summoned, said her symptoms were not alarming, but there seemed a want of rallying power, a secret something medicine could not reach. General Jackson, alarmed in spite of the doctor’s assurance,

and almost beside himself with fear and anxiety, watched her constantly. They had intended attending the ball arranged for the 23d instant (the anniversary of the night attack on New Orleans), in celebration of his election as President, and she, anxious for him to be there, and knowing that he would need extra strength to bear the unusual fatigue, persuaded him to retire to another room and rest; but hardly had he left her, when a scream from her attendant recalled him, only in time to catch her fainting form and receive her dying smile. The poisonous shaft had done its work, and she, who had never spoken unkindly of a human being, who, had her power equaled her desires, would have cheered and comforted every living sufferer, lay dead from wounds inflicted by unknown, irresponsible gossips.

His friends as well as enemies said her death was providential; that, unfitted to share his high destiny, her presence in his new sphere would have been embarrassing. Cruel, inhuman verdict! Had she lived, she would probably have remained in Tennessee; but had she gone to Washington, she would have graced her new position as all others filled by her; her charities would have found there

extended opportunities of beneficence; her sweet cheerfulness and genial good nature would have brightened and hallowed the White House; and who can measure the influence of her companionship on the old man whom for years she had guided and counseled, cheered and comforted? There would probably have been no Mrs. Eaton episode, no Kitchen Cabinet, no Cabinet imbroglios; and the fierce partisan warfare waged during his eight years’ executive service would have been so tempered as to accomplish equal public benefit without engendering either enmity or revenge. Death could not part them; to his life’s end she was ever present in thought, loved and desired as though living, sincerely mourned and tenderly remembered. They buried her in the Hermitage garden, where he erected over her remains a Doric marble temple, surmounted by an artistic entablature supported by eight fluted columns, and reached by a flight of steps. On each side of an elaborately carved central funeral urn there is a marble slab. One bears the inscription:

## GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.

BORN MARCH 15, 1767.

DIED JUNE 8, 1845.

The other the epitaph written at General Jackson's dictation by Henry Lee of Virginia:

"Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, who died the 22d of December, 1828, aged 61. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable and her heart kind. She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow-creatures,

and cultivated that Divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods; to the poor she was a benefactor, to the rich an example, to the wretched a comforter, to the prosperous an ornament; her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle, and yet so virtuous, slander might wound, but could not dishonor. Even Death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."

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MIRACLE-WORKING IMAGES.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE VARIED ORACLES AND SHRINES OF THE VIRGIN IN VENEZUELA.

BY A. JAMES MILLER.

THAT inanimate dust should be invested with miraculous powers, and even supernatural attributes, is a thing that will readily call down the sneers and ridicule of science; that God, "who moves in a mysterious way," should seek to illustrate His beneficence and omnipotence through such channels is hardly credited by the advanced Christian thought of the civilized world; and yet we have the historical verification of Joan of Arc and her consulting oracle, besides numerous instances like that of Lourdes, in both the Pagan and Christian world. All that we may know, either from teaching, intuition or inspiration, might instinctively reject as preposterous the idea that mere images of man's handicraft could be invested with supernatural powers, while we may immediately consign such a faith to the deepest realm of superstition. The accepted idea of a miracle is a suspension or a violation of the laws of nature—a supernatural interposition which would be impossible by human agency; in other words, a sign of the Creator working out of human reach. This assumes that the boundaries of the natural are all known, which is a most plain and manifest error. But, without going into a discussion of the truth or falsity of miracles, or in any way subscribing to the verity or error of the subject treated, I have herewith compiled a more or less interesting *résumé* of the so-called miracle-working images found in Venezuela. The space of a single article does not admit of a more extended elaboration, else many minor details could have been added that might have enhanced the interest and shed a more weird light over the whole subject.

Nearly all Catholic countries have certain special shrines, to which the faithful are yearly expected to do homage either by contributions or pilgrimages. These miracle shrines seem to multiply as one recedes from the highways of civilization, while the veneration of them is increased in the same proportion. Venezuela has not less than six different miracle-working images of the Virgin, to which annual pilgrimages are made by the devout to make offerings and ask intercession for multifold ends. At times it constitutes a regular furore, and there would seem to be a rivalry among certain villages as to which could send the largest delegation of *perigrinos* to invoke the special blessings of their favorite shrine. The regular pilgrimage to "Our Blessed Lady of Lourdes" occurred in February, while I was in Caracas. The miracle image of "Lourdes" is located at Maiquitia, about three miles from La Guayra. To this the faithful repair every February, coming from distances of a hundred miles or more to ask its special intercession for a variety of ills to which flesh is heir. The devotees will walk or ride as their circumstances will admit, but generally appear in long processions, sometimes hundreds, dressed in white, with brown bonnets, and carrying a change of raiment and a few provisions in a bundle under the arm. The pilgrims are commonly called *perigrinos*, and march through the street bearing religious banners and chanting hymns. They generally belong to the peon class, and are composed almost exclusively of women, who entertain a blind faith in the miraculous intercession of the image. Each delegation, on reaching the shrine, will spend one or



two days in devotional exercises before the image, and then retire to make way for others who are to follow from different parts of the country. This is continued for many days, until all pilgrims have seen and invoked the special blessing of the Virgin, leaving, of course, a contribution commensurate with their means, for the care and protection of the image for the following year. A priest (Father Machado) in charge of the shrine acts as treasurer for the Virgin and as associate intermediary, to hear the prayers and register the vows of those asking intercession.

One of the most noted and oldest of these Venezuelan shrines is located at Barcelona, which, from its having been found in the hollow trunk of an old tutumo tree, is called "La Virgin del Tutumo." It is a small stone image, about fifteen inches in height, cleverly carved to represent the angelic face and form of the Virgin. The tradition comes down from the Mission Indians that the image was discovered in the last century, curiously imbedded in the trunk of the old tutumo or calabash tree, near Cumanagoto, and at a period when much acrimonious bickering existed relative to a removal of the town site. The image was carried in procession to Barcelona, where the greatest discontent was prevalent among the clergy and monks. The image was placed in a chapel in the midst of the excitement, and on the following morning was found to have mysteriously disappeared. It was again found in the same tree, whither it was said to have fled from the angry discussions prevailing. This miracle is said to have been repeated several times, and did not cease until a fine convent (College of the Propaganda) was built to receive the Franciscan Order of Monks. Since that time it has been studiously guarded in one of the leading churches of Barcelona, where annual pilgrimages are made to its shrine by all the common people of the surrounding country. I am informed that many of the pilgrims who yearly visit this shrine occupy three or four days in making the journey, traversing the low, parching districts, or crawling over the precipitous interior mountains. They seem to falter at no sacrifice, and will brave the most serious perils to reach this vested Mecca and pour out their prayers for intercession.

Possibly one of the most famous and historic shrines in all South America is located at Villa de Cura, the capital of the state of Miranda. The curious physical anomalies of nature wrought in this section have contributed to heighten interest in the image and to lend a weird charm to its alleged virtues. Cura itself is

located in a bleak and barren valley, while near it, at the foot of the wild and shattered peak of Morros de San Juan, is the Valley of Death. On the opposite side several rivers mysteriously lose themselves in the crevices of the ground. The miracle image is known far as *Nuestra Señora de los Valencianos*, or "Our Blessed Virgin of the Valencians." It was found sometime about the middle of the last century, near the Rio de los Minas and close to a point where that stream is mysteriously lost in the cleft of a great rock. It was discovered by an Indian, who had been unjustly persecuted, and while he was praying for deliverance from his enemies and tormentors. It is said to have relieved him of his troubles, and when brought to his home healed his mother, who had become a hopeless paralytic. It was finally brought to Villa de Cura, where its widespread fame precipitated rival claims for its ownership. The contest arose between the cities of Cura and San Sebastian de los Reyes, the vicars of the latter place claiming that the Virgin had made her first appearance on the territory of their parish. The Archbishop of Caracas, becoming cognizant of the facts, in order to put an end to the scandal, caused the image to be brought to the capital and placed among the archives of the bishopric. It was guardedly kept there, under seal, for a period of over thirty years, and was not restored to the inhabitants of Cura until 1802.

Many marvelous cures of hereditary diseases and fatal maladies have been attributed to this shrine, and it is deeply venerated by the faithful throughout Venezuela.

In the midst of the great coffee region, and away up among the mountains overlooking the great Aragua Valley, is located the flourishing town of San Mateo. It was here that the wife of Simon Bolivar died, and is further memorable in Venezuelan annals for the heroic self-sacrifice of one of its patriots, who ignited the magazine of a fortress to prevent the munitions falling into the hands of the Spaniards. But, among all the cherished possessions of this town, its chief pride is that of the miracle image of *Nuestra Señora de Belen*, otherwise "Our Blessed Lady of Bethlehem." It has its origin many generations ago from a little Mestizo girl, whose invalid mother was in direful want and destitution. It is recorded that the poor woman had been reduced to her last coin, with which she sent the daughter to purchase a loaf of bread. The little one had persistently prayed to her small image, and on this occasion sought its intercession before starting upon the errand that was to take the last

penny of her sick mother. When she returned home she was somewhat amazed to find the same coin in the bottom of her basket, with which she had purchased the bread. This was repeated for many days, each time another coin being found to take the place of the one spent. Meanwhile the miracle became known, and the image was secured by the parish priest, and continued to create wonder by the favors it distributed to those who sought its intercession. It has now been in the possession of this parish for many generations, and in commemoration of the month in which it was found the yearly pilgrimages to the shrine occur in November. The wonderful coin was also preserved and secreted in a neighboring cave, to which the devotees repair after paying their adorations to the image and gather up particles of dirt from the cave, which is blessed and then carried home. I have met several reputable and truthful people who have declared to me that astonishing miracles have been performed at this shrine, and things which they could not possibly attribute to any other cause.

In some of the remote and sparsely settled farm districts of Venezuela no churches exist, and those devoutly inclined are in the habit of gathering at some large *hacienda* on Sundays and holding brief services. Such is the condition of a small community near Carayaca, in the mountains beyond Caracas, though they have but one settled place of worship, which is rendered doubly sacred for holding a miracle image called "La Virgen de Capacabaña." This image was presented to the people of this district, in 1832, by the wealthy owner of the coffee estates, Señora Maria del Rivas-Pacheco. She was a very devout woman, and, as a period of disastrous drouth was prevailing, she conceived this idea to concentrate prayer for rain. The image was enclosed in a handsome glass case, and was received with much prayerful ceremony by the afflicted peon tenantry. While it was being borne in state through the fields to the farmhouse, a copious rain is said to have commenced falling from clouds before unnoticed. Each day an invocation brought seasonable showers, which were absorbed by the thirsty crops and a famine averted. These miracles led to special honors for the image, and a gorgeously equipped apartment was finally fitted up to receive it, known

as the "Virgin's Room," and in this apartment it has remained ever since. Many efforts have been made by various neighboring towns to secure possession of it, but the honest peons would sooner sacrifice a member of the family than allow the image to be taken away. They feel a certain security so long as it remains in their midst and sheds its benedictions among them, and believe firmly that separation from it would entail many privations. Numberless presents are bestowed upon it every year, and the "Virgin's Room" is copiously bedecked with many curiously carved silver trinkets. These trinkets are made to represent different parts of the human frame which have been cured of maladies by the interposition of the Virgin.

There are one or two other miracle-working images in the republic, but no definite description can be here given because the facts were not available. One of these is the "Holy Blanket," upon which the face of the Virgin was miraculously painted while it served as the covering of a poor Indian at night. At first merely the dim outlines of the face appeared, but, during a period of several weeks, the spirit painter had completed the work of a masterpiece upon the rough, furzy folds of a peon's common blanket. Many miracles have been attributed to this picture, but the details were not obtainable. It is said to still remain in the possession of the Indian, somewhere about Coro on the coast. Another miracle shrine is located at Naguayata, in mountains near Caracas, where pilgrimages occur in January.

In addition to the interposition sought from the miracle shrines, the devout Venezuelanos entertain an unalloyed faith in patron saints. For every emergency of life they seem to have a special saint who will intercede for and shield them. Saint George is the patron saint of the nation; San Pablo, like good old St. Patrick, is supposed to have entire sway over snakes and other vermin; San Antonio is blessed with the power of recovering stolen goods and restoring them to the rightful owner; Santa Barbara is an intermediary against lightning and direful thunderstorms; Saint Francis protects them against ants and pestilential insects; and Saint Somebody Else will be selected by robbers and assassins to shield them against the consequences of their crimes.





BALAKLAVA—OCTOBER 25, 1854.  
FROM A PAINTING BY H. CATON WOODVILLE.

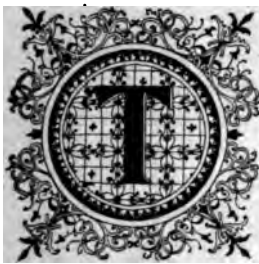


## MARIE TREMAINE.\*

BY FRANCES SWANN WILLIAMS,

AUTHOR OF "MR. GADSBURY'S BROTHER," "SILVER SHAFTS," "OLD FORTY'S MASTER," "THE MAGNET STONE," "MISTRESS MARION," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.



HE ladies waved adieux to the soldiers as they rode off for Doncastle's Ordinary from the front windows, and watched them galloping off by the highway, apparently as peaceful gentlemen, but in

reality to join their troop at the front.

"It's a matter of doubt whether we will ever see them again, poor boys—poor boys!" Mrs. Marchison said, her tones sharper and more crisp when she added: "Come, my girls, I look to you, now, that no Briton take advantage of your brother's absence."

Charlotte, honestly weeping for the man she was so soon to wed, folded together the ruffles and embroidery and laid them away in the cedar chest in the linen room.

"I cannot work on them now, mother. He may never come back, and if he mischance I will not need them on Sunday six weeks," she explained, with a fresh burst of weeping.

"They are such fools!" cried Anne, whose distress always turned to rage. "Why not let them have the powder? Sure my Lord Dunmore may have every dust of it, so he brings us our wares from London. I'll warrant you linsey woolsey and Puritan kerchiefs are not to my liking."

As for Marie Tremaine, resting her head wearily on the sofa arm, she had nothing to say, only listened with strained attention to Mrs. Marchison, when she asserted with the emphasis of conviction:

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"I know of a surety that they will drive Dunmore and his ships back to England."

Then Marie arose, without a word, and left the drawing-room. An hour later she knew that she, too, was guilty of treachery, and would be guilty again, but she did not heed, though a pang of bitter humiliation sent a hot, scarlet wave to the roots of her golden hair, as her own hand dropped in Judith's ample pocket a billet. One line was written within:

"Jasper, I must see you."

### CHAPTER XI.

THE POESY OF WAR.

THE sloop-of-war *Magdalen* lay in the York River almost in midstream. The cabin was light and pleasant, although every luminant ray had been shut off from the outside world, leaving the ship a black mass lying on the calm waters to all appearance harmless. On board the *Magdalen* was stowed the entire supply of ammunition stolen from the Colony of Virginia. The ship concentrated upon herself and her people the hatred of the Colnists, but no one seemed to care for their open hostility. Collins and Leslie played backgammon at a table, while Hamilton, in full uniform and heavily armed, stood behind them, hazarding an occasional bet with Lord Gosport on the moves of the game.

"An interview with my Lord Governor is neither so pleasant nor safe as it was a s'ennight ago," remarked Lord Gosport, as Leslie surrendered the game to his antagonist.

"Ay," rejoined Hamilton, lazily, "but it goes

\* Begun in the March number.

hard to have a billet, and then perhaps fail of one's mission somewhat at last."

"'Gad! you have more points than one in the wind to-night, I'll warrant," broke in Foy, blundering, as usual, upon topics to be avoided. "The prettiest girl and finest estates in the Colony hath not been the luck of every man."

The haughty coldness of Hamilton's face warned even the obtuse secretary to say no more. Careless though he was of his own reputation, which, to do him justice, he of late wished was not so peculiarly graceless and unsanctified, Hamilton resented free allusions to this one woman. Men were at liberty to jest of all women save this one. They had learned already that Hamilton's eyes gleamed with a dangerous fire when some foolhardy tongue wagged of "*la belle Tremaine*." Instinctively they refrained—all except Foy, and he was learning the lesson.

"*Mon Dieu!* Hamilton," Lord Gosport interrupted, "your fancy for *les beaux yeux* exceeds mine, but you have a wonderful black night for your expedition. It threatens a storm, so whether you serve Venus or Mars those heavy clouds will be a monstrous help, for, betwixt us all, our day is over in this Colony. These pretty Colonial dames hath smiled their last smile on us."

"Tut, Gosport, these fellows will soon be struck of a terror of England. British fingers will choke the life out of them, and then we can partition the spoils. They are goodly enough, by heavens! to save us from going home penniless," boasted Foy, the glitter of avarice in his small eyes.

"It may be honorless, not penniless," corrected Leslie, with a shade of contempt in his tone.

"The bailiffs can't levy on honors, but they are devilish sharp on the scent of anything else," added Jasper, leaving the cabin to go on deck.

The night was, as Gosport had said, "black" and starless; but all the better for the boat into which Hamilton and a few marines descended. Without a sound to break the hush of night they dropped slowly from under the shadows of the *Magdalen*, down the stream, under the bows of the *Fowey*, lying in misleading aspect of peace and slumber upon the bosom of the waters. Jasper stood up, straight and erect, keenly alive to every sound as they bore shoreward. The identical pall of darkness hung alike over clandestine adventures and the vengeance meant for Jasper Hamilton. Who could

know where a firelock turned with deadly aim upon the magazine robbers? Jasper coveted the boon of life and invoked with all his soul the "charmed luck," of which now that his destinies seemed to hang upon it, he had strange misgivings. The glare of sunlight held far less peril than this stealthy approach at midnight. At midday they might land in safety, protected by their own guns, but at midnight Hamilton knew only too well the sleepless vigilance of the infuriated people. Nevertheless, the boat crept through murk and mists closer to the shore. Without a word Jasper stepped on the sands, and the men pulled back into the river. The darkness rose between and parted them.

Hamilton walked rapidly down the river road. The gloom of the forest pines added to the darkness tenfold, but he was too familiar with every turn to need any guidance. In the impenetrable blackness Jasper suddenly became aware that someone was close to him—close enough for the hot breath to blow across his face. A hand stretched out would have clutched his throat, but for a quick backward spring, as a stern voice said, "Halt!"

"Eh, Lennox!" called out another well-known voice, not ten steps from Hamilton.

"Tom! Damn it! we've lost him in these cursed woods!" angrily retorted Lennox.

"Who?"

"Hamilton! I saw him land. I've tracked him this far—what's that? Halt there! You infernal traitor! By G—d! I've lost him!" and through the stillness echoed the sharp report of a pistol and then another, followed by a heavy blow, and someone fell over the brush and stones prone on the ground.

"Lennox," called Tom Marchison, "are you hurt?"

A low groan answered him.

"Bassett and the men are coming," he whispered, feeling cautiously over the ground for his comrade as a troop of men galloped up the road.

"Who fired?" asked one of the troopers, in a suppressed voice.

"Lennox is hurt. He was on Hamilton's track, but the game turned on him," explained Tom.

"Did you catch him?" asked Lennox, as Bernard dismounted hastily. "I was only stunned. I'm better now. Help me to my horse. Did you catch him?"

"No," answered Bernard, assisting Lennox to mount. "Are you sure it was Hamilton? Strange that he should have ventured here alone!"



"It was Hamilton, curse him!" reiterated Lennox, bitterly, although the tones were still unsteady.

"And he was on his way to town?" interrogated Bernard, thoughtfully.

"Ay, I saw him land, and lost my chance of putting a bullet through him to find out where the traitor was going," answered the other, overcome with chagrin and unnerved by the severe blow Hamilton had given him.

"Going to Williamsburg alone? What is Hamilton after?" demanded Evelyn, who had been sitting on his horse.

"Nothing against the Colony, sure," grimly retorted Tom Marchison.

"Then it is idle to pursue him; besides, we must ride back to camp. It is sixteen miles to Doncastle's Ordinary," was Bernard's quiet answer. "Forward, we will pass around Williamsburg by the Governor's Palace."

The troop rode on, all save Tom Marchison, who, mindful of matters he cared not to explain, suddenly quitted them as they neared the palace and galloped swiftly down to the vicinity of his own house. His intention could not certainly have been to see his family, for Tom dismounted and passed down the graveled walk to the rear of the house, peering curiously about him in close search of some object, perhaps unconfessed to himself. The inspection of the premises was soon ended. Tom stood irresolute near the gallery, restlessly beating the gravel with his booted foot.

"I am a fool!" was his impatient comment. "Pshaw! I deserve a bullet for my pains," and, turning abruptly, Tom walked back to his horse, sprang into the saddle and galloped furiously back to his comrades, who were trotting leisurely on the road to Doncastle's Ordinary.

Ashamed of entertaining the suspicion urging the good-natured fellow to attempt that much of an investigation, Tom might have been fully justified if a retrospective glance had been permitted him. Happily for himself and his peace of mind the clatter of his horse's hoofs was dying away in the distance when the mansion door opened, and in the darkness a delicate, graceful figure emerged therefrom. Across the lawn to the cabin allotted to her guardian nurse, Marie Tremaine hurried, without looking to the right or left. A fire burned brightly on the hearth of the scrupulously neat little cabin, and before it stood a tall man in the British uniform. Marie Tremaine paused a moment on the threshold, then with a glad, happy cry of surprise she threw herself in the arms outstretched to receive her.

"Oh, Jasper—Jasper!" she said. "I am so glad, so glad!"

"My darling! it has been a terrible separation for me!" Hamilton said, after a silence, as if he could only hold her close to his heart and kiss the beautiful lips, whispering her name in accents of tender love.

"It has been only days—it seems years, Jasper——"

"And yet I came as soon as your summons reached me. The distance between us now, my love, is far greater than from Paris or London, and I fear it is widening daily, for a time at least, nevertheless I am here."

"It is safe for you now, is it not, Jasper?" she asked, hesitatingly, as if it was hard to ask that question of him—hard to feel it dangerous for him to venture there. "Everybody is away; they all went away several days ago and have not returned."

He smiled and stroked her hair caressingly, glad in his heart that she did not know what the danger had been.

"Marie, what are these tears for, my poor little girl; has it been very hard for you? Can you not forgive me, dearest?"

Marie pressed her face against his shoulder without a word. It was a frightful struggle. More than she could bear, and perhaps in all his life nothing ever stung Jasper Hamilton to the very heart's core as the short, convulsive sobs, swaying this girl's slender form like a reed before a fierce storm. He made no effort to soothe or offer consolation. What could he say? It was a marvel to find himself so often with nothing to say in his own defense to the sole person whose approval he sought to win, and for whose distress he held himself accountable. When the passionate burst of anguish was subdued he knew that she had striven bravely to stay her grief and not cast a tacit reproach at him. Hamilton recognized the tender delicacy with which Marie repaid the wrongs and pain he had wrought her, and long after, if there was any good in the man's nature, it sprang from the sharp thrill of compunction the memory of that interval brought him.

"I wanted to tell you something, Jasper," she said, when she had grown calm, although the voice was still tremulous and tearful.

"Not of the military?" interposed Hamilton, quickly.

"Of yourself, Jasper. I want you to be on your guard against Captain Lennox. He is your determined and most bitter enemy, and his threats are dreadful," she added, shivering with

sudden terror, and clinging to him as if the avenger was already at hand.

"What are these threats?" Hamilton asked.

"He says he will shoot you, sir," Marie answered, the same shudder of fear passing over her.

"I may chance to shoot him," was Hamilton's reply, spoken carelessly enough, as if the life of a man who had been his friend mattered not more to him than that of the game they had shot in days gone by. Marie started.

"Jasper, I pray that you may not," she said, earnestly. "I pray that heaven itself may defend you from Captain Lennox and from—Bernard."

Had Marie chanced to look into Jasper's face just then, instead of nestling close to him as if his peril made him dearer, the dark flush and angry glitter of those azure eyes would have alarmed her far more than the most vindictive threat uttered by Lennox. Under whatever guise it might descend, Hamilton understood that, sooner or later, Bernard would have heavy scores to settle with him, and this premonitory matter irritated him beyond everything.

"By heaven! they should make their threats to me, not to you," he said, in hot anger.

"Bernard made no threats, Jasper," she said, softly passing her little hand across his brow and smoothing the frown therefrom so tenderly that every vestige of this sudden wrath melted like a snow wreath under the warm gleam of sunlight. "He only desired to see you for a very foolish reason."

"What is it?" asked Hamilton, in a cool tone.

"He wishes to discover whether there is a resemblance between you and that bad nephew of papa's—as if he could resemble you, sir!"

"Curse his suspicion!" muttered Hamilton, between his set teeth.

"As if my Jasper could be that wicked Hamilton—my Jasper, mine!" she added, with a pride that was resistlessly sweet to the irritated man, growing restive and bitter under the curb, not less galling for having been self-imposed. She was so pure and innocent, so loving and lovely, that as he held her to his heart, talking eagerly and rapidly, making the best use of his limited time, Hamilton felt that, come what might, he would cleave unto her despite the fury of Basil Tremaine, or the hatred of Bernard Bassett, or—the retribution of both.

"Marie, I must leave you now. I have lingered to the last minute of grace. It is a dangerous road to the river. Dismiss me, my dear life, or I shall never be able to say adieu."

Jasper spoke reluctantly, with none of the indolent scorn, the lazy indifference of manner that was so characteristic either in salon or camp.

"Dangerous? How, sir?" she exclaimed, and, startled by the words, Marie's hand, in its restless movement upon his arm, suddenly caught in a round blackened hole in the scarlet sleeve.

"What is it, Jasper? It is a bullet! I know it! Oh, my darling," she almost screamed, "you have been shot!"

Her face had become deadly white, and her breath came in short gasps, as it did on the day she heard them say that he was a traitor.

"You have been shot! I sent for you to save you, and I have nearly cost you your life. Oh, Jasper! Oh, sir!"

Perhaps Marie realized for the first time that her family and friends were arrayed against him, and, should she cling to Jasper, no less against her.

"Marie, my sweet, it is nothing. I am not hurt. The ball, a chance one of some pot-hunter, mayhap passed through my sleeve. I take worse chances than this to see you, though life is a thousand fold more valuable to me now—and Marie, my greatest misfortune at present is that I must leave you subjected to these terrors."

"I will never again send for you, Jasper," she said, standing on the threshold of the door, and laying her hand on his shoulder, as he lingered in the eddying mists for a last farewell. "Never endanger your life by a summons from me, if my heart breaks to see you—never—never—never again."

"You must not break your heart for me, *ma belle*, I am not worthy of it. Live and be happy for me, and let nothing part us, as you have promised."

Marie stepped out into the darkness beside him.

"We are bound, Jasper, irrevocably. We belong to each other; to fail would be to sin indeed, and—dishonor."

Jasper bowed his head and reverently kissed the brown hair.

"I will wait here, Marie, until you are safely within the door. Farewell, my poor girl, farewell! Love me, and be true to me!"

They had paused in the thickest of the shrubbery.

"We belong to each other," she answered, faintly, with that same inexpressibly melancholy cadence in the tone haunting him like chords of an old melody full of music and pathos.



ATTACK BY JAPANESE TROOPS ON A CHINESE POSITION DURING THE BATTLE OF PING YANG.

Then she was gone, the door had fallen back to its place—closed upon the form that Hamilton, be he saint or sinner, loved better than life.

"Fool that I am," he muttered, bitterly, "to have my peace disturbed by a woman! By Jove! the world takes a man at a disadvantage with such a weakness as that in his soul."

Hamilton laughed aloud in the blackness of night, out there alone among the shrubs of the Marchisons' garden, a short, contemptuous laugh, for there abode with him that same scorn of himself returning whenever he thought of Marie Tremaine. He despised himself thoroughly, and dreaded lest she might perceive wherein he was lacking, and despise him, too. Jasper grew bitter and angered when the bare possibility of this presented itself. He stood brooding over the matter in a rage with himself. All was dark inside and outside the house. It could avail him nothing to linger. He walked hastily over the turf, avoiding the cravching gravel of the path. In another moment those dangerous bounds would have been passed, the river road gained, and all fear of discovery gone. If he had it might have been different; "if" that moment of moody reflection had not been lost, who knows what results might have fallen to one who courted fortune so bravely? One moment more, but in that intervening moment a figure glided out of the pitchy darkness and stood before him, a soft, warm hand was laid on his, and the voice of a woman—not Marie Tremaine—bade him stop. Her outline was dimly visible as he peered down into her face, then turned his head away with almost an imprecation hissed from between the set teeth. It required no second glance to identify the woman confronting him; he comprehended instantly that Anne Marchison had divined with that awful acumen of hers his purpose and his presence. She had come upon him in the Marchison garden—that would have troubled him little—but she had come upon his secret, fastened her talons upon Marie.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE LETTERS AT DONCASTLE'S ORDINARY.

CAPTAIN BASSETT'S troop had regained its rendezvous at Doncastle's Ordinary. The men had long since breakfasted by the bivouac fires and rested from their long reconnoissance—all save Bernard, and perhaps Tom Marchison. From all parts of the State companies of armed men rushed to Fredericksburg, and there united under the leadership of the great genius of liberty stirring

their hearts with his impassioned eloquence. And now Patrick Henry was advancing upon Williamsburg at the head of five thousand stalwart men, eager to fight for freedom. The horsemen were already at Doncastle's Ordinary, only sixteen miles away from the Royal envoy and his armed vessels lying in the James River, ready to pour shot and shell upon the devoted people. Bernard sat under a great oak, his arms folded upon the rough deal table, his gaze wandering over the landscape, dotted here and there with cavalry dismounted and at rest. The gleam of arms, the trappings of the sleek horses, not yet jaded and broken by war; the uniforms of the men, not yet tarnished by hard service, and the fires scattered over lowland and upland, presented a marvelous *tableau vivant*, inspiring the beholder had he been other than Captain Bassett.

A courier had taken his dispatches an hour before, nevertheless the Colonial officer remained moodily meditating regardless of his comrades, except to answer some inquiry. Near him, on the grass, Lennox was stretched at full length, his face paler than usual and his head bandaged. He raised himself languidly as Tom Marchison sauntered near, smoking a long-stemmed pipe.

"Tom, you were in the town last night after Hamilton escaped, did you go home?" he asked, in a weary voice.

Tom's glance traveled over his countenance almost sharply.

"Yes," was the brief reply, as he replenished his pipe.

"Did you see your family?" Lennox queried, curiously.

"No," answered Tom, in the same decisive tone, cutting short anyone less intimate and privileged than the man lying there evidently chewing the cud of some bitter reflection.

"Then you do not know where Hamilton went last night?" he interrogated.

"No; how could I know where the d— Briton went?" rejoined Tom, impatiently, as he seated himself on a log near Bernard and close to Lennox, whose appearance elicited more than usual interest by reason of being the only wounded man in camp.

"Why do you ask? Don't you suppose he went to the palace?"

Lennox smiled satirically.

"Do you suppose that I am blind?" he inquired, in a meaning tone. "Do you suppose that Hamilton's *finesse* is incomprehensible?"

"Curse it, Lennox! what are you driving at?" demanded Tom, roughly. "Has Hamilton any business with my family?"

"Ay ; more than you suspect," was Lennox's slow answer. "Lord Dunmore's service did not take him out last night. He did not risk his life and drift down the river to that lonesome, dangerous spot to serve King George, nor venture alone in the very teeth of his worst enemies for anyone except a—woman."

Bernard Bassett raised his head from the hand supporting it, and gave a grave attention to his comrade's remark.

"And you suppose that woman to be one of my family?" asserted Tom, in rather a cool tone. "My sister Anne is our Royalist, but at that hour no one in my mother's house could receive any visitor."

"I adhere to my opinion," replied Lennox, guardedly.

"Will you make your opinion clear to me?" This time the tone had cooled into visible frigidity.

"Oh, certainly, as clear as it is to myself," replied Lennox, carelessly. "My opinion is that Hamilton is in pursuit of some woman fairer than your sister Anne, and not a Royalist."

"Confound you, Lennox ! I can't understand your riddles. Explain yourself, man !"

"Since it is neither of your sisters, Tom, I don't see that the explanation is necessary. Certainly it does not concern you," pointedly rejoined Lennox, a white line growing perceptible around his mouth, the only sign of passion Nature permitted him to evince. Men sometimes felt the wrath of this man pursuing them long after the offense was forgotten, but few saw anything in the unruffled manner to warn him of the danger—nothing save that ashen line coming and going around the firmly set mouth. What did it matter to Lennox ? Both Bernard and Tom mentally made the same inquiry, both mentally made another, and one at least answered it by dimly associating a name in place of the sister Anne.

"Not in the least, by Jove ! only that I may be pardoned some curiosity on the subject." Tom rejoined with an indifference far from real.

"God forgive the folly of the woman trusting herself to his tender mercies, but I will save her from his griffes and mar this pleasant affair *du coeur*, for I will—kill him !" continued Lennox. "Sooner or later, if heaven spares me, I will kill Jasper Hamilton !"

"Perhaps."

Bernard moved from their vicinity and paced the narrow path between two oaken trees. Their horses were picketted near, watched by negro grooms, while the men were most of them

stretched on the grass, sleeping as profoundly as if the couch were of down. The rugged realities of the long, hard struggle had not yet bronzed their cheeks, broken their spirits and worn them down with suffering and starvation. They were strong and sanguine, with no thought of who might lie low on the morrow.

"Lennox," asked Captain Bassett, approaching nearer, "you were speaking just now of the British officer who escaped last night your effort to capture him ? Pardon me, but——"

"A thousand times," responded Lennox, noting the hesitation. "Go on, sir."

"Will you tell me if my description is correct?"

"Undoubtedly, yes."

Lennox looked keenly in the grave face before him, marveling to himself how Bernard could describe a man he had never seen.

"Of great height, a blond, of lazy courtesy, but perfect grace ; eyes blue, and of haughty bearing."

"The same," replied Lennox, decidedly.

"I should say his bearing was not in the least haughty," said Tom, thoughtfully, "nor his courtesy lazy. To my mind he is always a brilliant, dashing fellow, neither do I think him a positive blond."

Bernard's countenance brightened.

"Then, if you are not positive, it can't be the man, I suppose, for he was an undoubted blond," he said, quickly.

"It can't be the man you mean," asserted Tom.

"No, not the same, I am glad to say," and Bernard hurried away as if he feared Lennox might in some way mar this pleasant conclusion.

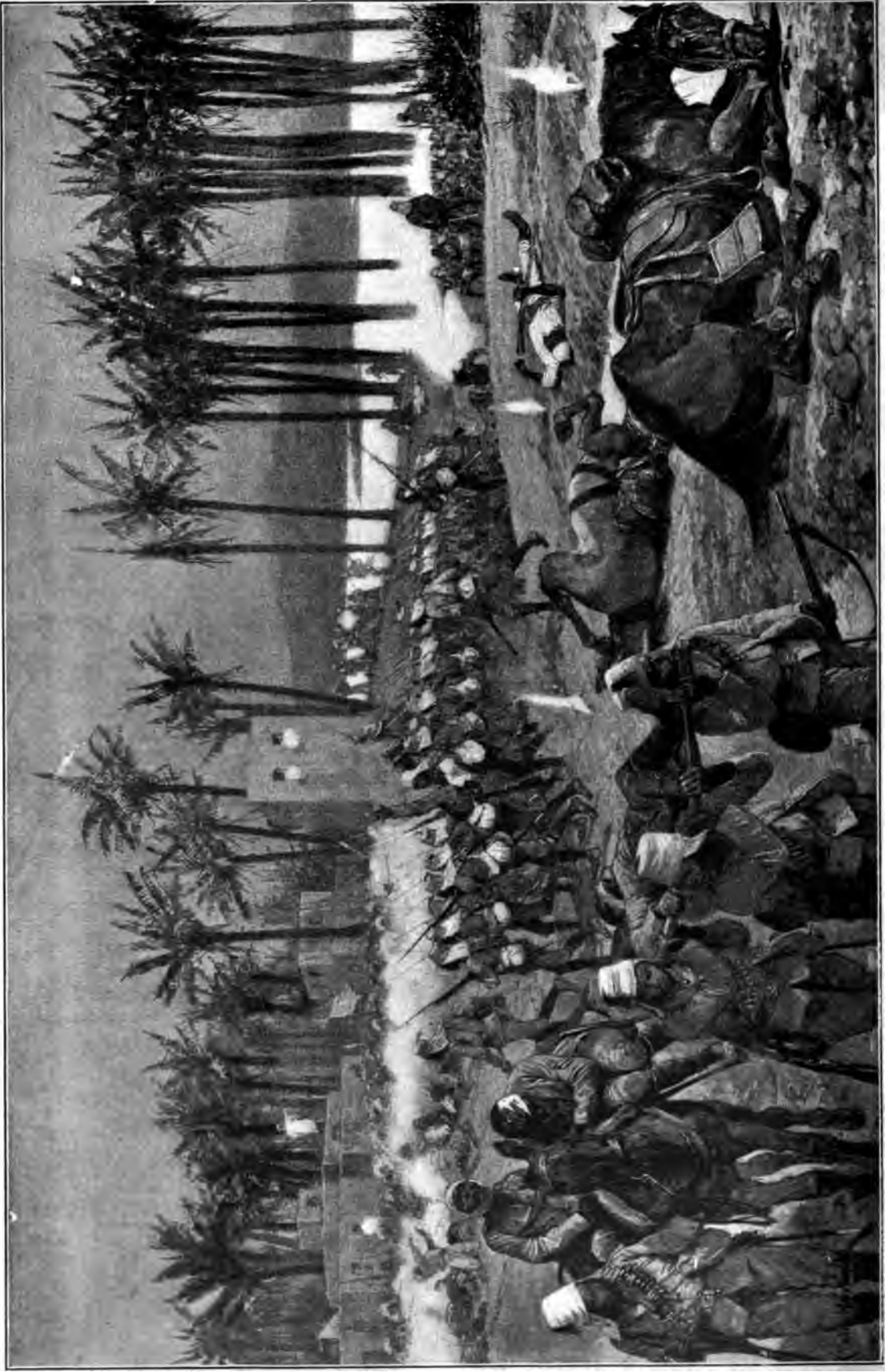
Lennox looked after him with a compassionate smile. Tom's perceptions were not acute. The honest fellow really had never observed that Hamilton was a blond, and being always pleased with his society, it never struck him that there could be any haughtiness in his manner, consequently he was enabled to cast a doubt upon Hamilton by which Bernard readily profited.

"Eh, there's the parson," Tom said, before either had time to make further remark.

The short, quaint figure and good-humored face of Parson Chealy was familiar to most of the men lying about on the turf, so that he received numberless greetings as he ambled up the path on his horse toward the spot occupied by Bernard's company.

"Truly, Captain Bernard, you are already





THE BATTLE OF FERKET, DURING THE BRITISH CAMPAIGN IN DONGOLA.

come out against Goliath of Gath in formidable force. How d'ye, sir! Eh, Captain Lennox, is your head damaged by the enemy's slings and arrows?" he asked, shaking hands with the gentlemen as he greeted them. "And faith, Mr. Marchison, your family were well at breakfast this morning, excepting perhaps Miss Tremaine."

"Was anything wrong with Miss Tremaine?" asked Lennox, quickly.

"She's not over strong," commented Tom.

"She is vastly weaker than when at home under the eye of Mistress Tremaine. She is drooping enough, and hath a grieved look that perplexeth me, but she is wonderful fair to look upon. Perchance she is ailing for thee, Captain Bassett?" he said, with a genuine concern in his voice, as he took a pinch of snuff and threw the bridle of his horse on the ground so that the animal might graze at leisure.

Bernard's face flushed with pleasure, and then the light and flush faded out, as he answered, quietly :

"I wish I could think so ; but young ladies do not break their hearts for lovers nowadays, Mr. Chealy. You are not in the fashion."

"I'll warrant you the fashion hath not much to do with the sad visage of Mistress Marie," replied the parson. "You should see your uncle, the colonel, and let Miss Marie return to the plantation, where her mother can physic her."

The three men listened with intense interest to the parson. Each was eager to hear all that he could tell of Marie. Each had a motive, but all had a regard for her more tender than he cared to confess.

"Miss Anne intrusted me with a letter to you, Captain Bassett, which may tell something of your cousin's health," continued the minister, drawing a letter from his ample pocket and handing it to Bernard.

"How was Miss Anne?" questioned Lennox.

"Flippant enough with her tongue, which wags sometimes more for her own pleasure than anybody else's," dryly answered the parson, resorting to a vigorous pinch of snuff, which seemed the vent of any unusual excitement.

"I'll warrant you she is," rejoined Tom, laughing.

"Your sister writes that my cousin's health is very delicate and advises me to inform her mother of it," Bernard said, folding the letter and sighing deeply as he did so.

"Shall I ride to the Manor House with your news, Captain Bernard?" inquired Chealy.

"No," replied Bernard, with some hesitation.

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"Colonel Tremaine will be here within the next hour. There they are now," he added, abruptly, as the men, scattered over the fields, sprang to their feet and cheer after cheer echoed through the hills, startling the birds basking in the soft May air.

A column of cavalry just at that moment appeared in sight, their arms gleaming in the sunshine. They wound along the highway, enthusiastically cheering, while the officer in command with his staff galloped up to the door of the tavern, where Lennox and Bassett and a score of officers were already congregated. Colonel Henry, tall, dark-visaged and gaunt, dismounted before the hostelry and immediately asked for Captain Bassett. The men gathered about in multitudes, cheering and calling for their leader, all eager for the fray, all in wild spirits and full of keen resentment against the brutal Governor, and vociferous in their shouts of "forward to Williamsburg!"

"What do you think of it, Bernard?" abruptly demanded Colonel Henry, fixing his keen eye upon him. "Do you think Dunmore will salve our wrongs with money, or will he give us a chance to fight?"

"His preparations look warlike. My Lady Dunmore, accompanied by the Ladies Murray and Mrs. Foy are on board the *Fowey*, but I believe he will salve the wrong this time, colonel."

"I hope not. I trust that he will force us to fight. We searched the receiver general Corbin's house, but did not catch him, although Mr. Goodall contrived it well. I wish you to take your company nearer Williamsburg and keep me advised of every movement, especially of the movements of Major Hamilton. He assumed the character of a citizen to delude and rob us. He is a devil, Bernie—a devil! Keep an imp always at his heels!"

"Do you wish me to capture him, or use any force if he runs into our hands?" asked the younger officer, looking very much as if he desired an affirmative reply.

"Scarcely that far, unless you surprise him in some venomously overt act. I rely upon your discretion, Captain Bassett. Keep within bounds, but deal severe justice to lawless aggressors, and I repeat it, watch Hamilton."

"Have no fears," replied Bernard, in grim assent, "I shall not lose sight of him."

"Take Captain Lennox's company with you. I have sent him orders to report to you, and especially desire Lennox to keep a sharp lookout for Hamilton."

Bernard bowed and retired to give place to other officers crowding into the room, among whom was Lennox, still distinguished by a bandaged head, but no whit abated in restless eagerness for the adventure of military life.

Half an hour later Bernard Bassett was sitting in his saddle watching his men make their final preparations for moving, when there was a slight stir among the throng as an officer, superbly mounted, galloped up the highway toward the tavern door. His rank seemed that of a colonel. A fiery, bluff, resolute man he evidently was, with his keen eye, overhanging, heavy brow and loud, sonorous voice.

"Egad! Bernard, my boy, hold on there while I have a word with you," he shouted at the top of his stentorian voice.

Bernard wheeled his horse quickly.

"Uncle Basil!" was his glad exclamation.

"Eh, boy, and vastly pleased to see you, too," replied Colonel Tremaine, drawing in his high-mettled horse beside Bernard.

He was dressed in a semi-military costume, a mixture of civilian and officer, with high top-boots, a laced hat and bright buttons.

"Where are you off to?"

"The vicinity of Williamsburg."

"What are your orders, if you are free to tell?"

"Oh, certainly. They are to reconnoitre Williamsburg generally, and a certain officer of Dunmore's to be very particularly observed," answered his nephew, glancing into the colonel's face.

"Who is the officer," was the next question.

"Major Hamilton," replied Bernard.

"Then shoot him like a dog!" ejaculated Tremaine. "Anything named Hamilton is not worthy of mercy. Shoot the fellow, Bernie! I have a letter here from Anne Marchison which I have just taken from the courier, in which she speaks of my daughter's failing health, and fears that she needs her mother's careful doctoring. Is there any truth in it, or is it a woman's vaporish notion?"

"Marie is not well—some light ailment, I imagine," Bernard said, vividly remembering her desire to remain in Williamsburg, nevertheless alarmed that Anne should see the necessity of informing both himself and Marie's stern, dominant father.

"Not sufficient to alarm my aunt or necessitate a journey to Williamsburg. Mr. Chealy says she is in delicate health."

"The parson, tut! Commend me to women and parsons for folly!" ejaculated Colonel Tre-

maine, roughly. "Your aunt won't leave the plantation at present, neither does she desire to have Marie there, because the negroes may rise, although our large armed force will certainly give them immediate check, but God knows which plantation the insurrection will break out upon, so it won't do to have the girl in danger. If she had been a boy she might have run the risk."

He sighed pathetically over the old life-long regret that his daughter had not been a son to carry his honorable name and estates down to posterity. It was a grievance augmented by every legacy and inheritance falling to him until Basil Tremaine had become almost as wealthy as the elder brother at their paternal Greyfriars across the seas. Marie's beauty did not condone the offense her sex had given, although he appreciated the fine quality of the article forced upon him, and generously thought a girl better than nothing, provided she was well endowed by nature and married in such a way as to repair in some measure the wrong she had unconsciously done him. He meant to do his best for her as his sole heiress and a Tremaine. Whether it was agreeable or not she had been contracted to her cousin; the match suited himself and Bernard, it mattered little what the mind of the other party concerned might be. She was only a girl—that was all!

"It seems scarcely advisable to return to the Manor House until things are more settled," Bernard said, after a moment's thought.

"Yes, a girl is in the way in such times as these; but if you are in that neighborhood go round to the Marchisons' and see what the devil is the matter. If it had not been for this to-do about the powder she should have gone home a fortnight ago. I've no notion of having men bid on stock already disposed of."

The old colonel spoke in his positive tones, not good to contradict.

Captain Bassett assented—a reluctant, doubtful assent.

"Should I find her ailing what shall I do?"

Three months before he would never have asked the question—never doubted what to do where Marie was concerned. Things had changed with no visible cause—between those two he must ask now what to do.

"Do as you judge best, Bernie. Take her home if it's wisest, you know how to look after her. Curse these British! I'll have none of them curvetting around her. Farewell, my boy, take care of yourself. I have no son to stand by me. I can't spare you, farewell!"

He shook hands warmly with his nephew, and waited a moment to see the troop move on, then vented his regret upon an unlucky servant by swearing roundly at him until the scouting party had disappeared.

Captain Bassett was close to the river that night, giving whispered instructions to the mounted picket charged with a watch upon the *Magdalen* sloop-of-war, when Lennox joined him.

"He is on board, Bernard!" he exclaimed, in a shrill undertone.

"Who?" demanded Bernard.

"Hamilton," replied Lennox. "He returned to the vessel just before dawn this morning, after a visit to the palace."

"Then he was at the palace?" rejoined Bernard.

"For a few minutes only. I can't discover where he spent the two intervening hours. My men lost sight of him after our *rencontre* on the river road, and for the life of me I can't track him, but I'll catch him yet and give him the bullet in store for a spy!"

Bernard drew up the bridle of his horse, then said:

"I'll ride over to the Marchison's and see how my cousin's health is. Should anything occur you will know where to signal me." And Bernard would have hurried away had not Lennox laid his hand on the bridle.

"Bernard," he said, dropping his voice very low that the quiet picket guard might be none the wiser for the remark, "if you seek any information of Jasper Hamilton ask your cousin."

"What does my cousin know of this British traitor? Lennox, you are losing your senses," was the answer, in a voice of sharp anger.

"*Tant mieux pour vous*," and the tone would have been derisive to anyone else. "Anne Marchison will betray her. She has the spirit of Satan against any woman Hamilton cares for, because she loves him herself and would sell her soul to get him—debts, bailiffs, sins, rascality and all. She's not over scrupulous in his case, the little fool! It's wholly in vain!"

Bernard made no reply, only touched his horse with the spur and was soon galloping down the road toward that portion of the town in which stood Colonel Marchison's mansion.

When he entered the drawing-room its fragrance and light almost dazzled him. Days had passed since that luxury had been his, and this temporary deprivation enhanced the value of these pleasant surroundings. Anne was there, pretty enough in her white dress, with her long, black hair in curls after the fashion of the day.

"Captain Bassett, I am so vastly pleased to see you," she said, pointing to a seat near her own, and making no effort to send for any other members of the family.

"We are so quiet," she remarked, after asking all manner of questions about her old friends, "now that everybody has gone off to the army, and the family is so stupid."

"You do not see the officers on the other side, then?"

Bernard looked steadily into her bright black eyes, which never went down or faltered before his gaze.

"Not all of them. Captain Leslie and Lord Gosport and most of them are afraid to venture," she answered, as if some of them were not afraid.

"We hear that you are still loyal to King George——"

"Yes, I am," she interrupted, significantly, "and that is why I have a knowledge of some things you are too blind to see."

"Then my blindness is to be compassionated; but you have not told me of my cousin's health. Your letters alarmed us."

"Did they?" she asked, tartly; "and I am sure I told very little."

"So little that I am here to inquire for further accounts. Is she ill?"

Anne laughed.

"Yes," she cried, "wonderful sick all the time; but I don't know her malady, unless it be heartache, and the cure is not from—you!"

"You speak in enigmas, Miss Anne," he answered, with distant courtesy. "Will you have my cousin informed of my presence here?"

"Not until you hear what I have to say. Marie will never tell you; I will speak," she added, vehemently, her eyes flashing with a fire of rage as Bernard rose and laid his hand on the bell. "Wait; it is for Marie's good. You had best listen, if you would save her. Do not be afraid that I will betray secrets; I, at least, am not a perfidious friend."

"For God's sake, what do you mean?" Bernard asked, in such genuine alarm that Anne was mollified into a shade less of white-heat anger.

"I mean that you had best take Marie back to Tremaine Manor if you are wise."

"Why?" inquired Bernard.

"You once said that you knew a Jasper Hamilton?" she queried, irrelevantly.

He assented gravely, but with a pang of agony at his heart that even Anne might have pitied.

"Was he unscrupulous?—a fortune-hunter of terrible reputation?"

Again he silently assented.

"Marie Tremaine is a fortune, and Jasper Hamilton—this Jasper Hamilton is a fortune-hunter, and she is very susceptible," Anne said, meaningly, a world of unsyllabled significance in the brief phrases. "He is a courtier and a wonderful splendid gentleman, finer than our Colony gentry. You had best look well after your Marie. But I've said I would tell no tales, and I have not and will not," she supplemented, maliciously, every word like an envenomed arrow pushed deep into the already quickened wound. "Take her away from him," urged Anne, watching Bernard's darkly flushed face, impassive enough save for that ominous flush. "Take her away while there is time."

A shadow seemed to pass before the window, a fragrance of flowers drifted into the room as the curtain was suddenly pushed aside, and Marie Tremaine stepped in softly like a sweet spirit.

"Cousin Bernard, are you here and I not know it?" she said, reproachfully, but with a subdued, mournful tone, as if some great grief had fallen and crushed out the vivacity.

Bernard lifted the hand she offered to his lips, his heart giving a great bound. It might all be false, those poisoned, subtle insinuations.

"I had inquired for you at once, Marie," he said, huskily, "because I desire very much to have some private conversation."

"Have it, then," broke in Anne, rudely, "and it would be vastly better if you could say confidential conversation. Remember, I've told no tales. Don't be alarmed, Marie."

Anne rushed out of the drawing-room and those two were left face to face with a vague, terrible foreboding in each heart, and a strong desire on the weaker side to confess the secret, trusting to mercies so tender as never to have failed her.

"My uncle hears that your health is not so perfect as it was when you left home."

Bernard broke the silence first, and in spite of himself, a constraint—the wretched constraint of that last visit—rose swiftly between them.

"I have come to make inquiry, and if it is the best and wisest plan, to arrange for your return to Tremaine Manor."

"I am very well, Cousin Bernard—indeed, I am!" she exclaimed, so eagerly that Anne's insidious words returned in full force.

"Your appearance, Marie, I am forced to say, belies your words. Never have I seen you looking so delicate, indeed—really ill," he answered, observing her keenly, as the flush died away, leaving her colorless as the lily in her hair.

The tremor in Marie's voice did not escape him, nor the effort she made in speaking. The hopeless accent, the wonderful cadence that had moved Jasper Hamilton, thrilled Bernard and filled him with a fright more terrible than the news of her death.

"Marie, I am a plain-spoken man, no courtier accustomed to smooth phrases and flatteries, but you know that I would give my life to avert any misfortune to you! Tell me, I entreat you, whether anything has occurred to mar your happiness, tell me," he added—a spasm of pain crossed his countenance—"whether the Hamilton I hear alluded to so often has in any way affected your spirits, or is responsible for the anxiety and depression under which you are evidently laboring."

The long lashes drooped slowly down—down over eyes that could not lie. What could she say or do? She must be faithful to one or the other, but how? Marie realized the impossibility of uniting the two. She could not bring them together. How was it possible to cleave to her husband through weal or woe, to share misfortune, disgrace, everything with him? Was he not safely away on the British man-of-war, oblivious of her griefs and fears? Her heart was too loyal, too tender, then, to murmur the epithet Jasper had not scrupled to apply to himself—the epithet becoming so bitterly true—"Coward!"

Marie hesitated, and all the while Bernard's countenance waxed more rigidly stern—a cold sternness few ever saw on that fine face and none ever forgot.

"Then it is true," he said, in clear, icy tones. "You need not answer me, Marie, more than you have! I cannot stand tamely by and see you even a willing victim of this unscrupulous adventurer."

"Oh, Bernard!" she said, clasping her hands, with a dread, a fear of him in every lineament.

"I shall inform my uncle of the necessity of your return to your mother's care, and advise immediate removal!" he resumed, in the same tone.

"Cousin Bernard," Marie began, in a quivering voice, "you yourself said it was not safe for me at home."

"The danger is less there than here," was the reply, in glacial brevity.

"Cousin Bernard—I——" She hesitated and wavered timidly, so unlike Marie Tremaine—this never daring to raise her eyes to his, never daring to speak the thoughts whirling through her brain. "You will not anger my father against me, will not incense him, Bernard? Surely you cannot do that?"





"MARIE TREMAINE PAUSED A MOMENT ON THE THRESHOLD."

"Do not fear," he interrupted, "I shall never betray you! Perhaps you can trust me, as you have trusted Anne!"

Whatever she might have said to him, whatever appeal Marie meant to make, the acrid scorn of Bernard's manner effectually prevented it, and stung her as mercilessly as she had stung him. Bernard looked older and sterner than she had ever seen him look. He was striving to grasp the hideous idea that he had lost her. Tom Marchison had said in the old, pleasant days that Jasper Hamilton was "too late," but ah, heaven! it was Bernard, not Hamilton.

"I will not ask for commands, Marie," he said, after a moment's silence, "because you will reach the Manor House before I do."

"Bernard, I do not wish to go home," she said, in a resigned way.

"You will not," he said, "if I say that I am quite determined to leave you in the hands of your uncle Basil to decide upon your return."

"Why can I not return when you do, Bernard?" she asked, entreatingly.

"It will be weeks, probably months, before I return home," answered Bernard, shading his eyes with his hand, "and it would be fruitless to wait for me. I shall to-night send a courier to your father. It is not probable that I may see you again—certainly not for some time—unless you summon me from camp. Farewell!"

Bernard held out his hand, and Marie laid hers in it without one word. She felt that he was giving her up forever, and dared not syllable one word of remonstrance. One word from her would retain him, but it must not be uttered.

Marie heard the spurred boot clanking on the steps. She heard him going down the graveled walk, and then the horse's hoofs were lost in the illimitable space. It was over. She knew that never again would her name be linked with Bernard's—if Bernard could prevent it.

"For Jasper's sake," she murmured, without once asking what Jasper was doing for her sake.

### CHAPTER XIII.

"GOD SAVE MARIE."

IF a man had laid his hand upon Hamilton's arm that night after he parted with Marie he would have knocked him down, but a woman—and this woman—was not to be disposed of so easily. The resolute independence, for which Anne Marchison was distinguished, the daring, always a coveted quality in a hussar, was in her yoked to a sleepless jealousy, and not in a way to be trifled with.

"I know it all," she said, in a sharp, shrill whisper, "I know that you have had an interview with Marie in Judith's cabin, and that you have told her lies and lies."

Hamilton laughed, a pleasant, merry laugh.

"By Jove! I am glad it was you and no one else," he said, in a confidential, deprecating tone, drawing her hand within his arm and moving toward the gate.

The position was not a pleasant one. He comprehended its perils in an instant, and that *finesse* of his quick Irish wits stood him well in hand.

"Yes, it was me! I saw you. I suspected Marie Tremaine and watched her. I defy you to cheat or to lie to me now!" she burst out passionately, unawed by Jasper's presence.

The spell of his power over her for the moment was gone. Anne felt outraged, and in the intensity of her frantic indignation she flung the words at him, careless even of their significance, careless even of whether or not they pleased the one of all others she would give her life to please. Just then Anne Marchison thought of nothing beyond what she considered the insult to herself, the treachery of a man whom she forgot had only uttered gallant pleasantries, but such pleasantries the memory of them distracted her with their charm and perfidy.

"I don't care who hears me! I don't care if I bring all the Colony soldiers down upon you! I could kill you myself!" And Anne gnashed her teeth in a maniacal way, while her voice, always louder than most feminine tones, rose to the loudest soprano, alarming Hamilton. His own temper was not at that moment of the best. It required all Hamilton's wonderful self-control to check his own raging passion, to stay his hand in its impulse to force her silence.

"I hate you! Oh, Jasper Hamilton, how could you be a traitor to everybody!"

She had dropped her voice abruptly into a low, broken, unsteady tone, ending in a sudden sob. The reproach was the bitterest human lips were capable of uttering to him just then. He had passed through that other interview with no other reproach save the mournful tenderness of Marie's soft, dark eyes, and was this barbed tongue to fling the charge of treachery into his teeth when she, his wife, had refrained? Nevertheless, the very thought of Marie held down the madness of his anger. For her sake he must retain this girl's allegiance. She must not be loosed upon Marie like a baying bloodhound hunting her down.

"Poor child," Jasper said afterward to Leslie, "I have used her ill enough without leaving that little fiend to badger her, *sans merci*!"

"How could you be a traitor to everybody?" she repeated, with almost a moan.

Despite the danger of again rousing her to frantic exasperation, Hamilton said:

"By G——! this is too much!—you shall not say this to me!"

"I will say it!" interrupted Anne, in tears. "I am not afraid, Hamilton. I wish you would kill me! This is misery itself. You will break my heart. I know that you love only Marie Tremaine's fortune. Say that you do, Hamilton—say it!"

She talked rapidly, with none of the insolent defiance men expected and seldom failed to receive from her.

"Know this, Anne, you have called me to account for an interview with Miss Tremaine," Hamilton forced himself to speak calmly; but withal a curious huskiness, a cold, metallic ring jarring upon an ear attuned to milder sounds was perceptible in his voice.

"I know it," she exclaimed, brightening somewhat; but, coming closer and lowering her voice, "I know it, Hamilton. You cannot marry her because of the family hatred to the British. I was sure you wanted her money. I have a little fortune, Jasper—it is all my own," she added, veering swiftly from the white heat of anger into a humiliating pleading of her own attachment, a bribe of the money she had, a desperate appeal to his interest.

Even Hamilton recoiled in disgust from the wretched abasement of this girl, her swift fall into the dust before him, groveling there in abject misery.

"Yes, it is mine now, Jasper, and Marie's is not her own. It is subject to Colonel Tremaine's will, and he is a tyrant. He will cut her off penniless, but no one can touch mine—remem-

ber that, Jasper. You shall have every shilling."

Hamilton looked down upon her with a contempt that would have appalled Anne, but for the veil of darkness which sheltered her from the discovery less keen eyes might have made.

"You must think meanly, indeed, of me to believe that your fortune is your sole attraction, or that I care wholly for interest."

The cool hauteur of Hamilton's manner suited him admirably. Anne loved the dominant tone, the manner that cowed her into subjection.

"Allow me to see you to the house, and wish you good-night," he added, ceremoniously offering his arm.

"Oh, Jasper, forgive me—forgive me, and I will never say one word to displease you again!" begged Anne, humbling herself to an exasperating degree.

"How do I know that you will not in your contemptible opinion of me make this interview the theme of to-morrow's gossip?"

"I will not, Jasper. I shall never allude to it. Trust me, I implore you, and think kindly of my intentions!"

"I can only see how you bear the test before I venture to think of you as I once did. Will you go in now?" he said, severely, as they both paused at the door through which his wife had passed half an hour before.

"Remember what I have said, Jasper. You know the feelings I must have to say this. Do not fear, your reputation is dear as life to me!" she urged, clinging to his arm, although he shook her off as if she had been a troublesome spaniel.

"Then I positively command you not to make free use of my name, or of the knowledge you have obtained to-night! Some day, if you earn the confidence, you shall know all. Until then, you must make me the reparation of perfect silence."

"I will make any reparation," she answered, meekly.

"That is all I demand," he replied, in the lofty, dictatorial tone no other woman could have borne. "If you fail in that your attempted reparation will be worthless. Good-night!"

"I may see you when you come again?" asked Anne, detaining him.

"Yes, when I come again. Adieu! Go in immediately. Adieu!" Freeing himself from the grasp of Anne's hand, Hamilton put her aside and hurried away, clearing the fence at one leap and disappearing almost instantly.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Confound the girl!" he said to Leslie, as they smoked on the deck of the *Magdalen* the

next day at noon. "She would have risked my life to say her folly out. Women are all either fools or sinners, and no man ought to lose his head for one of them!"

"Not if he can keep it cool and well in hand, but there are times when the wisest of us are unmitigated fools!" responded Leslie, absently, as if his mind had taken a rapid flight to a fair one in the *lang syne* whose fooling with him had been charming.

"Curse them—the women, I mean, and Anne Marchison in particular!"

"I suppose you have the grace to except your wife?" suggested Leslie, removing his pipe from his mouth.

Hamilton smiled grimly.

"Yes, I except her. She is an angel, *tant mieux pour moi*, and the other one is the devil!" he said, indolently, as he shrugged his shoulders and refilled his pipe.

"I don't mean to augur you ill," retorted Leslie, "but, trust me, Anne Marchison will make you rue last night's work!"

"Confound her! I expect every vengeance that feminine malice can invent," laughed Hamilton, the laughter turning swiftly into a scowl, unusual on the debonaire face.

Hamilton looked at his white hand in silence for a moment, as if his thoughts were solely occupied with the scintillations of the diamonds in his ring, then said, slowly:

"Anne Marchison is my evil genius and hangs by my destinies with a devilish tenacity!"

Leslie said nothing. Both sauntered further up the deck to watch the landing of a party of marines from the *Magdalen*.

"Montague is putting men ashore to protect my Lord Dunmore, but I faith it seems to me a better protection to keep the marines aboard ship," commented Gosport. "Ah, there is a commotion already. Look at those troopers on that hill! Do you recognize any of them, Hamilton? Take my field-glass."

Hamilton lifted the glass lazily and scanned the hills in the distance. Upon the crest of one of them a party of horsemen was distinctly visible and evidently careless of observation in regard to their presence, but avoiding any display of strength.

"They hang back under the cover of the woods," commented Hamilton, gazing intently. "The rider of that bay is Tom Marchison, and there is Lennox—I should recognize him at any distance."

"Who is the fellow in advance of them, a large man to the left?" asked Leslie, turning his



"'I WILL SPEAK,' SHE ADDED, VEHEMENTLY, HER EYES FLASHING WITH A FIRE OF RAGE AS BERNARD ROSE."

glass upon a horseman several steps apart from his restless comrades, one who sat rigidly still, looking down upon the marines in their red uniforms effecting a landing in spite of the people.

"That is undoubtedly Bernard Bassett, and he is here to hold us in check," replied Hamilton, closing his glass. "I wonder whether the scene this morning is particularly gratifying to him. *Mon Dieu!* what would I give for a fair shot at the fellow!"

Leslie gave a careless laugh and said: "You are very likely to get it, and a short shrift, too, if you continue your nocturnal rambles."

"The people are terribly incensed at Montague—see how they dog his steps!" remarked Lord Gosport.

The officers grouped upon the deck regarded with intense interest the movements upon shore. As Hamilton had said, Montague was landing his men in spite of the people; but the populace assailed them with hooting and insult at every step. Emboldened as they were by the Colonial

troops held at Doncastle's Ordinary, under their favorite Patrick Henry, and the actual presence of the dragoons lurking at every turn in countless numbers, hoping in their hearts that the Royal Governor would take courage, and, by a positive refusal to make restitution of the stolen ammunition, enable them to deal a heavy retaliation upon him. Silently the dragoons watched the enemy land; with a strong effort they repressed the bitter desire to drive them ignominiously back to their vessels. It was so easy to do, so pleasant to do; and yet, for the sake of a mistaken policy, they must sit in helpless wrath, yeoman and cavalier, and see these British lord it over the Colony, and shoot those who dared resistance or possibly burn Williamsburg. Both sides looked on while Montague's men stood waiting to fire on the town; and perhaps the only persons who longed for the first murderous volley from the Britons were the men armed and eager for the fight, and repressed with such difficulty by Captain Bassett.

(To be continued.)

## A HOLIDAY IN ANTIGUA.

By LILLIAN D. KEISEY.



**T**HE surprise of the native Antiguan should he be told that even the name "Antigua" is not wholly familiar to all in a gazette readers would be unbounded. Secure in

the importance of living in the capital and seat of government of the Leeward Islands, which has the added dignity of being the official residence of the Governor General thereof, he could hardly be made to believe that a very respectable proportion of American citizens must consult an atlas before correctly locating his delightful little island home.

The British Island of Antigua is one of that group of the West Indian Islands lying north of

Barbadoes, known as the Leeward Islands, and is well within the tropics. It lies in  $17^{\circ} 6'$  north latitude, and  $61^{\circ} 45'$  west longitude, and is about fifty-four miles in circumference. It is, in round numbers, some seventeen hundred miles from New York, from whence it may be comfortably reached in about eight days by the steamships of the Quebec Steamship Line, at a cost of sixty dollars. These steamers call at nearly all the islands of the group, and remain long enough to afford ample opportunity for drives or walks on shore; and from the first land-fall at St. Thomas, or St. Croix, on the sixth day out from New York, land is rarely lost sight of, the outline of one island coming into view before the last one fades away.

The Island of Antigua differs much in contour from most of the other islands of the West Indian group, in that instead of having a central ridge of volcanic mountains, it presents to the eye a succession of low, sugar-loaf formed hills, the highest of which, called "Boggy Peak," is but a little over thirteen hundred feet in height.



THE ISLAND OF ANTIGUA.

This is in marked contrast to the neighboring British Island of St. Kitts, and the French Island of Guadeloup, in each of which the mountain peaks attain a height of several thousand feet, and are almost always cloud-capped. At first glance Antigua seems a waving, gold-green mass of sugar-cane, from the water's edge to the extreme limit of vision, and indeed a large part of the cultivated land is given up to sugar-cane raising, and the landscape is dotted all over with the picturesque arms of windmills, or the more prosaic tall chimneys of the sugar-houses or "Usines," as they are called, which employ steam-power. Near these mills stand the low, gabled houses where live the planters, and further on, hidden among the rank, broad-leaved bananas, stand the little cabins for the negroes employed upon the estate.

But, although sugar-raising is the great industry of the island, all kinds of tropical fruits and vegetables are grown to some extent, particularly the pineapple, which here attains a sweetness and perfection of flavor unsurpassed elsewhere. This fruit, during the season, is so plentiful that the best specimens may be bought in the market for two or three cents each.

Antigua is not by any means modern. It was discovered in 1493 by Columbus, who first set foot upon its shores, and pronouncing it good, named it after the Cathedral Santa Maria La Antigua, in Seville, Spain, and then sailed away in search of other fields of conquest. It remained unheard of for many years, until it was finally settled in 1632. During the wars between France and England—which raged so furiously in and among these fertile islands—Antigua was the scene of much fighting, and at one time had the honor to be defended by one Captain Samuel Winthrop, the son of John Winthrop, ("the first sole and resident Governor of Massachusetts"), and brother of John Winthrop, one of the early Governors of Connecticut. In 1674 Colonel Cod-

rington came to Antigua from Barbadoes and began the planting of sugar, to which industry the island has owed nearly if not all its prosperity, so that that event is entitled to rank among the great ones in its history. In the year 1770 the Antigonians were given an opportunity of distinguishing themselves, as the island was visited by that omnipresent sea-rover, whose "name was Captain Kidd as I sailed," who endeavored to persuade the Governor to fit him out with a ship that he might, with the true missionary spirit with which he has always been accredited, "rid the seas of pirates." He, however, after getting his ship, sailed away, presumably into the land of romance, where he has since dwelt, as neither he nor his ship ever returned.

But enough of the Antigua of the past. It is the Antigua of the present in which we are interested. A highly favored bit of land, washed by the tropical waters of the Caribbean Sea and by the South Atlantic, and affording a home for upward of thirty-seven thousand people, including the few inhabitants of the outlying islands of Barbuda and Redonda, which are dependences of and included within the government of Antigua.



THOMAS JOSEPH, POET, MUSICIAN, ETC.

Arriving off the islet-studded harbor of St. Johns, which is the only city in Antigua, the view of the island is charming. Sharply outlined hills, some of them fortress-crowned, and against the bases of which the sea breaks high into spray, guard the entrance to the inner harbor, into which large steamers cannot penetrate on account of sand bars, but must anchor nearly four miles from the city. A puffing steam-launch soon takes one in among the picturesque, surf-beaten cliffs and indented bays, where the white sand glistens in the strong sunlight and threads its way among the motley array of old fishing boats, small schooners, sloops, etc., to the substantial stone docks and broad, sloping streets of this interesting tropical city, the first view of



which, with its palms and vines, its fine cathedral, and its flower-embowered cottages, with their wide verandas, is most attractive. And this pleasant impression is but deepened when one lingers and enjoys not only the natural beau-



NEWGATE STREET, ANTIGUA.

(Sir Francis Fleming, K.C. M.G., being the present incumbent), naturally has more social attractions to offer to the visitor than the majority of cities in the British West Indies. The English Colony is not large, but there is always something go-



VIEW OF ST. JOHN'S, ANTIGUA.

ties of the island, but the charming hospitality of its people. The city of St. John's being, as before mentioned, the official residence of the Governor General of the Leeward Islands



CATHEDRAL—FROM THE WEST.

ing on in the way of amusement, while the town itself is an attractive place to sojourn. It is connected with the outside world not only by the line of steamers mentioned, but is

a port of call for the ships of the Royal Mail Line, which fortnightly bring the English mail, and they stop again on the southward trip for the homeward bound mail, and there are other less well known steamship lines which make St. Johns a port of call at more or less regular intervals. There is, too, quite a brisk trade carried on between Antigua and the adjacent islands, and the harbor usually presents a lively scene of loading and unloading craft, small schooners and sloops, nearly all of which carry a miscellaneous cargo, although a few are engaged in the sugar trade only, there being a small pan sugar refinery in the island, from which refined sugar is exported to the islands having no such establishment.

The city itself has a population of something like twenty thousand people which is more than half the entire population of the island and dependencies. It is pleasantly laid out upon gently rising ground, and is supplied with an abundance of pure water—one of the greatest of luxuries in a tropical climate. There is a good hotel, the American, where one may be made quite comfortable at a charge of eight shillings (two dol-



THE COURTHOUSE.

lars) per day. There are, also, several good boarding-houses or private hotels, where one may, at a charge of seven shillings (one dollar and seventy-five cents) per day, or two pounds (ten dollars) per week, test the merits of "Pepper Pot," that mysterious West Indian dish, the component parts of which no man knoweth, and of "Swizzle" (a drink which seems always going on in these islands, but which should be lightly indulged in by the uninitiated, if he would keep a well-balanced head), as well as other better known and less pungent viands and beverages.

There is a most excellent public library, situated at Treasury Wharf, where one may sit and read in time-yellowed tomes of the early history of the Antigonians, the while enjoying the quietude of the cool, shaded room, through the ever-open windows of which the good trade-winds steadily blow from morning until night. The city also boasts of two clubs, both for men only; the New Club, which is well equip-



AMERICAN HOTEL.

ped and select, has comfortable quarters in a pleasant situation near Government House, and the Recreation Club, which is not quite as select, a slight shading in color not affording a bar to membership. As almost all the men in town belong to either one or the other of these clubs, one may readily get his name "put up" at whichever he prefers, and enjoy the advantages of the club house. Here he may sit and read the record of his arrival duly chronicled, together with other miscellaneous information, in the three newspapers published in the city—namely, the *Antigua Standard*, the *Observer*, and the *Leeward Islands' Budget*, the latter being a semi-official sheet. None of these papers can be said to be rivals of our great metropolitan dailies, though perhaps meeting the requirements of their time. Journalism, however, is not advancing in the Leeward Islands, and it is said that newspapers published fifty years ago were far ahead of those issued at the present time.

The roads leading out of town, and indeed all over the island, are excellent, and there are plenty of horses both for driving and riding, as well as a variety of conveyances, the buggy being the most common among the better class of residents, while the donkey, harnessed to a two-wheeled cart of more or less pretentious appearance, is frequently met with along the country roads, and is the favorite means of locomotion among the colored people, and is also useful in carrying produce to market if by chance there is too much to be conveniently borne upon the head. The donkey-cart is also much affected by white children, who may thus drive about by themselves in comparative safety. Some of the drives about the island are charming, notably



SIR FRANCIS FLEMING, K. C. M. G.  
GOVERNOR GENERAL OF THE LEEWARD ISLANDS.

that leading to English Harbor, a picturesque place, where there is a naval station, and where stands Clarence House, which was built for William IV. when Duke of Clarence, and where he occasionally lived when he was an officer in the navy. The view from this point is extremely pretty. Just beyond the English Harbor rise Shirley Heights and the Ridge, from both of which there is a fine panorama of wave-worn coast and dashing breakers. Another interesting place is Monks' Hill, a fort which was formerly a refuge in times of invasion, and there are numerous delightful drives nearer the city, where the tropical scenery of the island may be enjoyed to the fullest extent. One of the pleasantest ways of seeing the entire island is to charter a steam-launch, which may be had in St. Johns, or a sailing-craft if preferred, and then leisurely coast around the island, stopping when fancy dictates and exploring the many little islets which lie about in the ocean near at hand. The coast scenery is very fine and varies greatly, rising into grand cliffs on the west side, against which the Atlantic ceaselessly thunders, and dropping off into creeks and bays on the other side, where the shallower waters lie in calm, blue lagoons, be-



MARKET PLACE, ST. JOHNS.

dered by silvery beaches of fine sand, fringed by the graceful cocoanut-palm or denser tropical growth. No more serene or idyllic scene can be imagined than thus to skirt the shores of some quiet little bay under the wonderful light of a tropical moon—a light which is filled with a splendor all unknown in less favored climes, and which seems to fairly submerge earth and sea in a luminosity which transforms each tiny wavelet

into a moving silver gleam, and which silhouettes against the radiant background each frond of palm as if etched upon a plate of silver.

Naturally there is plenty of fishing, not only in the harbors, but all around the coast. Kingfish, snapper, barracouta, mullet and many other sorts abound, including those aristocrats among fishes, the beautiful angel and parrot fishes, the former with its rich iridescent blue coloring, marked with pale yellowish-green, and the latter less elegant, but more gaudy, rejoices in the most brilliant shades of scarlet, green and yellow. The parrot-fish is esteemed a great delicacy by the negroes. The waters, too, are alive with



GOING TO SCHOOL.

spice of excitement about fishing for such large "game" when one enters into it for the first time. One of the most approved methods of shark-hunting, and the one generally employed, is to tow behind one's boat a carcass of a mule, cow, or other animal, which can usually be obtained from some of the estates. As the shark rises to the bait a negro stands ready at the stern of the boat with a noose, which he has trailing from a long stick forked at the end. At the proper moment he throws this noose over the shark, and then the shooting commences. Of course the line is merely to tow the shark with, as otherwise he would sink at the first

shot and very probably escape either unharmed or with a slight wound. Some of the sharks which have been caught about Antigua were of immense size, and they are a constant menace to bathing.

In many parts of the island there is good shooting, especially among the lagoons. Here all sorts of water-fowl are plenty—ducks, pigeons, pelicans, and during the months of August and September quantities of golden plover. Here, as in many



GOVERNMENT HOUSE—NORTH SIDE.

other of the islands, the mongoose has made havoc among the birds. This little animal, something like a ferret in appearance, was introduced into the West Indies for the purpose of exterminating rats and snakes (although of the latter there are no poisonous species in Antigua, and not many of any kind), and has now so nearly succeeded in exterminating every other living animal which it is possible for it to attack that most active measures are being taken to devise ways to get rid of it. Indeed, much is being written on the subject, which is all the time becoming more important, as birds of all kinds and small domestic animals are becoming rare. In the outlying islands, notably Barbuda, the mongoose is as yet unknown, and Barbuda is almost the sportsman's paradise. It lies about thirty miles north of Antigua, and is a particularly healthy island, as, although it contains some seventy-nine square miles, and its highest point is but eighty-five feet above sea level, there are no swamps, thus doing away with malarious exhalations, and the air is very dry. Moreover, there is entire immunity from mosquitoes, which are a great pest in most tropical islands. After obtaining permission from the lessees of the island a guide must be engaged, as there are no roads whatever in Barbuda, and then one may proceed to make his camp, and at once begin search for game, which is varied. There are deer, wild-horses, cattle, goats and pigs, the two latter affording excellent sport, and there are wild-duck, guinea-fowl, blue-pigeons, and doves in abundance. All about the island, too, there is good fishing, lob-



STREET SCENE, ANTIGUA.

sters and cray-fish of large size in particular being plentiful. There is, moreover, a chance of having the excitement of a wreck, since the entire island is surrounded by reefs which extend several miles out to sea, and many a craft has gone to her doom upon the jagged edges of coral reefs, which the treacherous ocean hides from view. There is a village on the island having a population of about eight hundred souls, among whom there are not more than five or six white people.

Indeed, the proportion of blacks to whites in the island of Antigua and its dependencies is about twenty to one. These black people, however, are the true tropical darkies, good-natured, obliging, lazy, delighting in colors rivaling the gorgeous vegetation around them, and as utterly irresponsible as the birds of the air which flutter among the gleaming foliage of their native pains. They will work if they want to, and as long as they want to, and no persuasion can make them continue longer than they wish. They are, however, very amusing to the tourist, if somewhat provoking to the white residents.

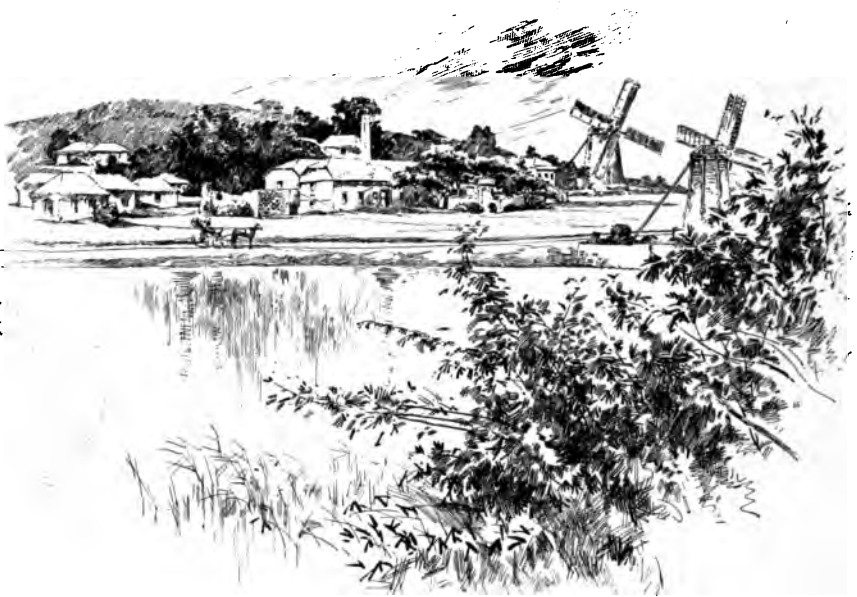
The market, which is the best place to study local life in all of the islands, is a most entertaining place. The buyers and sellers are mostly women, who



LONG STREET, ST. JOHN'S.



come in from the outlying country to the St. Johns Market, with shallow trays balanced upon their heads filled with fruits of every description — vegetables, sugar-cane, and in fact every sort of produce or object which they can possibly carry upon the top of their heads. The whole market-place is alive with color and life. Here one finds the banana, sapodilla (a small russet-colored fruit of an insipid sweetish taste, but much prized when once the taste for it has been acquired), guavas, oranges, lemons, limes, tamarinds, mangoes, and varieties of almost all tropical fruits, including the before-mentioned pineapples, which are about the only fruit exported to England. Side by side with the various colored fruits lie the no less varied vegetables, yams, sweet-potatoes, Guinea and Indian corn plantains and vegetable marrow. In another corner lie the gayly colored fishes, great green-turtle, and the famous mangrove oysters which grow upon the half-submerged branches of the mangrove-trees along the shore, and acquire a flavor quite unique. Indeed, turtle soup, for the compounding of which Antigua

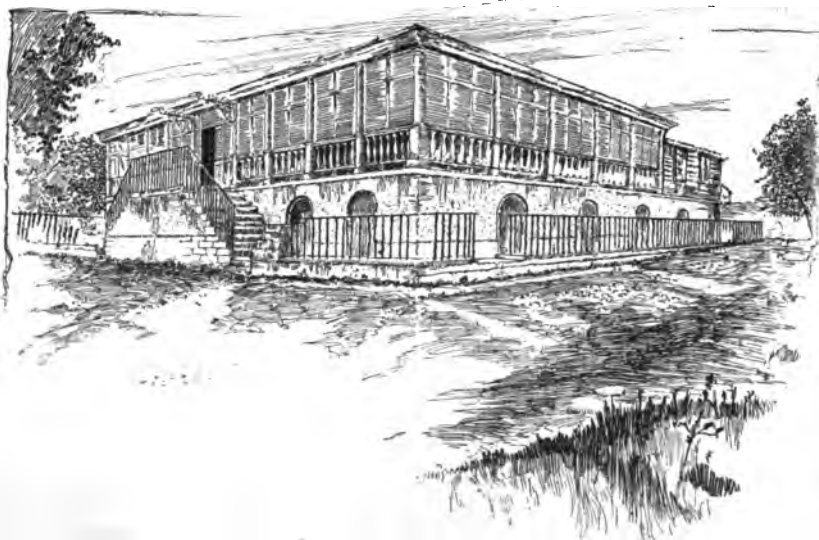


SUGAR FACTORY ON THE HILL ESTATE.

cooks are celebrated, and these mangrove oysters form the *pièces de résistance* at every Antiguan state dinner. Piled about among the fruits and vegetables lie the nests of Carib baskets, which are so finely woven as to be impervious to water, and ranging in size from clothes hampers to tiny toy baskets, while the intricately woven mats, belts, and other articles of adornment made from a small, black seed, interspersed with the brilliant scarlet "black-eyed Susans," are so attractive as to arrest the eye of every chance passer-by. All this mass of merchandise, perishable and otherwise, lies about in the most picturesque confusion under the glow of the midday sun and amid the chatter of the good-natured throng of women, in all shades of color, who regard the whole thing as a sort of holiday and visiting day among themselves.

The negro women here, as elsewhere, are very fond of dress and gaudy ornaments, and spend the few pence they gain by hard work in the fields for useless finery.

The one great event of their lives is their wedding, and upon this occasion, if never again, a good

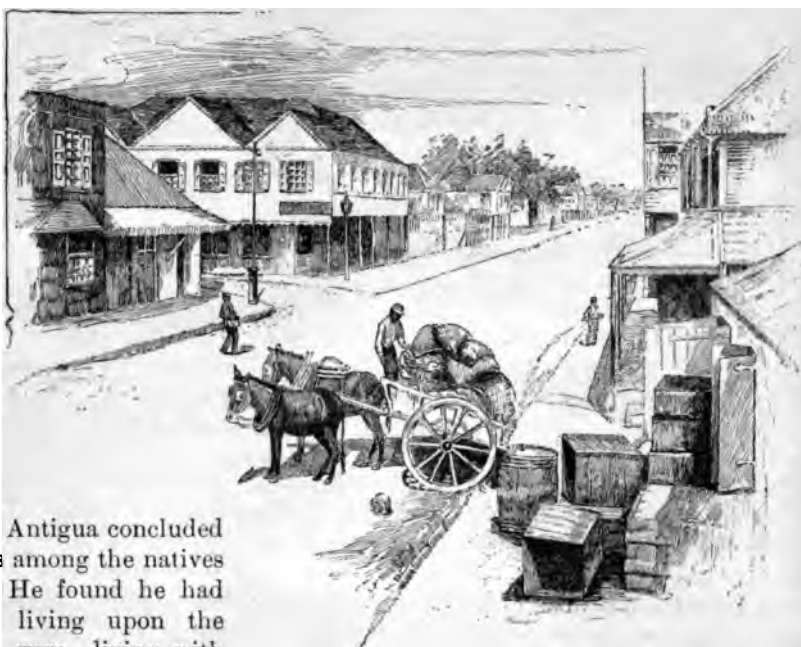


CLARENCE HOUSE.



appearance must be made. The wedding outfit is often the result of years of saving, and it not infrequently happens that the bride and groom are quite middle-aged people, who have lived a goodly number of years together and brought up a large family of children before the wedding ceremony takes place. Indeed, as in many places in the West Indies, little attention is paid by the negroes to the sanctity of the marriage relation. The superintendent of one of the sugar estates in Antigua concluded

among the natives employed upon his estate. He found he had thirty-five married couples living upon the estate, only five of whom were living with their lawful partners. Children frequently act as groomsmen and bridesmaids at the wedding of their parents, who have, perhaps, simply put off the ceremony until the necessary money could be raised to purchase the wedding raiment, and in some cases the fee which must be paid to the minister is a drawback, and the couple prefer to live on without the sanction of the law rather than to pay out a dollar or so to the minister. But when, all things being ready, the wedding does take place, it is with due regard to the importance of the occasion. The bride, regardless of age, almost invariably appears gowned in white, with a veil and orange-blossoms, and both bride



ST. MARY'S STREET, ST. JOHNS.

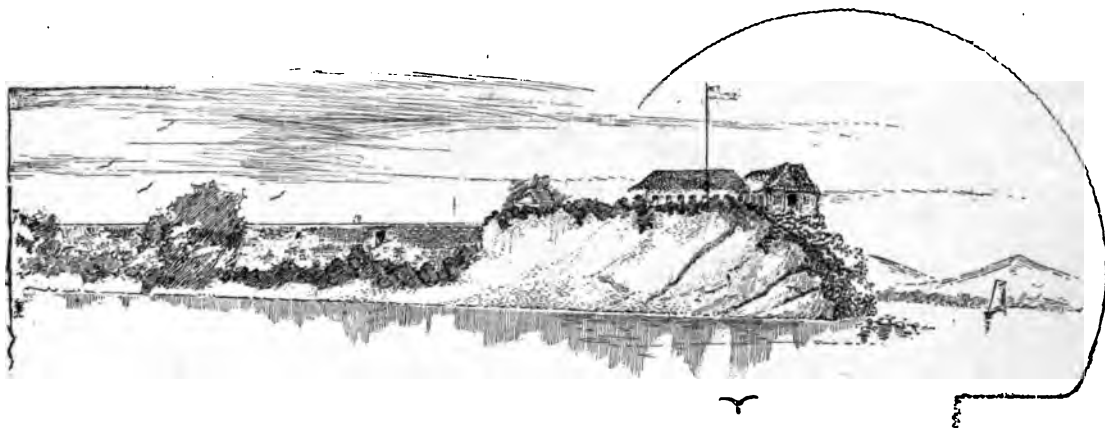
and groom are elegant—and miserable—in shoes and stockings, perhaps for the sole time in their lives. A funeral, too, is the occasion of as much display as is consistent with the means of the family, but lacks the pomposity of a wedding.

The negro preachers share in the general fondness of the race for polysyllabics, and are most amusing in their illustrations. They have, moreover, a special predilection for expounding the miracles, the supernatural elements of which particularly appeal to the imagination of the negro, and he feels himself less confined to facts. An ancient minister in the suburbs of St. Johns

was one Sunday preaching upon the miraculous preservation of Daniel in the lion's den. Having gotten his audience wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement regarding the fate of the unhappy prophet, he suddenly paused, leaned impressively forward, and called out, "And d'ye think the lion had done 'n'yammed up Daniel? No—no! Daniel had done 'n'yammed up th



SCOTT'S ROW.



FORT ISLAND.

lion." This somewhat unexpected conclusion, while not literally following the Biblical narrative, was none the less forceful and convincing to his hearers.

At another time, discoursing upon the miraculous draught of fishes, after describing the discouragement of the disciples who had toiled all night and caught nothing, and reciting the command of the Master to cast the net upon the other side of the ship, he concluded his discourse thus: "And they threw the net over the other side of the boat and hauled it up full of jack-fish and cavelli and pickled herring."

It is an interesting sight to drive out into the windmill dotted country toward night and watch the merry company of darkies as they come trudging home from work in the fields, each man bearing over his shoulder, or on his head, one fat sugar cane. Every man is allowed to take home one cane a day, and he is not wont to choose a poor one. This he and his family eat, or soak in water, making what they call "beverage," which is much relished by them.

Men and women alike are chewing sugar-cane, and having been all day either in the cane field or in the sugar house, they have a sort of "sugar-coated," appearance which suits them wonderfully well. The air, too, is redolent with the odor of boiling sugar in the vicinity of every sugar-mill, suggesting appetizing molasses candy in unlimited quantities.

The women are dressed much alike, in cotton

skirts well up above their ankles, and of course are bare-footed. The skirts are for the most part white, and it is only in the turban that the bits of color are seen. This is in marked contrast to the coloring seen in the French Islands, where red, yellow, pink and blue form the prevailing colors for skirts. The styles in turbans differ much also in the various islands, but in Antigua they are worn well down upon the forehead, and rival the rainbow in hue.

The life of the sugar planter, however, is by no means as irresponsible and full of enjoyment as is that of the field hands. Sugar cultivation and manufacture and the attendant industries, the making of rum and molasses, being the chief source of income in Antigua, the present outlook is far from encouraging. Their trade is almost wholly with the United States, which imposes a high duty on these articles, and which, taken with the present extremely low price on sugar, offers little inducement to the planter, who finds it hard to pay his taxes and make both ends meet.

But all this little concerns the winter visitor in search of sunshine, immunity from cold, and novelty, and who may here, in a climate which for six months in the year is as nearly perfect as can be found anywhere in the world—ride, drive, row, sail, hunt or fish, or may while away long, luxurious days upon vine-wreathed verandas, content to do nothing at all but to be alive.



THE RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS OF AMERICA.  
HISTORY, PROGRESS AND METHODS OF THE VARIOUS CHURCHES.

IX.—THE JEWS OF THE UNITED STATES.

By ABRAM S. ISAACS.

THE story of the Jews, their growth and development on American soil, is a record of successive settlements scattered at first, which gradually extended from city to city, and sharing in the common good fortune of all the religions in the United States, rapidly attained prominence, wealth and numbers. There is a happy element in the American atmosphere which enables all creeds to flourish under the Stars and Stripes. The marvelous growth of Catholic and Protestant within the present century is paralleled by the growth of the Jew and his development along the lines of a working American denomination—and that, too, despite obstacles to which he was peculiarly subjected.

The history of the Jews of America awaits still its chronicler. There have been attempts made, but more or less fragmentary. The earliest settlers were banished from Portugal after the exile from Spain, and some reached the St. Thomas Islands as early as 1493, and others were deported to the Brazilian colonies by way of punishment. In the early part of the seventeenth century, when the Dutch wrested Brazil from Portugal, the Jews, whose numbers had been increased by emigrants from Amsterdam, enjoyed thirty years of religious liberty. In 1654, however, when the province reverted to the Portuguese, most of the Jewish settlers returned to Holland, but detachments emigrated to the French possessions of Guadaloupe, Martinique and Cayenne, to Curacao and New Amsterdam.

When a law was passed that Jews were to be excluded from the French colonies, the refugees resumed their wanderings and sought more propitious conditions in the Carolinas and friendly Dutch and English settlements in the West Indies.

The twenty-seven Jewish refugees who arrived in New Amsterdam in 1654 were in a desperate plight. They were so destitute that the authorities seized their baggage, which was sold at public auction to pay for their passage. When the amount thus realized was found insufficient,

two of them were imprisoned until the claim was fully satisfied. Then, too, they were made to feel that they had not entirely escaped the traditional prejudice against the Jew. Peter Stuyvesant, in a letter to the home authorities, urged that "none of the Jewish nation be permitted to infest New Amsterdam"; happily his zeal was restrained by Holland's enactment allowing Hebrews to reside and trade in New Netherlands so long as they cared for their poor.



MORDECAI M. NOAH.

Disheartened by their reception, a number of the refugees resolved to change their place of residence once more and turned hopefully to Roger Williams's colony, establishing themselves in Newport in 1657. Here, indeed, for a century more—until Newport lost its commercial importance—they took root and flourished, leaving names and associations inseparable from that historic town. The Jewish population rapidly increased, a con-

**NOTE.**—Previous papers in this series treated of the Baptists, in the December number; the Presbyterians, in the January number; the Methodists, in February; the Congregationalists, in March; the Episcopalians, in April; the Reformed Church in America, in May; the Disciples of Christ, in June; and the Society of Friends, in July. An article on the Catholics will appear in the September number.

gregation was formed and a synagogue erected. The families of Riviera, Lopez and Touro were famous in their day, and make the Newport Jewish community unique in the annals of American Israel. Some idea of the character of the Jews of Newport in their halcyon period, when they numbered over a thousand, may be gathered from the remarks of Hon. William Hunter who, in 1847, in a public address at Newport, declared "that after a very close examination of the records of the courts of justice he had failed to discover a single indictment; neither does tradition indicate an accusation of reproach against any of the race." The old congregation has revived of late years. The synagogue still re-echoes to the traditional chants, and the cemetery is kept with pious care that immortalizes the Touro name.

In rapid succession Jewish immigrants settled in the Colonies; here and there, however, the right of naturalization was denied them. In



REV. SAMUEL M. ISAACS.

Pennsylvania, Georgia and the Carolinas they formed a notable addition to the general community. Savannah, in particular, was as attractive a center as Newport. It was on July 11th, 1733, when the first twenty Jewish families arrived in Georgia—only a few months after Oglethorpe's appearance. After repeated protests against their presence they were permitted to remain, and were soon identified with the growing city. In the Revolution they were stanch patriots, and when the British captured Savannah, in 1778, Mordecai Sheftall and his son Sheftall, both officers in the Revolutionary Army, were confined in the prison ship. The names of Sheftall, Minis, Nunes, De Lyon and De La Motta are prominent among the founders of Savannah's

prosperity. No less notable was the Jewish community of Charleston, which dates back to 1750 as an organized congregation. It is an interesting fact that the reform movement in American Judaism, which has now to a greater



JEWISH ORPHANS' HOME, NEW ORLEANS.

or less degree influenced almost every synagogue, began in 1825 in Charleston, with Isaac Harly, a well known journalist and a man of much versatility, as its leader. The Jews of Charleston formed, and still form, a brilliant coterie—the Harts, De Leons, Moises, Lopez, Lazarus and Cohen families gave dignity and distinction to the Charleston Jews.

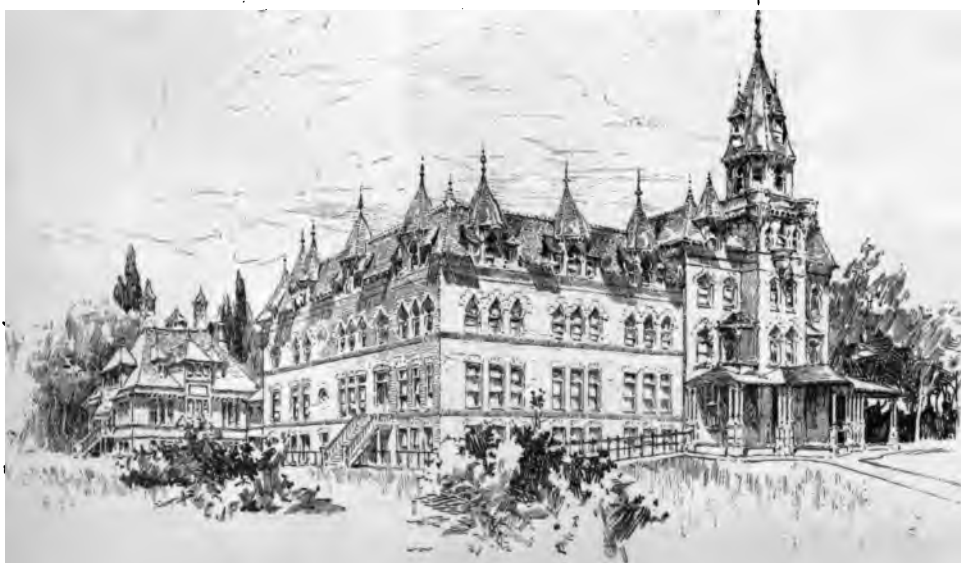
In Philadelphia, too, the Jews early acquired a favorable reputation for probity and patriotism. It was during the War of Independence when their numbers largely increased with fugitives from New York, Savannah and Newport. Almost without an exception they were on the patriotic side and did their share on the field as well as in the council chamber. Michael Gratz and Haym Salomon were among the foremost in defense of American freedom. Mr. Salomon's services to the Provisional Government were invaluable. Even James Madison calls himself "a pensioner on the favor of Haym Salomon." In Philadelphia was born in 1781 Rebecca Gratz,



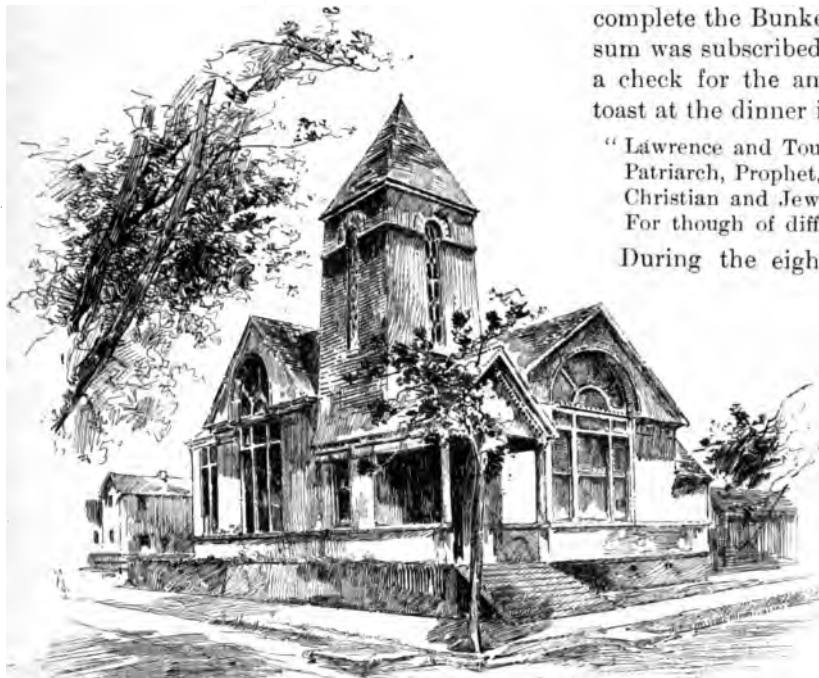
REBECCA GRATZ.

who organized the first Hebrew Sunday School in the United States, and served Walter Scott as the model for the heroine in "Ivanhoe." In Lancaster, Pa., there was a good-sized Jewish community in the Colonial period, Joseph Simon, who died in his ninety-second year, in 1804, being one of the most prominent, acquiring large tracts of land in Pennsylvania. More numerous were the Jews of Richmond, Va., where the congregation was organized about 1791, and flourished until in a few decades it became one of the largest in the country. The Jews of Baltimore did their share in the Revolution, and furnished some historic names, such as the Ettings, while in the war of 1812 Mendes I. Cohen served in Fort McHenry during the famous bombardment. The settlement of the Jews of New

Orleans hardly dates back before early in the present century, Judah Touro being one of their number. A son of Rev. Isaac Touro, of Newport, where he was born, arrived in New Orleans in his twenty-fifth year, acquired wealth and



JEWISH FOSTER HOME AND ORPHAN ASYLUM, PHILADELPHIA.



SUMTER (S. C.) SYNAGOGUE.

prominence, was wounded in defense of the city in 1815, and died in 1854, his remains being interred in his birthplace. Half of his estate was given to charity, without distinction of creed. When he learned that Amos Lawrence of Boston had pledged himself to give \$10,000 to

complete the Bunker Hill Monument, if a similar sum was subscribed by any other person, he sent a check for the amount, eliciting the following toast at the dinner in celebration of the event :

"Lawrence and Touro, united names,  
Patriarch, Prophet, press their equal claims;  
Christian and Jew, they carry out one plan,  
For though of different faith, each heart a man."

During the eighteenth century the Jews of New York increased in numbers. The first synagogue was built in 1729 in Mill Street. Hayman Levy, the most prominent furrier before the Revolution, had once in his employ two men who became famous in after years—John Jacob Astor and Nicholas Low. Uriah Hendricks was a well-known name at that time, with others in the early part of the century like Bernard Hart, Dr. D. L. M.

Peixotto, E. S. Lazarus, and Rev. G. M. Seixas, who was a trustee of Columbia College for many years. They formed an enterprising and respected section of the community when it was beginning to recover from the War of 1812, and was assuming the garb of America's metropolis.



JEWISH CEMETERY, NEWPORT.





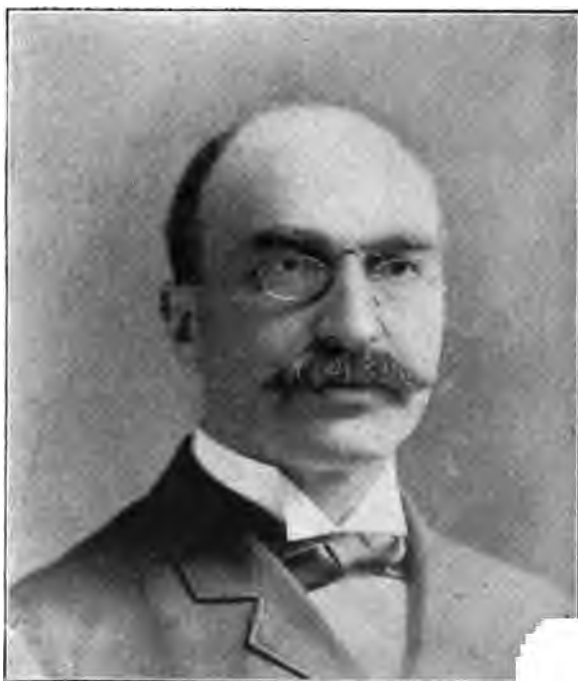
THE LATE JESSE SELIGMAN.

Out of the mist of the early decades of the present century, when New York hardly realized the position it was to occupy, one name merits special mention, for he was as active in the synagogue as in public life. Mordecai Manuel Noah, who was born in Philadelphia, July 14th, 1785, after he had settled in Charleston as lawyer, declined the appointment as United States Consul at Riga, Russia, tendered him in 1811, but secured in 1813 the post of United States Consul-General at Tunis, with a special mission to Algiers. On his return to America he published, in 1819, his "Travels in England, France, Spain, and the Barbary States in the Years 1813, '14 and '15." (New York : Kirk & Mercein, Wall Street). In its appendix appeared some remarkable letters from Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and John Adams, evidencing their breadth of view. These words from the letter of John Adams may serve as an illustration : "I wish your nation may be admitted to all the privileges of citizens in every country of the world. This country has done much. I wish it may do more, and annul every narrow idea in religion, government and commerce."

Taking up his residence in New York he entered journalism, founding and editing four papers which enjoyed a good measure of popularity. In 1832 President Jackson appointed him surveyor of the port, and later he became judge of the Court of Sessions. An active personality in New York politics, he was as com-

bative as his adversaries. Party strife was violent enough in these decades, which are so often called the good old times, and Mordecai Noah gave and received little mercy. Practical politician, journalist and man of letters, he could preach a sermon and write a play with equal facility. In 1820, while the impressions of foreign travel had not wholly passed away, he began a movement for the restoration of the Jews as a separate nationality. He proposed to establish them at Grand Island, on the Niagara River, and erected at Whitehaven, on the eastern side of the island, a monument of brick and wood, bearing this inscription : "Ararat, a City of Refuge for the Jews, founded by Mordecai M. Noah, in the month of Tishri, 5586 (September, 1825), and in the Fiftieth Year of American Independence." As was a foregone conclusion, the movement proved a failure. Noah's Ark this time refused to alight upon Ararat. He died in New York on May 22d, 1851.

The forties formed a pivotal point in American Jewish history, for then began the German landslide. Up to that period the Portuguese, Dutch and English element, which had become thoroughly Americanized and in some families could trace their descent to early Colonial days, had been predominant. A new influence was now to make itself felt, more combative and enterprising than the Polish contingent, which was also appearing upon the scene. It was an era of reaction in Central Europe, preceding the storm of



THE LATE ADOLPH L. SANGER.



YOUNG RUSSIAN AT THE FLAG DRILL, HEBREW INSTITUTE.

revolution in 1848. If famine was the chief factor which caused the Irish landslide to America about half a century ago, it was the de-

sire for freedom and a broader environment that made the German Jew look longingly toward our country at the same era. Many, of course, were poor and destitute like the common run of emigrants, but a large number were men of education and thrift, of progressive ideas and high ideals. Energetic, pushing, practical, they were of the material to succeed, and as they rapidly increased they gradually disputed the supremacy with their American-born brethren, who were limited in numbers, until they became the representative element, particularly in the West and East. In the South, where the American-Jewish stock was more strongly intrenched, it was not until after the Civil War that the German and Polish element formed the majority.

From the social, the religious, and the charitable points of view, the German made himself a paramount factor. New synagogues began to be formed, as he and his associates from Bavaria, Bohemia and other German-speaking provinces spread over the country. Some of the largest and most important congregations in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Cincinnati date back to their settlement. No less decisive for Jewish benevolent institutions was the same period, and the Order of Benai Berith, numbering to-day 25,000 members, owes its origin to the same im-



INTERIOR OF CHARLESTON, S. C., SYNAGOGUE.



TEMPLE SINAI, NEW ORLEANS.

petus. German-speaking rabbis were rendered necessary, and they gave new shape and direction to American Jewish thought. A few years more, when the Civil War had ended, German-American Israelites began to be leaders in finance and trade and made the chief cities, no longer the country towns, their centers of activity. Many utilized their wealth in developing existing institutions of charity and building larger temples of worship. The need of education became more strongly felt, and Hebrew and Sabbath Schools became attached to all the synagogues. The ritual was changed and modernized—the organ and regular weekly sermons in German or English were universally introduced. The reform movement in American Judaism was practically identical with German influence and secured its first foothold—two decades after its appearance in Charleston—in German Jewish congregations, which proved receptive to new ideas and progressive influences.

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The seventies and eighties formed the periods of greatest German supremacy.

In the early eighties, however, a new element was to make itself felt in American Judaism, which was to exercise as weighty an influence in its turn as the German landslide three decades earlier. When the first shipload of Russian emigrants arrived at New York in 1881, and the stream began to assume greater proportions as Russia's enforcement of the "May laws" brought ruin to thousands of families, while outbreaks in many portions of the Czar's domains terrorized the Jewish inhabitants, few anticipated that in the course of a decade or two nearly three hundred thousand Russians were to be added to the Jewish population of the United States. As America was the only land that could assimilate any large number, toward our country the fugitives turned, to increase still

further its composite character. Committees were formed to meet them, funds were raised for their transportation and diffusion, Baron de Hirsch donated about \$2,500,000 for their education in agricultural and industrial pursuits, and settle-



HEBREW INSTITUTE, NEW YORK.



TEMPLE EMANU-EL, NEW YORK.

ments were organized. But all agencies were unable to cope with the immense masses of newcomers who flocked to the large cities and established quarters of their own with the atmosphere of Russia on American soil. Happily two forces were at work to Americanize them: the public school which was to educate the children and the large-hearted and wisely directed labors of a few far-sighted men like the late Michael Heilprin and the members of the Baron de Hirsch Trust, who made manual, technical and agricultural training their paramount purpose, and under whose direction thousands have been made self-supporting. Out of evil has come

good, and this very Russian exodus has given a powerful impetus to the most generous and judicious philanthropy, to the enlargement of existing institutions, and to the establishment of others on approved lines of the new education. It is pleasant to realize that the new-comers of nearly two decades ago, the fugitives, hunted and persecuted, have furnished a full quota of successful men in every field of activity. Thrifty, energetic, intelligent, they have proved close competitors in trade, and as they gain in wealth and American culture will give a good account of themselves in the professions. They are not more clannish than were the Germans and Polish in their day, and this trait will doubtless yield as readily to their new environment. Whether their numbers will be still further increased by large accessions one cannot tell. Of late years there has been a marked decrease in Russian Jewish immigration, but until civil and religious liberty is assured in Russia one may anticipate a more or less steady exodus from that land.

It is estimated that the Jews of the United States number about 1,200,000, although that may be somewhat in excess. Although in common with the great mass of the population they prefer the cities, they are found scattered in every section from Bangor to the Klondike, and

their synagogues, which were a novelty a few decades ago, save in places like New York, Philadelphia, Charleston, Savannah and Richmond, can be met everywhere.

Chicago recently witnessed the fiftieth anniversary of its oldest synagogue—the new edifice on Indiana Avenue, with its impressive archi-



SANITARIUM FOR HEBREW CHILDREN.

ecture, tells the story of successful growth. The new temples in Cleveland, Little Rock, Kansas City, St. Louis, Detroit, are eloquent reminders of Western progress. San Francisco vies with the Eastern coast-cities in the number of its synagogues. The President of the United States was present at the recent corner-stone laying for the new Wash-

ington Temple, which will be worthy of the capital of our country. In New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Baltimore, the synagogues are in the broad places, and convey a favorable idea of American Israel. According to Rev. Dr. Carroll's statistics there were, in 1897, 570 Jewish congregations in the United States, and 143,000 communicants—the last term is misleading. As a rule, the father alone counts as a member of the synagogue. Besides, in the smaller towns in which there are no regular synagogues, there will be found many Jews, and these are not included in the estimate, while a large proportion of Jewish residents of the chief cities may be unattached to any syna-



TOURO INFIRMARY, NEW ORLEANS.

gogue, membership being voluntary, not compulsory.

If we leave the domain of the house of worship and turn to institutions of charity, the traditional Jewish virtue of benevolence is amply illustrated. There are large and well-equipped orphan asylums in New York—accommodating 1,200 children—Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Chicago, San Francisco, New Orleans, Newark, Atlanta, Cleveland—the two latter being under the auspices of the Order of Benai Berith. There are Jewish hospitals and homes for the aged in New York, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Cleveland, Chicago, and Cincinnati. The Montefiore Home for Chronic Invalids in New York is admittedly



A CLEVELAND SYNAGOGUE.





TEMPLE EMANU-EL, SAN FRANCISCO.

second to no institution of its kind in the world. In most cases these homes and hospitals are open to all, without distinction of creed. The Benai Berith Order, which is a fraternity numbering 2,500, founded over fifty years ago, supports a home at Yonkers for aged and infirm members. The Keshet Shel Barzel, a fraternity of about 12,000 members, maintains a similar home in Cleveland. In addition, Sisterhoods of Personal Service, or Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent Societies, are attached to the synagogues almost universally, and ladies' auxiliary societies co-operate in the management of the various institutions. The Jews were among the first to apply the principle of union to their charities, and now the United Hebrew Charities plan in New York,

Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati and elsewhere is uniformly successful.

In the sphere of education the Jews support three seminaries: the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati, which was founded by the Union of American Hebrew Congregations about twenty years ago, and has graduated a large number of young rabbis; the Jewish Theological Seminary of New York, of more conservative tendencies, that was organized a few years ago; and the Gratz College of Philadelphia, which went into operation in January of the present year, and is

a private endowment. A Jewish Publication Society has been before the public for some years and has issued a good list of works chiefly in Jewish history. A Jewish Historical Society is doing service in securing interesting data on the early history of the Jews in North and South America. More energetic efforts are being made to insure efficient Sabbath School methods and better equipped teachers. The Jewish press includes a large number of weeklies, one daily and one monthly, but cannot be said, except in a very few instances, to be as representative as desirable. The Y. M. H. A. is a feature in many cities—the Philadelphia, New York, Cleveland, New Orleans and St. Louis societies being most energetic. The Hebrew Technical Institute of New York and the Jewish Training School of Chicago, as well as the industrial classes of the Hebrew Education Society of Philadelphia, are good examples of thorough work done in the new education which aims to produce artists and

artisans, particularly among the children of recently arrived immigrants, diverting them from the humbler forms of trading and introducing them to new lines of handiwork that will insure success and self help. Worthy of special mention is the activity displayed in the Hebrew and religious training of the children of the poorer classes. Fully 3,500 boys and girls attend the Hebrew Free Schools of New York, all of whom of school age are pupils of the public schools. Similar societies, or kindred in scope, exist in Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore, St. Louis, San Francisco, Cleveland, Newark, Paterson, Boston, Brooklyn, Cincinnati, etc.

A remarkable recent phase of American Judaism, which is full of hope for the future, is the



## A DISASTROUS VICTORY.

By GILBERTE HOLT.



It is so warm, I am sure it will rain."

Katherine Kingdon sank luxuriously into the depths of a porch chair, laid her parasol on her lap, and gazed admiringly at its pretty folds.

"How many calls did you make?" Mrs. Kingdon glanced up from her book long enough to ask.

Katherine removed the pins from her hat; placing it upon her hand, she held it out at arm's length.

"Four or five. Aunt Susan wasn't at home. Don't you think that rose might droop a little more? Nell fell in love with my gown. Really, Madam Vere matched the ribbons wonderfully well. I saw Sadie Graham taking in my whole outfit; I know she was wondering where I got it. It is so delightful to have a new hat, dress and parasol, all at the same time! I do hope Sanford will want me to do him some more dinner cards before long, because I want——"

"Kate, Kate! was there ever a time when you didn't want something?" Mrs. Kingdon interrupted, laughingly.

The young girl stood up and shook out the folds of her dress.

"I don't call it vanity to want to be becomingly dressed; I consider it good taste," she responded.

"Beauty unadorned——" Mrs. Kingdon began.

"Yes, I am thankful I'm good to look at," Kate interposed. "I do feel sorry for plain girls."

Mrs. Kingdon shook her head reprovingly, but her eyes plainly approved of the slight, willowy figure before her. Perhaps it was because she could see below the surface, and was as conversant with the depth as well as the shallows of her daughter's nature that she did not severely condemn her for her vanity.

A casual observer saw only the foam; those who knew the girl were aware of the strong, steady undercurrent as well.

"Here are some letters; I had almost forgotten them."

"Three?—how nice! I do love to have people write to me! One from Constance—I'll save

that until the last; it is sure to be the best. Con never writes unless she has something to say. There is that dreadful Miss Bean! I'm sure she is coming here, so I'll escape before she comes. How you can be so nice to such an old bore passes my understanding."

Katherine passed down the long, cool hall to a small room which opened off of the back parlor. This was her especial den. Here were her books, her desk and her violin. Here it was that she received her few intimate friends.

On her desk near the window stood a vase in which bloomed a single deep red rose.

Katherine stopped to inhale its fragrance, and her eyes fell upon two photographs.

"Dear old Con!" she said, as she looked at the picture of a girl.

There were but two beings on earth Katherine loved better than her schoolmate, Constance Seymour. One was her mother; the other was the man whose picture stood guard on the other side of the rose.

This strange, new love which had but lately come into her life, often frightened her by the way in which it swallowed up all other feelings.

She flushed as her eyes met those of the picture. From the photograph her glance involuntarily fell to her hand where his love pledge sparkled brightly.

She slowly raised her hand, but before it quite met her lips she dropped it again. With a little embarrassed laugh and an apologetic glance at Constance, who had now become that unwelcome "third person," she fell into a day dream—a dream so rosy, so filled with all her heart had ever longed for, that for very happiness she sighed, and sighing awoke.

She turned to her unopened letters. The first two were seemingly of little value, as she tossed them aside. But Constance's she read, then re-read. Then she rose, and with a sweep of her arm sent Constance's picture spinning across the room.

"How dare you!" she cried.

She trod upon the picture and ground her heel into it; but it had fallen face downward, and her light summer shoe made no impression.

Once more she read the letter, this time slowly.

Constance never made a statement unless sure of her facts. She never spoke nor wrote unless

she had something to say ; and, like most people who are chary of their words, when she did speak it was well to listen. No one knew this better than Katherine Kingdon.

A rumble of thunder woke her from her painful thinking. She rose and picked up the ill-used photograph.

"Poor Con ! you did it for my good, I suppose ; but I can never love you again—never, never, never !"

The wind began to blow and the rain to fall. Mechanically Katherine closed the window. She looked out on the fast drenching lawn. Scraps of conversations which had taken place between herself and Constance flitted fitfully through her mind, crossed by other talks she had had with her lover.

How she wished she could stop thinking, that she might arrange her ideas. Oh, how stupid that was ! She wished she could think connectedly, but her brain was tired out. No, it was not her brain. It was alert and eager for work. What was it that felt so numb and cold inside of her ?

But she must think. There was so much that must be decided before he came. How long would that be ? She glanced at the clock. It lacked five minutes of six. Dinner would be served at six, and oh, that dreadful Miss Bean would be there ! She had been kept by the storm.

Katherine went to her room and sent down word that her head ached, but she would be down later.

At last she made her decision. She knew exactly what she would say. To be sure it was a paltering, evasive policy she meant to pursue.

Her decision was the outcome of a battle between the two elements which went to form her character. One side of her nature longed for only the pleasant, easy way of life—a peaceful, quiet drifting, a looking at only the smiling surface of things. The other was the side which her long, close friendship with Constance had developed and strengthened. This side would listen to no evasion. It embodied firm principles which compelled a going deep down to the root of things—a hunting for and recognition of truth, and truth once found, a following it out to its end, no matter whither it led.

These two different phases of her character had fought tenaciously for mastery, and worn out by the struggle she had decided upon a compromise. The outcome was that Elwood Gerard, her lover, was to have a hearing. She would be guided by his attitude.

It was with a heart made heavy by misgivings that she went down that evening to meet her fate.

There were purple shadows under her eyes, but save for this there was no outward sign of the inward conflict.

The side of her nature which Katherine felt belonged as much to Constance as to herself, mocked at her that she permitted Elwood's caresses ; but the other side made her linger. With a feeling that it might perhaps be for the last time, she let his arm encircle her close. But at last she remembered Constance's letter.

"Elwood—Elwood," she began.

Her fingers interlaced nervously. She moved to the opposite side of the room. Even in her great distress of mind she noticed that the rose upon her desk was drooping. She began to slowly pull the petals apart and drop them one by one upon Constance's picture.

Even while the quick, short, breathless sentences fell from her lips she was conscious that one part of her brain was thinking that she was in reality burying Constance out of her life. It was upon the grave of their dead friendship that she was scattering the rose-leaves.

"Elwood, suppose long ago I had done something very wrong ? I mean, I had committed a great sin ? I had fallen——"

Katherine paused and her breath came hard and fast, but the eyes of the picture were not yet covered, and their steady gaze seemed to give courage.

"Yes. If I had fallen, Elwood, could you forgive me?—would you marry me?"

It was said at last. Constance's calm eyes had supported her to the end. Katherine cast the last few leaves upon the photograph, completely hiding the face.

She glanced furtively at the man across the room. Her heart died within her. Oh, why, why had she spoken ? But in the long pause that preceded his reply the stronger part of her nature had time to resume its sway.

The man sat with bowed head ; his hand shaded his face.

The room was pervaded by a death-like stillness. Had love, indeed, been slain ?

Suddenly a string of her violin broke with a loud snap. When the storm had come Katherine had been too deeply engrossed in other matters to remember the tightly strung instrument.

The man started at the sound. He rose and crossed to the window. Flinging it open he leaned far out and inhaled a deep breath.

It had stopped raining, and the stars were be-

ginning to come out. A soft, earthy smell came from the damp ground. Only the drip, drip of the rain from the eaves of the house broke the stillness.

Katherine could bear the silence no longer.

"Elwood!" she cried, and took a step forward.

The man wheeled suddenly as though the sound of her voice had spurred him to action. The muscles of his face were working painfully, and his hands were clinched.

They faced each other for some moments, and then, in a thick, unsteady voice the man spoke:

"Katherine, I can never help loving you, and so must forgive you——"

A smile flitted over the girl's face, the color came again to her pale cheeks. She took another step toward the man, but he raised his hand to stop her, and in a voice low and hoarse with pain, said:

"But I cannot marry you."

The girl drew back as though he had struck her, and her face hardened; but, looking at the man and noting his genuine grief, her face softened as she said:

"But you say you love me."

"Unfortunately I do. But I cannot marry you—my wife must be without stain."

The girl's eyes blazed and her cheeks burned.

"And you—you dare say that to me! Elwood Girard, my life, thank God, is without stain. It

is your past, not mine, which can be questioned. Have you forgotten Hetty White?"

The man's face turned to a dull stone color; his muscles set themselves into hard lines. Suddenly a change passed over his face.

"Katherine, forgive me!" he cried.

"I cannot."

"But I was only a boy then. Hetty has been dead for years."

"The past never dies. I never believed that, though, until you made me. Knowing about that woman, I forgave you, and thought if he can overlook the same past in me—— But you could not—no, you——" The girl hesitated, faltered, and the words died in her throat.

The man gripped the back of a chair. The veins on his forehead stood out like cords. He stood in silence. He recognized how hopeless it would be to attempt any words. At last he said:

"I had better go."

Katherine bent her head in assent.

With a heavy tread he passed out of the room.

Katherine listened to his footsteps as they echoed through the hall, out on to the porch, from thence on to the stone walk. Fainter and fainter they grew, then died out of her life forever.

When the last echo had ceased, Katherine bent her head upon her arms and wept aloud.

"Constance, Constance!" she moaned.

Her principles were left intact, but what of her heart?



## A DRAMA.

By MAUDE MORRISON HUEY.

Rosily the dew-bathed dawn  
Harbingers the day;  
Radiantly the mellow sun  
Melts the mist away;  
Mournfully and silently  
Night-shadows drape the hill;  
A twitter of applause among  
The birds, and all is still.





## WAR ENVELOPES.

By W. G. BOWDOIN.

**T**HE primary purpose of the coins of a country is not, as a rule, to perpetuate historical matters. Its postage stamps, its currency and its purely art products have other than historical functions. Yet each and all of these things are often valuable fields from whence to glean historical knowledge. They bear their silent testimony, and confirm or deny history as the case may be. This is also true in a marked degree of what are now known as war envelopes. They have had striking points in passing contemporary history blazoned upon them, and, where they have survived destruction, afford now to the curiously inclined a most interesting field of study and research.

The comparative insignificance of these objects has not been favorable to their finding a historian, and we have very little, if any, literature upon the subject. Here and there a solitary collector gathered many varieties, and solaced himself with the assembling and comparison of multiple examples that have a wide range in merit as to design, process and execution. A timid inquiry may perhaps be ventured as to their origin, but the result of such an inquiry points to an answer that is entirely conjectural. Legend has it that by accident or chance an unknown artist sketched with pen and ink upon his envelope containing a letter to his friend a patriotic study, and the idea became contagious. Others followed where he had blazed, and in the twinkling of an eye a thousand printing presses were busy in the striking off of envelopes marked with an American flag, pictures of the Capitol, George Washington, the figure of a soldier, ex-

tracts from Washington's farewell address, Andrew Jackson and some of his words, Ellsworth, Parson Brownlow, and cartoons without number. Both sections of the country had long been engaged in diverse thoughts and opposed ideas as to slavery, the doctrine of State rights, and the laws that grew out of these questions; the policy the government, and other matters too familiar to all to require more than a passing reference to them, long before the fatal opening of active hostilities inaugurated on April 12th, 1861, by the firing upon Fort Sumter that began the military struggle of the Civil War.

The tragic character of the contest did not for some time impress itself upon either side, and the war envelopes as first issued are largely pervaded by a humorous side that reflects this most strongly. As the importance of the war loomed up and the serious character of it became apparent, the field for cartoon narrowed, and the war envelope declined and became lost as an important feature, if, indeed, it could ever be held to have had any great importance except to those who printed and those who collected them. The sources of origin were such that it may safely be questioned if so little merit ever before so generally characterized the artistic qualities of so many designs. The theatre of war is prolific of moving pictures, and the war envelope of the hour was that which reflected the incident that interested the people. The timely presentation of a recent event or a cartoon bearing upon it was the source of the popularity of that envelope which set it forth, and those who were interested in the production of war envelopes considered

this point more largely than the permanent art value it could have been given under other and less hurried circumstances.



The fall of Sumter inspired the production of an envelope wherein South Carolina appears in the right corner from whence artillery fires upon the fort. A bit of the battlements of the fort are shown bristling with cannon. A flagstaff rises from the rampart, from which floats the Stars and Stripes. The flagstaff has been broken or splintered by a solid shot, and the flag droops. From the broken end of the flag-pole depend three strands or ropes, which encircle the necks of three human figures marked B., F. and J. D. (Beauregard, Floyd and Jeff Davis), and bearing the title "Unexpected results arising from fall of Sumter's flag."

even if unstamped, and the postage due collected on delivery.

The war envelope typifies a host of symbols that were contemporaneous with them, and took the form of badges, paper collars, on which were printed Union flag designs, and other emblems calculated to meet all demands. Union mottoes on gummed paper which were pasted upon envelopes not otherwise ornamented, were prevalent. Even the calico prints of the period reflected this decorative tendency, and bore patriotic devices; one favorite pattern having been a small shield with the word "Peace" in the chief; others had cannon, flags, bayonets, eagles in various forms and attitudes, pyramidal cannon balls, soldiers, clasped hands surrounded by wreaths, and similar designs. The war envelopes easily held their own, however, and were the most popular. Their use was very extensive, and at one time most of the letters passing through the Post Office were sent in envelopes of this kind, and even conservative business houses fell into line and adopted their use.

Many letters directed to the army in the field were transmitted in envelopes bearing characteristic corps devices, sometimes printed in colors, but more frequently in black. In some cases



From the dates appearing on the objects themselves it is apparent that the use of war envelopes began in 1861, and continued until the close of hostilities; but that their highest development was reached, from an artistic point of view, during the year 1864, after which they were less popular, their use was somewhat more restricted, and they deteriorated. Some of the early letters were sent by express to points where mail facilities did not exist, and were forwarded from express destination by means of messenger service in cases where the location of a regiment had shifted subsequent to the sending of the letter. Indeed, some letters were dispatched setting forth this contingency in the superscription. All soldiers' letters from the field were forwarded

the letter-paper harmonized in design with the envelope in which it was sent. Some curious verses appeared on some of these envelopes. The example which follows shows a style that at one time obtained considerable favor:

"Oh! for a nigger and oh! for a whip;  
Oh! for a cocktail and oh! for a nip;  
Oh! for a shot at old Greeley and Beecher;  
Oh! for a crack at a Yankee school-teacher;  
Oh! for a captain and oh! for a ship;  
Oh! for a cargo of niggers each trip."

"And so he kept oh-ing for all he had not,  
Not contented with oweing for all that he'd got."

The war envelopes were used at the South as well as at the North, and the Southern ones

were ornamented with printed portraits of President Davis, Vice-President Stevens, General Lee and other leaders, flags and Southern devices. The printing of newspapers on wall-paper, bank-notes on the plain backs of other notes, even pay warrants on paper no better than wrapping paper, prepares us for the statement that their execution was even more crude and less artistic than the Northern envelopes, which is not so surprising, perhaps, when it is remembered that many if not most envelopes used below Mason and Dixon's line were home made, the metal or wooden pattern envelope form being as much a part of a domestic outfit as the inkstand or the candlesticks.

William Rogers, of Memphis, Tenn., Allen & Boyer, Poydras Street, New Orleans, and G. W. Ealen, Charleston, S.C., C.S.A., were perhaps among the leading dealers in the Southern war envelopes. The Confederate flag was naturally held in high esteem, and was largely used on their envelopes. Mottoes like:

"Don't tread on us,  
Ever ready with our lives and fortunes."

"Southern rights will be defended by Southern men."

"We are in the field, and the bars are up."  
and

"Unite or die."

in connection with a picture of a rather fragmentary snake, which are taken from Southern war envelopes, will serve to show their plan and scope.

The Union envelopes were exceedingly multifarious in design, and some authorities reckon that at least 1,500 designs are now known to collectors. An extensive picture gallery is to be found upon these envelopes, and many of the officers in the army and others who were in the public eye have a representation there. Among portraits may briefly be named many of George Washington, General Jackson, A. Lincoln and the various members of his cabinet, General Winfield Scott, sometimes, also, pictured in cartoon with Davis as two dogs, General B. F. Butler, often in connection with his famous expression "Contraband of War"; General Burnside, General Lyon, James Buchanan (Judas), General Anderson, General George B. McClellan (the Napoleon of America), General Buckner, General Sigel, General Hallock, Major General Banks, Major General Wool, Brigadier General W. S. Rosecrans, General Hunter, General Curtis, Commodore Du Pont, Commodore Foote, John Bell, Stephen A. Douglas, J. C. Breckinridge, Lieutenant Frank Brownell, who shot

Jackson, and many colonels, statesmen and others.



The cartoon was extremely popular, and was freely used on many war envelopes. One of these represents Jeff Davis in uniform hanging from a palmetto tree, on the top of which sits a pelican marked "Southern Eagle." Around the tree is coiled a serpent, and the envelope bears the legend: "Jeff Davis in suspense. Long may he wave!"



Another design shows General Scott engaged in chopping down a large tree in which the Southerners have taken refuge. It is about to fall, and is labeled: "The Downfall of Secession Treas-on!"



On another Lincoln is pictured as awkwardly seated on a chair, and near by Jeff Davis is furiously riding a wooden hobby-horse. The super-scription reads: "Uncle Abe—'Look here, Jeff Davis! you have rode that Secession Hobby about long enough; I am going to put a stop to that now.'"



Another shows two safes in the flames, one marked "Union," the other "Secession."



France and England regard the Great Safe Trial, and a conversation takes place as below :

"*Napoleon* — 'I sympathize with the Union safe.'

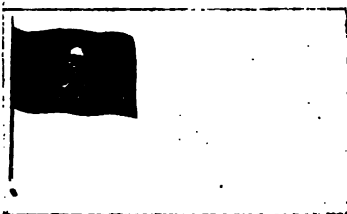
"*John Bull* — 'I think I will wait awhile and see which stands fire best before I take sides.' "



The end of Secession is next shown as a dangerous noose.



A monument to the memory of Jeff Davis is a pyramid of skulls, on which stands a ghastly skeleton booted and spurred, and wearing a military hat in which appears a Confederate flag. A sword is carried in his bony hand.



A black flag, ornamented with the piratical skull and crossbones, is labeled : "J. D. His Marque."



An outline map of the United States is super-scribed : "The Stars and Stripes must cover the whole."

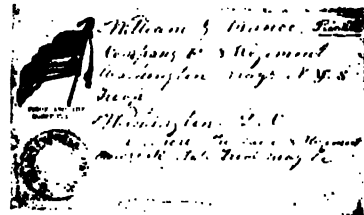
The Union as an arch resting on buttresses marked "Union" and "Constitution," with Pennsylvania as the keystone, from whence fly National flags, is marked : "One Nation—One Government."



The demand for an envelope with a printed form space providing for the filling in of the names of the regiment, colonel commanding, camp and the company, led to the production of the one we here reproduce.



The direction on the envelope next shown has a thoughtful provision made by the writer for forwarding, in case the regiment to which it is addressed might have been ordered from Washington, where the letter is addressed, to which previous reference has been made in this article. As will be seen from the reproduction, this is one of the express forwarded letters.



From a collector's standpoint the Southern war envelopes are the most interesting, because they were less numerous, and are consequently of much greater rarity. Happy is the collector who has some of these, especially if still ornamented with the original Confederate stamps. The reproduction below shows one of these sought for envelopes.



It is from such sources as the war envelopes

that we are enabled to glean something of the feelings of the people, something of the things not usually laid down in the written histories. General Scott may be mentioned in this connection. He was, at the outbreak of the war, in command of the armies of the United States; and, notwithstanding he was nearly seventy-four years old, he was in the height of his glory as a soldier, his Mexican record shining brightly and encouraging the people to regard him as the one man who could bring order out of chaos and save the country. His picture appears frequently on the early war envelopes, and emphasizes the confidence, trust and expectation prevalent at the North in his powers. Historians now pass lightly over this, and generally fail to lay any special stress upon it.



The reproduction here shows Scott in the act of bursting with his sword the Secession bubbles blown by J. D. It was unfortunate that he did not live up to all the expectations put forth on these war envelopes, but advancing years and subsequent death made way for other figures in the relentless world of war.

Colonel Elmer Elsworth and his romantic death in connection with hauling down a Confederate flag from a hotel near Washington was likewise a favorite subject for envelope decoration, and many different portraits of him were current, one of the best of which is here shown.



The number of those who issued these envelopes was large. One of the leading publishers in New York was Charles Maguire. They were also issued and sold largely in Detroit, Cincinnati, Hartford, Boston and Philadelphia, and to some extent in New Haven, Salem, Buffalo, Chicago and elsewhere. As previously set forth most of the work done on these envelopes was of a class that would scarcely obtain recognition at the Paris salon, or even at our own art exhibitions—not always too critical—but there were many possessing a high order of merit. The various bank note companies produced designs executed in lithograph and steel plate, sometimes in colors, and they commanded high prices, and were in many cases protected by copyright.

Some particular designs were greatly in demand, such as the one known as "The Soldier's Dream," "The Fox and the Grapes," Butler's "Contraband of War," Parson Brownlow, Jeff Davis "taking" Washington (with a camera), and those caricaturing Southern financial plans, leaders, etc., some of which will be found among the group of reproductions accompanying this article. Some book and stationery stores devoted considerable space to the sale of these envelopes during the war, and displayed many specimens upon their counters. Even the low price of a cent a copy afforded a considerable margin of profit over the cost of manufacture in quantity.

## PHEASANT SHOOTING.

By HOWARD PAUL.

**A** CELEBRATED English sportsman, Mr. Egerton Warbuton, who, by precept and practice, lost no opportunity of championing the cause of fox-hunting, declared, in his spirited verse, that—

"One fox in covert more pleasure can bring  
Than twice twenty thousand cock-pheasants on wing."

This dictum, though grateful enough in the ears of the votary of the chase, is seriously questioned

by thousands of sportsmen, who, during the shooting season, make a point of popping away at the pheasants.

Each branch of shooting has its own peculiar characteristic, and pheasant shooting may be said to represent what may be regarded as, to some extent, the artificial side of sport. The gamekeeper does a good deal for grouse and partridges; but it is in the rearing of pheasants that he stands out with all his attributes of capability. An agriculturist can tell how many

head of horned cattle or horses can be profitably reared on a given number of acres ; but a more difficult task is it to say how many pheasants may be regarded as constituting the natural product of a covert of specified acreage. The contents of a diary, recently published, of Colonel Peter Hawker may cause most of us to think less of him as a sportsman than when we read his book on shooting. Still, if he makes himself out to be a fox-hunter and a poacher, no one can gainsay the fact that he was conversant with all the details of shooting. The colonel gave it as his opinion that, in favorable conditions of situation and drainage, a covert of from six to eight acres should accommodate fifteen hundred pheasants. That estimate would scarcely commend itself to the wealthy game-preserver of to-day, who, for the purposes of his sport, expects his keeper to show him many more birds than Colonel Hawker thought to be a reasonable number for a covert of the size mentioned. It so happens that the pheasant, unlike the partridge, will breed in captivity ; and so a large, and very often legitimate, trade is transacted in the sale of pheasants' eggs, and these are hatched out under hens, hand-reared, and turned out in the different coverts in time for the shooting season. The stock is too great to allow of them finding their own living, so they are carefully fed by the keeper, and a large business is done in game food.

The habits of the pheasant confine him practically to his own covert and its immediate vicinity, and, when flushed, the pheasant does not, like the partridge, fly far afield. He is fed by the keeper in the same covert, though not always in the same spot, and this is of itself sufficient to render him a "home bird." This being so, the capture of the pheasant otherwise than by shooting is a comparatively easy matter, and, on one occasion, at least, the owner of two estates caused a great number of birds to be netted on one and transferred to the other prior to having a "big shoot." This sort of proceeding contrasts, perhaps, somewhat strongly with the style of pheasant shooting in vogue many years ago. "Merrily bounds the heart of the true old sportsman," wrote that chatty author "Martingale," "as, in November, he leaves his mansion in the morning to range through his well-preserved woods in pursuit of the pheasant, especially if accompanied by a faithful and well-trying friend." This friend may have been a companion or a spaniel. The Clumber breed was for long in high favor with the old school of pheasant shooters, who placed unlimited faith in the

powers and assistance of the springer. Other sportsmen of past time employed pointers for covert shooting ; but it will be readily understood that putting pointers to such work rather tended to spoil them for the open. Lord Byron said that the "chase, the turf, and the pheasants' golden wings," found country gentlemen in amusement for about half the year—he might have put it at longer than that—and it is well that it should be so, for it is better that money should be expended at home than wasted at Monte Carlo, or the gaming clubs of Italy, whither it would find its way were there no winter field sports in England. The grouse, the partridge, the fox, and "that magnificent exotic bird, the spangled cock pheasant," combine to keep men from wandering abroad to exchange the often dull English winter weather for sunny climes.

Since the time of Colonel Peter Hawker pheasants have been reared upon a much more successful system, and the manner of shooting them has changed also. On occasions the sportsman goes out by himself, or with a friend for a sort of informal shoot, after either partridges or pheasants, and is content to bag a few brace ; but when people talk about partridge or pheasant shooting on a system they mean shooting as it is carried out when a party assembles, and "beaters" and "stops" are requisitioned. This, of course, is suggestive of the "battue," an inadmissible word, and a form of shooting about which a vast amount of nonsense has been written. Admitting the tame and utterly artificial character of a battue in the abstract, it is, nevertheless, in practice, a sport, and one in which scientific arrangement is requisite to insure success. "Sportsmen of a tougher calibre," wrote one would-be authority on pheasant shooting, "seek what is called the 'rocketing' bird for themselves, and will decline to try their skill upon him when he is driven past them calling and chattering, and as helpless as a duckling making its way to the water." I must say I never saw a "rocketer" perform such antics as these.

In fact, the "rocketer" is the reverse of the poet—he is not born, he is made. The gun cannot drive him ; he must be driven to the gun. To do this there must be men to drive, and it is merely the combination and due arrangement of men to drive, game to be driven, and guns to shoot it that constitute the battue of such evil repute and the subject of such violent execration among those who never saw one and hardly know what it means. Then there is the case on record of the owner of a shooting estate whose pheasants had bred badly, but who was desirous of

showing good sport to the friends whom he had previously invited, buying five hundred live pheasants, which he turned loose in his covert. These birds flew just as well as if they had been bred in the coverts, and were as difficult to shoot as if they had been wild pheasants. The visitors enjoyed themselves, and never for a moment suspected that the "rocketers" which tried their skill had come straight from a dealer. The "rocket" is essentially the product of knowledge and arrangement, and when a bird which may have been out of a hamper for only a few days is put up, he is, by the time he reaches the guns, quite as good as a wild bird for sport.

If, however, the pleasures of covert shooting are many, so are its dangers. The gun is an enemy to human life, and should be treated as such; consequently its muzzle should, save when leveled at a bird, be pointed toward the sky. Before the pheasant-shooting season is over every year, sundry accidents are recorded, many of them owing to the disregard of well-known precautions. When guns are forward in covert, men are found to be so foolish as to shoot at low-flying birds, with the result that, whether they hit or miss their mark, they as often as not pepper some one as well. Those, again, who recall some of the shooting parties in which they have participated, must have shuddered as they remember to have seen an excited sportsman "following on" a bird or ground game crossing the level or line of some human being or dog. Putting cartridges into a breechloader would seem to be an operation so simple as to admit of no wrong way of doing it, yet experience shows that many gunners, after inserting the cartridges, close the gun by jerking the barrels upward, and then, in the event of some of the mechanism being out of order or the finger unintentionally pressing the trigger, the gun goes off and some one is perhaps shot. I believe it was a mischance of this sort that deprived the Earl of Lonsborough the use of one of his eyes.

Pheasant shooting on the great landed estates of England is preserved for November and December, by which time the woodlands are completely divested of their autumn foliage, and the scientific operation of "showing" game for the guns and insuring successful drives can be properly conducted.

In the sporting annals of this century nothing is more remarkable than the marvelous increase in the numbers of pheasants. At the end of the last century less than a hundred of these birds was considered to be a fine bag for a single day's sport. The "Holkam Game Book," perhaps the most interesting shooting record in the world, shows that in the year 1800 only 355 pheasants were killed upon Lord Leicester's sporting estate. As the century advanced pheasants grew in favor, so that by 1845 a bag of a thousand head of these birds in a single day's shooting is recorded. Last year on Lord Sefton's estate, Croxteth, in Lancashire, 7,099 pheasants were bagged during four days' shooting. Since 1860 the demands of pheasant shooters has resulted in the development of a scientific industry which now occupies several thousand hands in different parts of the county, and of course circulates considerable money in rural districts. The late Dhuleep Singh's estate in Norfolk was one of the pioneers of these sporting industries. In these establishments the art of rearing is reduced to an exact science. It is not to be supposed, however, that even where keepers are provided with every resource that experience and money can command the rearing of these birds is an easy matter. It is calculated that little more than 50 per cent. of pheasants can be produced for the behoof of the gunners from the eggs gathered and put under hens. How every minutest detail is thought out may be gleaned from the fact that the habitual attendant at the "mews," as they are called, is advised to wear always the same kind of clothing. "Any conspicuous change in his dress," says a leading writer on the subject, "will be likely to cause a disturbance often resulting in injury."

The worst form of modern pheasant rearer, too often a mere *nouveau riche*—who hopes to win his way into society, as in truth he does, by the magnitude of his "shoots"—looks upon pheasants merely as so many counters in the game of existence. At heart he is no sportsman. If he can produce a head of game which will enable him to attract desirable visitors, and record the names of his guests and the number of his slain pheasants prominently in the newspapers, he is content. This type of person does more harm than good to English outdoor sports.





OFF FOR THE CHASE.  
FROM THE PAINTING BY F. WAGNER.



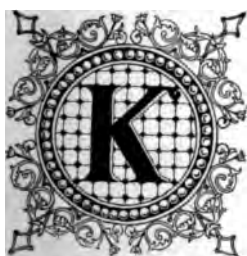
NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING AND UNITED STATES POST OFFICE.

## KANSAS CITY.

THE LIFE, PEOPLE AND RESOURCES OF THE GREAT MISSOURI CITY.

BY CHARLES THOMAS LOGAN.

*AMERICAN CITIES SERIES.—XII.*



**K**ANSAS CITY is one of the youngest of the larger American cities. Less than forty years ago it was the home of a tribe of Indians. It received its christening as the "Town of Kansas," and did not take its name from the State of Kansas, as many have understood, but from the Kansas or Kaw River, as the latter has been named. It was, for many years previous to the late Civil War, used merely as a trading post; but as the tide of emigration began to flow toward the West, the township gradually grew into importance until it soon became a place of considerable note. It was the headquarters for a large amount of trade which was opened up by the thousands of early settlers bound for the middle and far West. Before the advent of railroads it

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was no uncommon sight to see hundreds of wagons and men encamped on the Kaw and Missouri Rivers at this point. The landing was also piled high with thousands of tons of heavy freight. The history of Kansas City, however, from its earliest stages up to now would be too tedious for mention in an article of this character. It is of the Kansas City of today and not of its







RESIDENCE OF DR. J. B. GRIFFITH.  
VAN BRUNT HOWE, ARCHITECT.

past that principal mention shall be made.

During the past ten years the growth of the city has been of a satisfactory nature, though it has not justified the "boomers' " idea of the wonderful increase predicted while the inflation of values was in vogue about a dozen years ago. It was as far back as 1885 that the boom period first spread through the middle West.

By 1888 the population of

Kansas City had grown to be something like 125,000, while the number to-day is safely put down at 200,000. This is in Kansas City proper. The reader will understand that there are



EDWARD D. SMITH'S HOME.  
VAN BRUNT HOWE, ARCHITECT.

really two cities of this name — Kansas City, Kansas, being just across the State line, and having a population of at least 75,000. There are fully 25,000 additional people in the suburbs not yet taken into the corporate limits,



RESIDENCE OF J. G. STREAT.  
SHEPARD FARRAR, ARCHITECT.



HOME OF K. B. ARMOUR.  
VAN BRUNT HOWE, ARCHITECT.

so that it may be safely said that there are at Kansas City not less than 300,000 people within a five-mile radius. This community forms in itself one of the most active and alert as well as progressive to be found on the entire continent. The dividing line between the two cities is more

imaginary than anything else, for they are one in all things except the governments that control each, being under two separate State constitutions. In everything that tends, however, to cause the ad-



COLONEL C. F. MORSE'S HOME.  
VAN BRUNT HOWE, ARCHITECT.



THE CHILDS' RESIDENCE.



NINTH AND WALNUT STREETS.



DELAWARE STREET.



WALNUT STREET, NORTH.



EIGHTH STREET, WEST FROM WALNUT.

vancement of the combined dual municipality they are in all essentials one city. No one expects the United States census of 1900 to give the number of people in this same territory at much less than 350,000 to 400,000. It ought easily to reach the same or equal proportions of Minneapolis and St. Paul combined.

One of the signs of the times, and a significant fact just at this period, is that there are absolutely no vacant houses for rent, and the amount of building now going on is unprecedented in the city's history in any year since the closing of the boom period in 1888. For the first six months of this year the contracts for improvements, such as building and public city improvements, amounted to the splendid sum of almost \$3,000,000; and it is expected that before the first of January, 1899, shall have passed the total will reach \$6,000,000. There was a time, some eleven years ago, when the more hopeful of Kansas City's population expected to see the million mark reached in ten years; but that was when idle boomers placed valuations upon such an exalted and fictitious basis that it would have been impossible for New York City to have realized an income from an investment under those figures. Those were exciting days. Fortunes

were made and unmade within a day, and much excitement existed for a period of several years. Exchanges for the sale of property were running night and day, and the transactions frequently ran into many millions per week. It is said



EXCHANGE BUILDING—COMMERCIAL CLUB AND BOARD OF TRADE.



that in the year 1887 the transactions in realty alone in Kansas City footed up the magnificent sum of \$65,000,000. This is a sum equal to one-half of the taxable property of the city to-day.

The city being located at the junction of the Missouri and Kansas Rivers, formed, as it does to-day, naturally the center for an enormous volume of trade, coming down through that richest

of river valleys, the Missouri, and from the vast plains over Kansas, the Indian Territory, Missouri, Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska and some twenty other odd States. It is no wonder that when these advantages presented themselves to the large railway interests of the country, Kansas City was made a point of divergence for many of the greatest lines in America. With the deep, rich soil, the magnificent crops and splendid grazing lands in the territory tributary to Kansas City, it is not surprising that rival companies sought to control the vast trade interests that must of necessity center at this point. This has resulted, up to date, in more than thirty-one railroads being built into the city, which are controlled by

eighteen separate systems which, in turn, control more than 50,000 miles of railway. It is easy to understand, from these facts alone, why Kansas City has assumed such unusual commercial importance. As the center for the food products of America it controls a territory which contributes most of the cattle, hogs, sheep, horses, wheat, corn and oats of the country. Most of the cattle that graze upon the great plains of the West and Southwest, and also those that are fattened each year in the surrounding corn States, together with the countless thousands of hogs and sheep, all find a market in Kansas City, or else are converted into meat products through the various packing houses that are located in Kansas City. Including the States of Texas, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, New Mexico, Colorado, Indian Territory, Arizona and Utah, the United States Agricultural Department in 1896 credited this territory with having nearly 17,000,000 head of cattle; but of this more later on.

Of Kansas City it may be said that it has few superiors in point of cleanliness anywhere. There is an air of neatness visible always about the condition of the streets, which is so noticeable as to be even remarkable, and this is the constant thought of all strangers. The street pavement is principally of asphalt, and especially in the residence districts, which adds greatly to its appearance. In the matter of clean streets it reminds one forcibly of that model of perfectly paved cities—Buffalo. The movement for more perfect streets has taken deep hold upon the people and no man who is not given over body and soul to this important work would be long tolerated in office. The system of street improvement is uniform, and the city fathers are devoting large sums of money each year for the purpose of laying asphalt. This material seems to be in favor in all cities of the country, and there does not appear to be any substitute which can take its place.

Away back in 1879 there was inaugurated a system of cable car service extending over the various streets of the city, including Ninth, Main and Walnut Streets, the leading thoroughfares then, that would have been creditable to Chicago. Of course such work and enterprise at that stage of the city's growth was looked upon as little short of absolute folly. But from that time down to the period covered by what might be called the "inflation epoch," Kansas City grew with a desultory gait that did not promise much of the later development. It was along in 1887, 1888, 1889 and 1890, that the city passed through a period of building down in the business district which was almost phenomenal. Million dollar enterprises were of almost daily record. Large amounts of Eastern capital were coming in to swell the public confidence in the city's future. It was truly a remarkable condition. Some of the great life insurance companies, among them the New York Life and the New England Life, erected mammoth modern office buildings. The building of the New York Life Insurance Company is



1. NINTH STREET. 2. MAIN STREET. 3. WINTER SCENE. 4. COATES HOUSE. 5. HIGH SCHOOL.

standing to-day, having cost \$1,500,000, and it is one of the most splendid structures to be found in the country. It is superbly equipped and situated upon a commanding eminence, a dozen stories high and a lasting monument to the sagacity of its promoters. These buildings are alluded to merely because they were put up by corporations of national renown; but there are also scores of other magnificent modern office buildings, and many more are now in process of erection. In a talk with the managers of a New England syndicate, which built many of the finer business blocks of the city, the writer was told that while some of the investments in building did not pay the company for awhile, that the structures having been put up with modern appliances and being fully up to date, are now paying handsome dividends. The reversal of form which took place following the exciting days of the boom, while they reacted sharply upon the purses of rash investors, who placed their all in confidence through the leadership of the boom-builders, proved in reality the best thing which could have happened to Kansas City. This reaction took place, as it should have done, quickly, and it caused a new element to spring up—a class of people who were cautious, conservative and careful about the city's future. Geographically and commercially it was seen and known that St. Louis, Denver, Minneapolis, Chicago, and other cities had no advantage over Kansas City, and it was argued that it would be merely a question of time when the city's supremacy would naturally assert itself. The sagacity of this conservative element has been proved by latter day developments. While many of these cities named have been progressing slowly of late years, Kansas City's prosperity has been, within the last five years, coming on with almost a roaring rush. It has really had a tide of prosperity which no outside influence could stem. When it is understood that in one interest alone—the cattle business—there is one concern, the Kansas City Stock Yards Company, doing an annual business of \$110,000,000, a clearer idea may be obtained of how great the vol-



RESIDENCE OF COLONEL W.  
L. NELSON.



KANSAS CITY STAR BUILDING.

ume of business really is. By comparison with other cities the commerce of Kansas City ranks very high. The bank clearings show an average of from about \$550,000,000 to \$600,000,000 annually, which is about the same as the clearings of Cincinnati or New Orleans. While the bank clearings do not indicate entirely the total volume of business done, it may give, of course, a strong idea of what it is. This is about one-half of the clearings of St. Louis, and many millions more than Minneapolis or Denver.

At the beginning of the late Civil War Kansas City had a population of nearly 7,000, but when that eventful struggle was over there were scarcely 2,000 people within the limits. The peculiar conditions which existed in Missouri during that war—the guerrilla warfare and other uncommon methods of waging battle were adopted, and people had not much desire to dwell in the midst of the conflict. In the fall of 1865, however, Kansas City received its first real impulse for the future, in the building into the town of the Missouri Pacific Railway. It can be said that her marvelous growth dates itself from this period. Up to this time the Missouri River, with its steamboats, had been practically the only transportation which, in the earlier days, had attracted the adventurous pioneer. In 1866, the charter for the first bridge across the river was made with the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad, under which they were to build to Kansas City instead of Leavenworth. From this incipient work was begun the concentration of lines which marked the end of the traffic on the river, and which began the wonderful increase in railroads.

The area of the stock yards previously mentioned is 177 acres, at which, including manu-



facturing of meat products and the sale of stock, the annual business of \$185,000,000 is done. This vast area, set apart for the handling of live stock, is divided up into a most perfect arrangement, including chutes, pens, alleys, tracks, and every modern appliance for facilitating this business. These pens are supplied with fresh water, and all have perfect drainage. Indeed, it may be said that the facilities are so good that fully 500 cars can be loaded at one time and passed through the chutes without any inconvenience to the general business of the yards. The cattle stand upon vitrified brick, and wide plank walks are arranged on the top of the dividing pens, where a convenient examination and view may be had of the cattle in the pens. This also does away with any possible danger from contact in the purchase of stock. The Live Stock Exchange Building is a magnificent structure, four stories high, and has as many rooms for offices as a large modern hotel, there being 353 rooms in the building. This structure covers three and one-half acres of floor space alone.

A brief summary of some of the trade statistics for Kansas City may be given as follows: Packing house products, \$75,000,000; wholesale trade in all lines, \$150,000,000; grain, \$30,000,000; manufactures, about \$100,000,000; live stock handled, about \$110,000,000 all told.

The banking facilities of the city are large and ample. The second largest individual bank in America, outside of New York City, is located at Kansas City, which has a deposit account of over \$17,000,000. The full bank deposits of Kansas City amount to about \$35,000,000, while the total resources are nearly \$50,000,000. The retail trade of the city is about \$100,000,000. The real estate transfers annually amount now to about \$15,000,000 or \$20,000,000, and the public municipal improvements are running from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000. The fact is noted that there have been relatively as few bank fail-

ures in Kansas City within recent years as can be said of any other city of like size. The late depression seems not to have had a very serious effect upon the business interests, and the city appears to have grown admirably in spite of adverse conditions.

The physical features of Kansas City are noticeable, especially on account of the high bluffs overhanging the rivers and the hills on which the city is built. The story of Imperial Rome sitting upon her seven hills finds a counterpart in modern Kansas City, that sits upon her seven times seven hills. An interesting legend in connection with the city's history is the fact that Kansas City was a flourishing village when De Soto, with his band of cavaliers, reached the banks of the Mississippi River. The Kaw Indian brave dropped his blanket when he reached the mouth of the Kansas River and washed off

his war-paint in its flowing waters. This was then his home. It seems to be now a well-established fact that Francisco de Cordova spent some time in and about the present Kansas City, recognizing the value of its geographical location.



TIMES CORNER.



JOURNAL BUILDING.





THE JUNCTION.



TWO FAMOUS POINTS.

PETTICOAT LANE.

Lewis and Clark also rested here in 1804 before striking into the Western wilderness on that famous exploring expedition. The names of Pike, Fremont, Banton, Gillpin and others, familiar in the history of the West, are especially interwoven with the annals of Kansas City. An historical mention of the present site of Kansas City is made in the memoirs of Daniel Boone, Jr., who reached Great Bend in the Missouri River about the close of the last century, noting at the time the spot on which Kansas City now stands. Upon his return to St. Louis he sent word to his father and friends, left in Kentucky, that he had found a wonderfully fertile country, abounding in game and of unlimited resources. As a result Daniel Boone, Sr., and many others emigrated to Missouri.

About the public buildings, it may be said that those of Kansas City rank among the finest in the land. The County Court House, City Hall, Exchange Building, New York Life Building, New England Building,

American National Bank Building, Bank of Commerce Building, Public Library and many of the churches are examples of modern architecture which would adorn any city in America. The sky scraper has made its advent, and there are contracts out for other additions in the shape of magnificent office buildings shortly to go up.

The public school system is among the best to be found. This system was organized in 1867, the beginning being in four small rooms, and about 200 pupils and 16 teachers. In 1898 there are now 37 modern model public school build-

ings, including the beautiful high school, and a new manual training school and free library. This manual training school, as a feature in the public schools of a city is a new departure inaugurated at Kansas City, there being no other supported entirely un-



IN WASHINGTON PARK.

der the public school system in any other city of the country. The value of the school building property is about \$3,250,000. The number of teachers employed is 450 and the attendance of

pupils about 25,000. It would be almost impossible to overestimate the advantages of the splendid educational facilities enjoyed by the people of Kansas City. The system of free schools seems to be of a most superior character, and these facilities in themselves have been the means of inducing thousands of home seekers, to come here so as to give their children the benefit of the best possible advantages in education. Of course, this speaks volumes for the mental development of a community and this same spirit seems to grow broader, there being an inclination to make additions to what is already finished. The new Free Library Building, only recently completed, is really one



THE MIDLAND HOTEL.

educational institutions are supplemented by other institutions, such as the Kansas City Medical College, the University Medical College, Homeopathic Medical College, Women's Medical College, besides dental colleges and schools of law, preparatory private schools and



MIDLAND HOTEL GRAND OFFICE ROTUNDA.

of the most creditable, imposing and well equipped institutions of the

schools of music. These institutions naturally bring a large student population into the city and it is valued accordingly. There has recently been formed the nucleus of an Art Association in connection with the

new Free Library, through the generosity of Col. William R. Nelson, owner of the *Kansas City Star*. This feature of the Free Library has furnished the stimulus for an art school also, and it is simply a question of a few years when a splendid Art Museum will be added to the other educational institutions.

Probably no one performance of recent years has proved the faith under which all Kansas City peo-



TURKISH ROOM, MIDLAND HOTEL.

kind to be found anywhere and it would be creditable to any city. These public



DINING-ROOM, MIDLAND HOTEL.

ple seem to move more plainly than the determination of the citizens to build a grand Convention Hall. This required, at a time when other communities over the country were suffering under the spell of long financial depression, an outlay of \$150,000 of cold cash. But with that admirable spirit of determination which has never yet known failure, the membership of the Commercial Club began a close canvass and succeeded in raising the amount necessary, so that within thirty days from the time the movement started the ground was purchased and broken for the erection of this hall, and its finish is set down for the coming early autumn months, when a grand celebration will be held within its stone and steel walls. No one accomplishment of the city has better shown the mettle of which Kansas City is imbued than the getting together of the people on this movement. The writer had the honor of attending one of the recent social meetings of the Commercial Club, at which a number of patriotic speeches were made by members, and it is a question if he ever had the pleasure of witnessing a meeting of a more representative body of men, who showed on their

very faces the stamina with which they have succeeded in making Kansas City a market of splendid proportions, and a city with a future as magnificent as its past

tended for the advancement of public interests.

Referring once more to the stock yards interest, including those in the employ of the Kansas City packing houses, there are 8,000 people engaged in this one branch of commerce alone. In the other manufactures about \$35,000,000 worth of capital is employed, requiring the labor of 25,000 people to turn out an annual product of more than \$100,000,000

annually. There is no city better fitted for distributing the finished products of her factories, and her proximity to so much raw material gives promise that the city is destined to become one of the leading manufacturing centers of America. Of course those who have studied the situation will understand that the commercial force and strength of Kansas City are due as much to the circumstance of location as anything else, and it is as impossible to divert trade from its natural channel as it is to make the water in the rivers flow

followed in other communities. It has done much to uphold the dignity of the city, and its membership enters into all movements that are in-



CORRIDOR  
NAVAHOE  
BUILDING.



AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.



MASSACHUSETTS  
BUILDING.

has been interesting. This organization, by the way, is a model of its kind, and would be a splendid criterion to be



SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULTS.



COUNTING ROOM.

cable and electric lines; while the Citizens' Cable Company and the Northeast Electric Line bring the total up to nearly 160 miles. These lines, some of them, run well out into the country, one of them going even into Independence, Missouri; others go through Kansas City (Kansas), Rosedale (Kansas), and other suburban towns.

The press of the city is ably represented by four enterprising daily newspapers—the *Kansas City Times* (Democratic), the *Kansas City Morning Journal* (Republican), the *Kansas City Star* (Independent) and the *Kansas City Evening World* (Independent). The *Star* is one of the most widely known papers in the West, and it is conceded to be one of the finest publications in America. Its news service



NEW ENGLAND BUILDING.

back to the countries from which they came. Reverting to the matter of street paving, it may be well to state that of asphalt alone there are now sixty miles of that material and vitrified brick laid. Of course, in the down-town districts granite block pavement is used, while altogether there are about 125 miles of well-paved streets.

The street railway facilities are not surpassed anywhere. Owing to the peculiar physical conditions of the city, there being many very heavy grades, the cable system is mostly in vogue, though the trolley is also largely used. One of the street-car companies, the Metropolitan, operates 135 miles of road, including



COUNTING ROOM, UNION NATIONAL BANK.



UNION NATIONAL BANK.

is equal to any of the metropolitan dailies of the larger cities, while its editorial staff is up to the standard. The *Times* is the leading morning Democratic paper, and its rank has long been established as one of the tiptop papers of the land. The *Journal*



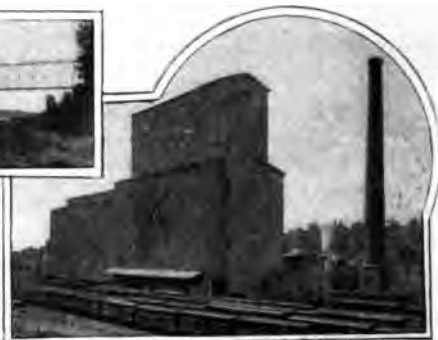
is also a paper of the highest grade, and it keeps well to the front in point of enterprise and public spirit. One of the brightest of the Kansas City dailies, as well as the youngest, is the *Evening World*.

The local member of the Scipps-McRae League, *West-ern World* is the only penny paper in the city, and it is causing quite a stir in newspaper circles by its enterprise. In addition to these publications there are a number of other weekly and monthly periodicals, which give additional standing and lustre to the literary value of the city.

As already mentioned, Kansas City is the sec-



WABASH RAILROAD BRIDGE.



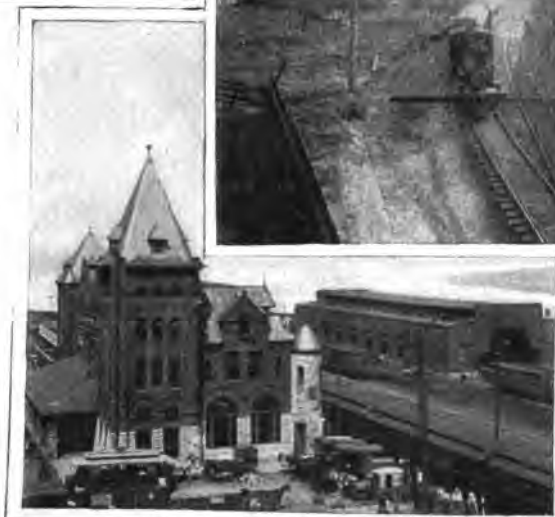
CHICAGO AND GREAT WESTERN ELEVATOR.



MISSOURI, KANSAS &amp; TEXAS TRUST COMPANY.

ond largest railway center of the Union. There are now thirty-one separate lines entering the city, controlled by eighteen different systems. Of these, mention may be made of the Hannibal & St. Joseph, the Wabash & Missouri Pacific, the Union Pacific, the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Memphis, Kansas City, St. Joseph & C. B., Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, Chicago & Alton, Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, Kansas City & North

ern, Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway (the great Texas route); Kansas City, Pittsburg & Gulf (the Port Arthur route); Chicago & Great Western, Kansas City Suburban Belt, Kansas City & Independence Air Line, Kansas City & Northern Connecting Railways. The newest line to enter the city is the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad, the great traffic system entering the Southwest from St. Louis. This road will now form one of the leading factors in the development of the country coming into Kansas City, and will also be the means of adding to the already extensive competition into St. Louis. It will be seen from this that no part of the American Union is not severed by lines radiating from Kansas City. New York is only 40 hours away, Chicago 15 hours, Denver 15 hours, St. Louis 6 hours, the remotest part of



PORT ARTHUR ROUTE, AND CHICAGO &amp; GREAT WESTERN PASSENGER STATION.

Texas only 24 hours, the Pacific coast 60 hours, Minneapolis 12 hours, Seattle 60 hours, New Orleans 36 hours, Cincinnati 18



KANSAS CITY STOCK YARDS.

and, once the bottom falling out of these, a backset was caused which put the city behind her real right for prominence at least 20 years. Nothing daunted, however, in the face of these discouraging conditions, Kansas City simply took the bit in her teeth and forged ahead in spite of adverse conditions. Her own advantageous location and her unsurpassed environments were sufficient to warrant the highest predictions for a glorious future, and the achievements which have already been shown have warranted all the confidence which the public has always bestowed upon the place.

The present business of the city is simply over-

whelming. The traffic upon the streets, the clang and clash of cable cars and electric bells emphasize it as a city of modern push and vigor. It has all of the essentials of an up-to-date community; it is wide-awake at all times, progressive under adverse conditions, ambitious as any city, and it will surprise no one to see it, within the next 20 years, a fitting rival in point of size, as it is already in business, of its neighboring metropolis, St. Louis, in the same State. The advantages which Kansas City has over almost any other interior city to be found in the country are too voluminous to need further mention in these closing remarks. It is a city of great



EXCHANGE BUILDING, KANSAS CITY STOCK YARDS.

beauty, splendid promise and unparalleled achievements. Its present is glorious and its future must be unmistakably bright. The gateway to the West, it is also the portal to the East and South West, and it needs no prophetic vision, no handwriting on the wall, to foresee the splendid future that awaits Kansas City.

The photographs for the views in this article were made expressly for FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY by George H. Lillie, Kansas City, Mo.







CARNIVAL FLOAT OF KANSAS CITY "WORLD."

this nature to pay a full, complete and just tribute to the many points of worth about Kansas City. It is really a great, throbbing, ambitious, bustling, promising and even magnificent metropolis. Its progress since the Civil War has been simply phenomenal, considering the conditions

paved streets to give it freedom from the sound and jar of constant traffic. All the prominent cable lines pass its doors. The equipment of the Midland is simply perfect, its furnishings being beautiful and even lavish, while the cuisine cannot be surpassed. It is the home of the commercial travelers from every section. Among the other hotels may be mentioned the Coates House, Victoria and others. The latter is one of the gem family hotels of the city, and is also well patronized by the public.

The church architecture of Kansas City is one of the notable features sure to catch the eye of the stranger visitor. Some of these structures, notably Grace Episcopal, are edifices of extreme beauty and taste, and reflect great credit upon the community. With all of its Western instincts there is a moral sentiment and code of good behavior among the established citizens of Kansas City that is to be highly commended. In fact, few communities have more in the shape of religious tutelage and influence than this great Western city. The Young Men's Christian Association work is evidenced on all sides in connection with the good work performed by the churches.

It would be impossible for any one in a brief sketch of



FOUNTAIN PARK.

which have existed within that time. After having secured what most cities would have considered a first-class start, it was unfortunate enough to be inflicted with a horde of boomers, who gave fictitious valuations



TROOST PARK.



KANSAS CITY STOCK YARDS.

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A FAISE NOTE  
FROM A PAINTING BY C. MANTEGAZZA.



**L**ORD STAYNEYARD was one of the most distinguished ornaments of the Upper House. He not only boasted the finest collection of cravats to be found in the kingdom, but he dealt faster than any man in White's. The gossips at St. James' hinted that, had a certain Minister held office but six months longer, he would as like as not have had the Buckhounds offered him. No doubt he would have refused them, because, as Charles Fox once said of him, Lord Stayneyard would be the last man alive who would wish to be of even nominal service to any government. However, at the time of which I write he was but two-and-thirty, and was exceedingly popular—not what one might call a coming man, for the truth was that he had always been there.

It was generally admitted that he had only done one wise thing in his life. He himself used to avow that this single sensible action counterbalanced a longish sequence of foolish ones. Under the heading "List of Marriages," the deed is recorded in the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine* of the year 1775. "June 2d, Viscount Stayneyard to Miss Seton," runs the brief announcement.

Miss Myrtila Seton was the daughter of the Chaplain and Rector of Laughton, his lordship's place in South Derbyshire. Her mother had been a niece of Lord Darecourt; so, though she brought her husband no fortune, the match was nowhere considered a *mésalliance*. All acknowledged her great beauty and charm of manner. In less than two seasons Stayneyard House, which has long since disappeared, became the most popular rendezvous in the fashionable world.

The parties at Laughton were somewhat less formal than the Mayfair entertainments, as was natural where a round of covert-shooting, cards, fox-hunting, dancing and theatricals were the chief pleasures.

Vol. XLVI.—19.

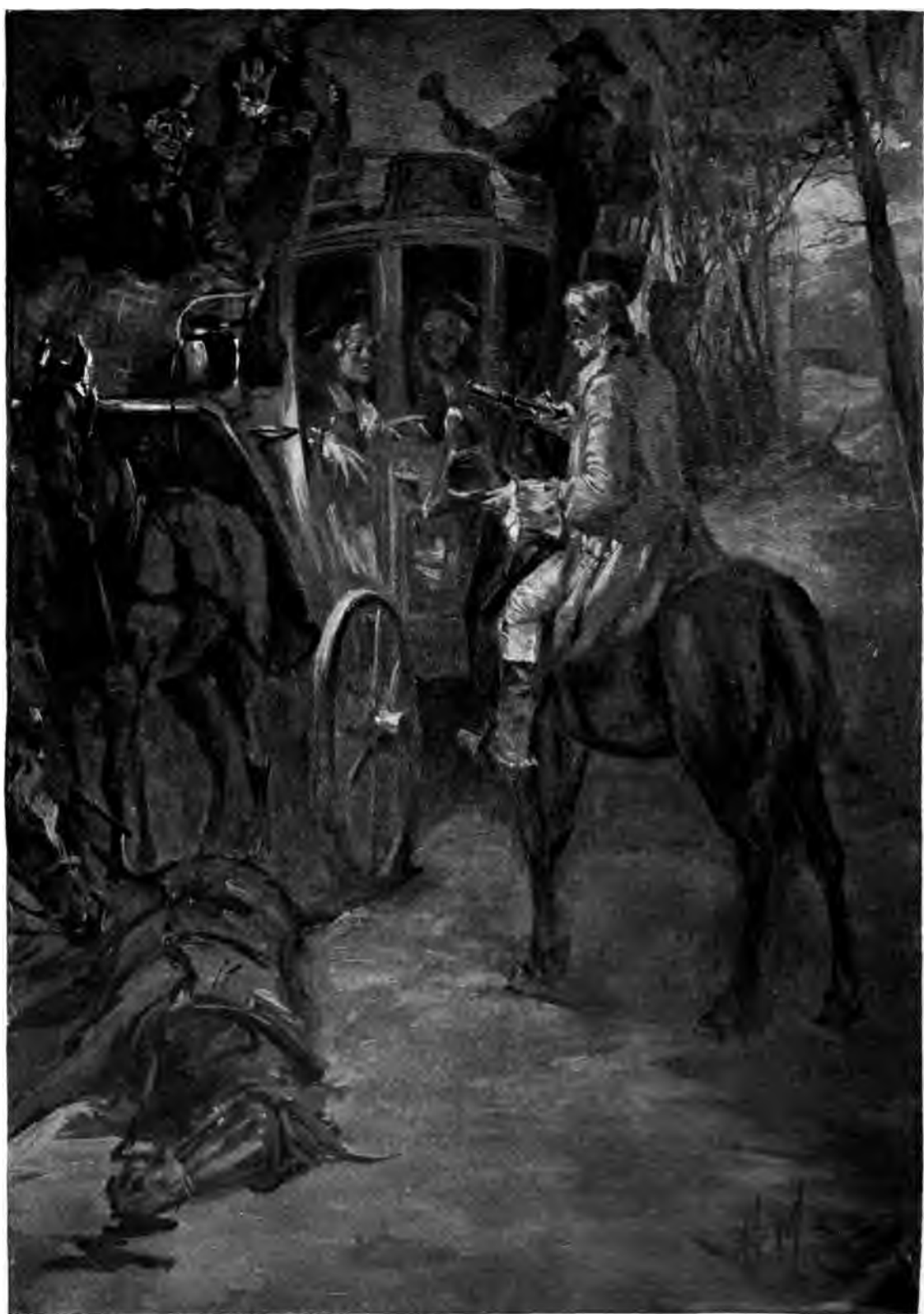
It was at the close of '84. Mr. Pitt was at Brighton preparing his Irish policy. Parliament would not meet before the end of the following January. At Laughton Park were assembled a number of guests for the new year. On the eve of it there was to be a dance, and on New Year's Day a theatrical entertainment, varied with songs and music.

The company included the Dowager Lady Letherby and the Misses Elizabeth and Dorothea Sutton, the Lexingtons, the Bishop and his good lady, Lord Edenmore, Sir John and Lady Marchington, Tommy Hurdlestone, Miss Goodchild, a host of others, and Mr. George Hawley. But on the 29th and 30th the guests had been admittedly a little dull, for that universal favorite George Hawley had been absent on a brief visit to an old friend of his living on the borders of Leicestershire. He was to return to Laughton on the 31st in order to be present at Lady Stayneyard's dance.

New Year's Eve was that rare occurrence, a bye day, with Mr. Hugo Meynell's pack. George Hawley sat drinking port in Squire Sheldon's oak parlor. It was close on three o'clock in the afternoon when he rose to go.

The squire naturally protested at losing the finest company in the world, and before they had touched on the Westminster Scrutiny or even a second bottle had been cracked. But Hawley was firm. He had promised Lady Stayneyard very faithfully to return in time for her dance. There lay at least a twelve-mile ride before him, and there was, moreover, some likelihood of a fall of snow before night.

So he took his leave of the genial squire, and half an hour after sundown was within six miles of Laughton Park. He was riding quietly on the high road when suddenly a curious idea came across his mind. He felt a shade weary of the monotony of the fashionable life he had led at Laughton Park for near a week. The old strange eagerness for adventure possessed him. Quick as thought his mind was made up. Not



“‘COIN OF THE REALM, GENTLEMEN,’ HE SAID; ‘COIN IS ALL I ASK.’”



a mile away, and approached by a desolate lane, were some disused farm buildings. In the thatching of the roof of one of these was hidden the famous scarlet coat, and his larger pistol was also there. He had not clapped eyes on his notorious property since he had taken a clear hundred pounds of Colonel Bradley one windy night three weeks back on the Ashbourne Road. The recollection of his encounter with the distinguished soldier stirred him to immediate action. In a very few minutes, when it would be totally dark, he judged the Manchester Mail would come toiling up that hill. "Captain Scarlet" should be there to meet it.

With that unerring sense of localities, which had been no small factor in making the man so successful, he reached the lonely homestead. Here he dismounted and entered. Standing on one of the feeding troughs he ran his hand between the thatching and a broad rafter. There, sure enough, he found the coat. It was of silk and unlined. Round the edge of the collar ran a narrow gold braid. Folded neatly it occupied a very small space. A little further along the rafter his hand struck the leather holster containing the horse-pistol. This was wrapped round with hay, and was, he assured himself, perfectly uninjured from exposure to damp. He loaded it carefully, as also the smaller weapon he carried with him where danger might chance to come. Though snow had not yet fallen the night was bitterly cold, and he decided not to wear the silk coat there and then in exchange for his riding coat, as was his usual custom, but to put it on at the last minute over the other, for the garment was made loose so as to admit of this arrangement. Then he strapped the holster to the saddle, Blouzelinda, his mare, waiting patiently all the while. He regretted greatly not having any false, white stockings handy for the bay. These were little make-beliefs, bandages in fact, which he had found very useful and misleading more than once of a dark evening; as when Mr. Sheriff Lounger had caused a handbill to be issued offering a reward to any person giving information as to the whereabouts of a suspicious-looking stranger riding a bay with three (if not four) white stockings; whereas Blouzelinda had not a single white hair in her body. But he decided with his usual complacency to make the best of things. Play ran rather high at Laughton, nor had he been having the best of luck at the card-table; so if Fortune should smile on him, and send in his way a well-laden yet awe-struck mail coach—why George Hawley would probably prove equal to the occasion.



"‘YOU WILL SHOOT ME FIRST.’"

And he did. I am of opinion that if the authorities at His Majesty's Prison of Newgate had ever had it in their power to publish a volume of the Memoirs and Adventures of the Honorable George Hawley, commonly known as "Captain Scarlet," the robbery of the Manchester Mail on New Year's Eve, 1784, would rank as his most daring and successful exploit. The very audacity of the man took the passengers (but five in number and three of them inside) by surprise.

"Coin of the realm, gentlemen," he said; "coin is all I ask. There is too much paste abroad, and too poor a market for it, for me to petition you, humbly though persuasively, for your jewels."



"And I beg you to be quick," he went on. "It blows (thank you) uncommon like snow. A paltry twenty guineas, not more, I'll warrant, in this light purse. Why, sir! I vow I took you at first sight for Trade. A thousand apologies. Speed is everything. May '85 bring you luck, gentlemen, and this way again with fuller purses. But I detain you. Three of your horses are dying to be off, and the fourth is, I fear, already dead. Good-evening."

The off wheeler lay in the roadway; "the captain" had given the poor brute the right barrel the moment the coach had come within pistol-range. The others kicked and fidgeted, whilst the postboys and guard alternately trembled and swore. For all the dim light of the coach lamps, they had caught a glimpse of a man in a mask with a pistol, a resolute figure in red. In a twinkling they knew him for the notorious "Captain Scarlet," the talk and terror of every tavern on the road.

It had been the deuce of a long speech for him, for the passengers had been desperately slow. But he had looted them of near two hundred and fifty pounds between them, and now lost no time in galloping down a side lane.

After a distance of nearly a mile he pulled up. He could hear no sound of pursuit, and rightly judged that none had been made. So he slipped the coins and notes into a small bag he carried. This he placed in an inner pocket of his third waistcoat. Then he took off the coat, folded it neatly into as small a space as possible, and placed it in one of the large outer pockets of his riding coat. The pistol and holster he put carefully into another pocket.

Snow had begun to fall, and for the life of him he could not call to mind any safe hiding-place for his tell-tale coat and pistol nearer to hand than their original one—which he knew must now be fully two miles distant. It would be exceedingly rash of him to venture to return there. If snow should continue to fall obvious traces of his whereabouts might be left. So after much consideration he decided on an exceedingly rash course. He would take the coat and pistol with him to Laughton Park. On his immediate return the servants and household would have to be avoided, but once alone in his own bedroom he could place them in a leather valise, in which he kept locked certain papers, and to which he had never given his servant access.

Mr. George Hawley arrived at Laughton about seven o'clock in the evening. The household was in a state of great excitement, preparing

for the ball, at which it was expected the duke and duchess and their party would be present. Hawley entered the house unobserved, passing from the stables through the servants' quarter. On the great staircase, as ill luck would have it, whom should he meet but little Horace Stayne. He was a curly headed child of seven, and with him Mr. Hawley was, as always with children, a favorite.

"Where have you been, Mr. Hawley?" the child questioned. "It has been, oh, ever so dull without you! No one tells me stories of highwaymen or London, and papa and the gentlemen would not let me go shooting with them to-day. Only two days," he went on, "and then it will be my birthday, and though Aunt Lauder will be sure to send me a stupid book, mamma is going to give me a real pony of my own. What have you got in there?" he asked, suddenly, running his hand over the outside of the bulging pocket of Hawley's coat.

"Ah, Horace, my boy!" he answered, with fatal readiness, "that's a birthday present for you; but you shall not see it, Master Curious, until the day."

At last he made his escape from his little friend, and, dismissing his valet on some pretext or other, carefully stowed the coat and both the pistols in the valise, which he locked.

Notwithstanding a heavy fall of snow, Lady Stayneyard's New Year's ball was a very brilliant affair; and the following morning, when the party reassembled, formed the subject of many pleasant recollections and much criticism. But the appearance of the duchess, whether Lady Dora Seton's diamonds were real or paste, and the outrageous behavior of Miss Betty Sutton and young Droicey Flottott, who had taken the floor together somewhat oftener than was thought conventional—these, as topics of conversation, paled to insignificance when the news arrived of the latest daring feat on the highway of that scoundrel "Captain Scarlet."

The Bishop made the matter the excuse for a learned and very eloquent discourse upon the iniquity of poverty. My lord laughed considerably, contradicted the Bishop with great ingenuity, and vowed that he admired the fellow's dash and impudence. Miss Goodchild, a daughter of the most distinguished hanging judge on circuit, had it from a friend that "Captain Scarlet" was the handsomest, politest gentleman in the world—a statement which Mr. George Hawley, in his gravely courteous manner, begged leave to doubt.

The whole treatment of the affair interested

Hawley beyond measure. He smiled to himself at the gradual embellishment of the story. At noon the daring villain had shot a wheeler and a postboy, and taken near four hundred pounds; by one o'clock the booty was assessed at six hundred, and guineas, and a quantity of diamonds, with the near leader thrown in; an hour later—and Mr. Hawley's own invention was responsible for this picturesque addition—the gallant of the

Lady Stayneyard and Hawley were alone in one of the withdrawing-rooms. She had been loud in her censure of crime on the road. It was so cowardly, she held. This man they called "Scarlet," had he ever been really face to face with danger? She dared venture to maintain that "Captain Scarlet" was a bully and a coward. Men talked randomly of his courage, but had he not always held the cards?



"THE EVENT OF THE EVENING WAS THE APPEARANCE OF MR. GEORGE HAWLEY AS 'CAPTAIN SCARLET.'"

road had refused to accept the shillings of a rosy-cheeked milkmaid, and had taken a kiss in exchange.

Horace, you may be sure, was not the least enthusiastic listener to these rumors. Those delightful hours spent with Mr. Hawley in the library had stimulated his interest in robberies on the highway, and he recounted the doings of the mysterious "Captain"—the great "Scarlet"—with vast admiration and enjoyment.

It wanted but a short time of the dinner hour.

"Would not 'Captain Scarlet' face death bravely?" he asked.

"It is only the good who dare die," she answered.

At that he was silent. Presently he looked up and said, gravely: "You speak as though it would be noble of a bad man to meet death fearlessly. Do you believe that? I blame none for acknowledging their—— But how serious we have grown! I sit preaching here for all the world as if I knew something of these great sub-

jects, life and honor, and even death. Play me something and forgive me."

Lady Stayneyard turned to the harpsichord, an instrument on which she boasted an admirable proficiency. A gavotte of Gluck's set Mr. Hawley in mind of a volume by a young and little known composer—a Mr. Mozart. He had brought the book with him as a present to his hostess; if she would excuse him for a moment he would bring the gift to her.

The music, he recollected, was in his bed-chamber in the locked valise. Whilst he was searching for it he caught the unmistakable sound of a snowball striking the window of the dressing-room adjoining. He found the book, and, without pausing to lock the valise, went to the dressing-room window. This he flung open. Outside in the snow-covered courtyard he saw little blue-eyed Celia Stayne. In her hand was a second snowball, which, with marvelous accuracy for a child of eight, she aimed at Hawley. In a moment Mr. Hawley replied, collecting the snow from the window-sill, and a brief battle ensued. In no time, however, his ammunition ran out, and he withdrew.

"Ah, you coward, Mr. Hawley!" he heard her calling; "come down and fight it out."

As he passed through his bedroom he caught sight of the valise lying shut, apparently exactly as he had left it, with the keys in the lock, and he turned the key without opening it. Little did he think that in so short a space of time Master Horace had been there, curiously searching for the birthday present he had so foolishly mentioned to him. This the child had not found, but a pistol and a wonderful scarlet coat had instantly struck his fancy, and calmly extracting these from their hiding-place, he had slipped out of the room with them.

Mr. Hawley returned to the drawing-room. Lady Stayneyard was not there. The room was quite empty. On her ladyship's *escritoire* lay the programme of the concert for that evening. It was written in a fine clear hand, and inscribed with many curls and flourishes. He read twice, "Song—Mr. George Hawley," and he tried to make up his mind which of his favorites he would sing.

He was softly humming to himself the opening bars of a ballad to a setting by Purcell, when through the open doorway he heard Lady Stayneyard's voice.

"Mr. Hawley, Mr. Hawley!" she cried out. "Help! I am attacked!"

There was no distress whatever in the tone, but for all that in a moment Hawley was at the

foot of the staircase from whence he fancied the cry came.

Here a curious sight met him. Four steps from the top of the flight, leaning against the wall just under the famous Laughton Zuccherò, stood Lady Stayneyard, with a look of the greatest amusement in her eyes. But on the landing at the top, the winter sunlight, through the great west window, showed Hawley a figure which, for a moment, made him feel almost faint.

There stood little fair-haired Horace, dressed in a faded scarlet coat which trailed on the ground, and over his face he wore the crape mask he had found in the pocket of it.

Hawley recognized the coat in a flash, though it was many months since he had seen it by daylight, and he set himself down for lost.

"In the king's name you will deliver to Captain Scarlet!" cried Horace to his mother, not noticing Hawley's presence. And with that he raised a cocked pistol—Hawley's smaller weapon—and pointed it at his mother, who, with well-assumed fright, was fumbling in the pocket of her dress.

Hawley saw the danger at once. The pistol, he remembered, was loaded. As like as not this child would kill his mother as she stood there laughing at him.

With this recollection came to him that strange mental clearness and sense of strength which the sight of danger always provoked in him, and a recklessness that was somewhat more unusual.

Quick as thought he shouted, "Captain Scarlet, by your leave I am here to defend this lady. You will shoot me first!"

And he raised his right hand, pointing the forefinger at Horace and snapping the others in a make-belief pistol fashion.

Instantly the action had the desired effect. Horace, noticing Mr. Hawley for the first time, turned the barrel full on him.

"I wait for no man," cried the little boy; "unless mamma hands me her jewels, I shall count three and fire."

The inartistic lapse of "mamma" for "this lady" did not, you may be sure, escape George Hawley. In the seconds which followed, his grave eyes for a moment met those of Lady Stayneyard. With a faint shade of irritation he noted that she smiled a little. How slowly Horace counted! At "two," Lady Stayneyard held her hands to her ears.

A cold sense of calm, almost triumph, came to Hawley.

"Three!" said Horace. There was a click, and he knew that the pistol had flashed in the pan. He thought how unlike the great high-

wayman such a mistake was. Then, to his horror, he heard Lady Stayneyard say :

"Horace, where did you find the wonderful coat? What a formidable pistol, too! Almost like a real one."

"I found them in Mr. Hawley's——" the child began.

But Hawley cut him short.

"You little rascal!" he cried, seizing him by the arm and quickly taking the pistol from him.

"You have disclosed my secret."

"What secret, Mr. Hawley?" Lady Stayneyard asked.

"Why," said Hawley, as he was himself once more, "I wished it to be a surprise. I had a notion to sing a couple of songs in this costume which I had made on purpose, at your entertainment this evening. Topical, you know. 'Gentleman all, in the name of the king,' and 'What ho, there, my gallant spark!' style of affair. They would not fail in this particular neighborhood and among the tenantry to be popular."

"How clever of you to think of such a spendid idea!"

"Captain Scarlet is the rage, and in all men's minds."

"And you will do it quite admirably, too," Lady Stayneyard continued, greatly pleased with the idea. "Why, Mr. Hawley, you are a born actor. I vow you went a shade paler when Horace pointed his pistol at you."

"Really?" said Hawley, smiling. "I suppose it was the recollection of the horrible things you told me of your local terror. What a heartless ruffian he is, and how merciless!"

"Fate send we may never meet him," she said, with a little shudder.

"He would not harm you for the world."

"Why do you say that?" she asked, suddenly.

"Because we have the rascal now," he explained, somewhat illogically, holding Horace by the collar of the coat. "But we will be lenient with him, and pass sentence on him that he keep our secret until this evening, and in the meantime be compelled to listen to a rehearsal of my songs. It will be a great trial for him, I assure you. Shall we come to the music-room?"

So they divested Horace of the coat and mask, and carried him a captive to the rehearsal.

Lady Stayneyard's entertainment was, as usual, a vast success. Mr. Hurdlestone sang "When to her lute Corinna sings" with much taste, and Miss Dorothea Sutton's execution on the harp was greatly admired. But the event of the evening was undoubtedly the appearance of Mr. George Hawley as "Captain Scarlet." His second song, of which one verse ran—

"What ho! The ruddy guinea clinks;  
A cry! A pistol crack!  
Your gallant loves the dark, methinks,  
With Bow Street on his track.  
The shadows creep; the world's asleep,"

was almost universally popular.

Miss Goodchild, however, vowed Mr. Hawley was not near so handsome as the real Captain Scarlet; and the critics were unanimous in agreeing that, though the performance was very spirited, the coat was scarcely of the correct shade.



## BREAKING THROUGH THE LINES.

### A TRUE STORY OF THE WAR.

By F. HINTON.

I HAD always a passionate desire to visit the grave of Washington. A halo of more than earthly glory was ever associated in my mind with that sacred spot. So it happened that during the early stages of the Civil War found me in the city of Washington en route to Mount Vernon.

In making known my purpose to my friends in camp I was informed that a pass was absolutely necessary if I desired to go anywhere; and as the most stringent orders had been recently issued forbidding crossing to Virginia, there seemed to be a poor chance of my reaching the grave of

the Father of his Country. Nevertheless, I made a formal application to the general commanding the army, and waited patiently for an answer. When it came my request was peremptorily refused. But I soon made another application, backed up by several of the most prominent officers in the army, personal friends of mine; but, greatly to my disappointment, the result was the same. Having come three hundred miles to visit that sacred place, and to utterly fail, was more than I could be resigned to. I received very little encouragement from any of my friends or acquaintances. A prominent general told me I



"THE OFFICER GRAVELY LOOKED IT OVER."

might as well expect to pay a visit to the moon as to visit Mount Vernon. "I would like to go there myself," he said, "but I know it is impossible. The orders are imperative. No permission to pass the lines will be given."

Having determined to carry out my purpose, I made up my mind to go through, pass or no pass, and so informed my friends, who knew the risk of doing so much better than I did. All the encouragement I received from them was: "If you undertake it you may be shot; anyway you will find yourself in the Libby Prison, or perhaps

be hanged as a suspected spy." But, being naturally obstinate, these warnings did not alter my purpose.

When I heard that a forward movement was about to be made by a part of the army, and that the Pennsylvania Reserves were ordered to cross at the Chain Bridge, I made up my mind to accompany them.

I fell in with the soldiers just as they were leaving Tennallytown, and marched along the route to the bridge side by side. On the way we passed a number of government wagons broken down on the march, besides a vast amount of camp material which had been thrown away by the regiments which preceded us. I had induced to accompany me a candidate for the chaplaincy of a New York regiment, who hailed from Boston. As he believed I had influence enough with the authorities to have his appointment confirmed, he showed me every respect and agreed to go with me.

As he had but lately joined the army, he knew but little of the risk he ran, but had a dim perception of the terms of that mysterious military law which at that time was prevailing all over that part of the United States. He, however, stated that if we were arrested it might be worse for him than it would be to me, as he was amenable to military discipline and I was not.

When we reached the bridge, on the Washington side of the Potomac, we were confronted by a strong picket line across the highway, flanked by a number of heavy guns. With stern, deter-

mined visages they carefully examine everyone who desires to go through. It looked as if a crisis had arrived, and my companion's courage failed him, and he fell back. Standing up in the stirrup of the saddle, I shouted, "Come on, chaplain! Come on!" and giving the military salute to the soldiers, they opened ranks and we passed through unquestioned. I have often wondered since who the soldiers thought I was. They were evidently impressed with the air of authority I assumed.

On the Virginia side of the bridge we had to pass through another line with the same result, but the chaplain's nerves by that time had completely given way, and he was trembling from head to foot. It was a quiet relief to myself, I confess, to meet with a regiment which had been organized in the city from whence I had come, and with whose officers I was intimately acquainted. Soon we felt at home talking of old friends, and telling them of the object of our journey. They offered to show us the direct route, and under their guidance we started for our destination, bidding them a warm farewell, and returning thanks for their kindness.

We had been riding for some hours through a country utterly desolate, bearing marks in every direction of the ruins of war. The cold March wind and our rapid riding made us extremely hungry, and we looked anxiously all around us for some farmhouse where we could get something to eat. Seeing at some distance a dwelling partly hidden in a grove of trees, we rapidly rode toward it, and greeted a middle-aged lady who stood near the front door. With all the politeness we could muster between us we stated our wants, informing the lady that we had been riding all day, and were strangers. We wound up by saying that any food she might have on her hands would be more than welcome. Giving us a searching look, which seemed to satisfy her doubts of our respectability, we were invited to enter the house.

While our dinner was being prepared we got quite sociable, and, stating our business in that part of the country, in a few moments we were talking as confidentially as possible. Of course our hostess expressed, in forcible terms, her opinions of the war, which we listened to with the greatest respect. She warned us that we were exposed to very great danger on our journey, as we were close to the lines of the Southern army; and as one of Beauregard's men was paying attention to her daughter, and might come in any moment, the prospect of our capture was quite imminent. This information affected the chap-

lain's appetite very sensibly. He grew pale and started at every noise he heard, fearing that the soldier mentioned was approaching.

Before we set out again the lady especially cautioned us to keep off the line as far as we could, and to look out for scouting parties, as she heard they were unusually active on the route we proposed to travel.

Fortunately we escaped these dangers, and passed through the silent, deserted streets of Alexandria without an accident save a narrow escape from a serious fall on the smooth flags which then covered the antiquated streets of that city, we arrived safely at that sacred spot venerated by humanity all over our world—Mount Vernon.

Now, I do not intend to describe the home of Washington, for a thousand more gifted writers have done so. I will merely state that we passed through the various rooms, examined reverently the sacred relics remaining, touched a few keys of the harpsichord or miniature piano, stood with bare heads reverently for some moments in front of the tomb of him who was "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." We rejoiced that success had crowned our efforts. Fortune had favored us in every instance, but we feared it would desert us at last, and we had reason to feel somewhat despondent when we remembered the perils before us.

Determining to take the route by the Long Bridge in preference to the other, we started for home. The only pass we had was one from Rock Creek to Washington, which of course was perfectly worthless to us on Virginia soil, and learning on our way that the —th Massachusetts had charge of the bridge, and were encamped on the Virginia side, our spirits sunk down below zero. Fortune, however, favored us once more. Just before we reached the bridge a terrible rain-storm drenched us, and when we reached the picket line the road was ankle-deep in water, and the rain was falling in a perfect deluge.

"Halt! Show your passes!" was the peremptory greeting we received.

"We hope you will not keep us waiting long in the rain, gentlemen. Chaplain, hand out the pass!" I responded.

After considerable effort my companion extracted what was left of the aforesaid pass from his water-soaked pocket, and the rain still falling unceasingly the words became so blended together that it was utterly impossible to read them.

The officer, however, gravely looked it over and remarked: "It is all right, gentlemen. Pass on!"



We thanked him for his courtesy, made a remark or two about the inclemency of the weather and went on our way rejoicing.

In a moment or two we heard a violent tramping on the bridge, and looking back, saw the picket line rushing toward us on the "double quick" with muskets on their shoulders. My first impression was that they were certainly after us, and we could not escape them now. But I was agreeably surprised to find that they passed us without notice, and rushed toward the center of the bridge, where a schooner, through the carelessness of a drunken captain, had become fastened in the draws, thus completely blocking all passage.

For some moments there was a very liberal expenditure of yells, interspersed with a mass of profanity which rendered the atmosphere, notwithstanding the wet weather, almost lurid. The schooner was released and the draw was closed. Glad enough we were to cross, and for the second time bid our friends farewell. At the Washington end of the bridge the pickets, knowing well that we had passed their friends at the Virginia side, showed their wisdom by staying in their quarters during the rain, which was just what we wanted them to do.

Washington is said to be a city of "magnificent distances." We found it to be so, except the *magnificent*, and we also became convinced that the said distances did *not* "lend enchantment to the view," as we in the dim light passed, or rather splashed, through its muddy streets.

Speaking about the streets reminds me that we abruptly separated in them. Two of them, Seventh and Fifteenth, come almost to a point, instead of being separated nearly half a mile, as respectable streets bearing these numbers usually are. The sad consequence was that the chaplain, who was in advance, rode up one and I followed the other, and thus we dissolved partnership for the rest of the journey. I rode on expecting to meet him, but although I listened intently for the sound of his horse's feet, I heard them not.

He was gone, and that dilapidated pass accompanied him, leaving me, a lonely traveler, to find my way to the camp at Rock Creek, five miles distant. How many times I was ordered to "Halt! and give the countersign!" by guards all along the route I could not count. Once or twice not stopping quick enough I heard the click of the guns directed toward me, and managed to call out before I received their leaden contents; but they were close shaves, closer than

I want them again. About the countersign I had to sorrowfully confess my extreme ignorance.

"Well, then, show us your pass!" they exclaimed.

With all the suavity I possessed I explained its untimely departure in the company of my best friend, the chaplain. Incidentally I remarked that I was a personal friend of the colonel commanding the—th New York, and had been a visitor to the camp for several days; I would like to get there by the most direct route as soon as possible; would be obliged if they would show me the way. There were calls for the "corporal of the guard," and usually that exalted functionary made his appearance in answer. In fact, there seemed to be an unbroken procession of corporals all along the road. These fierce-looking gentlemen entered into a profound examination of all my party antecedents and future intentions. I had to explain to them the most minute points which seemed to be ambiguous or contradictory in my statements before I was graciously permitted to pass them. But in one instance, at least, it was a close call. The officer at the post informed me, with much solemnity, that I was a very suspicious character; he thought I must be a spy, and, if found guilty, I would undoubtedly be hanged next day as a warning to others.

Just then I luckily thought of the horse I was riding, which animal was very remarkable for size, and well-known in the army.

"You know that horse. He belongs to Captain W——, the quartermaster. He rides him on this road at least two or three times a week. He lent him to me, and I want to return him. Please let me go, and I will be grateful to you forever."

Before answering he carefully examined the animal, looked at the number of the regiment on the saddle-cloth, and, after reflecting upon the matter some time, reluctantly granted the permission to proceed.

More dead than alive, in the small hours of the morning, I at last got safely into the camp again.

When I think now of the amount of talking I had to do on that visit, of the anecdotes I had to relate to keep the boys in good humor, and of the segars I had to donate to cheer the lonely vigils of those warriors, for which this Government, rich as it is, has never paid me a cent since, I have only one consolation left: it is that I broke through the lines and got back without being killed or captured.



### GRANDFATHER'S RAZORS.

"**N**OW, Master Bobby and Master Jack," said nurse, "your mamma wants me to go out and order the things from the grocer. You'll have to stop indoors for the rain, and I do hope you'll not go and make the place unbearable with your litter by the time I get back."

Bobby's face, under his tangled curls, visibly brightened.

"We are not going to litter, are we, Jack? You know."

"You're up to some mischief, I'll be bound," said nurse.

She stood in the doorway, and looked round suspiciously.

"You might have out the bricks and the soldiers, and play like little gentlemen."

"No, thank you," said Jack.

"Why not?" said nurse, crossly.

"Because we have a plan," said Bobby, vaguely.

Nurse did not feel quite satisfied, but it was getting late, and she had to dress.

When she peeped into the nursery on her way downstairs, Bobby and Jack were drumming on the wet windows, and talking in low, eager tones.

Nurse nodded her head wisely. "I *do* believe they're really going to be good," she said to herself. "Bless their hearts! there's no better boys in the country when they put their minds to it."

In another minute she was scurrying away across the garden under an umbrella, and with a basket on her arm.

"Now!" said Bobby, with a shout of joy, as he watched her depart.

"Now!" cried Jack, excitedly. "We haven't got much time, but we can be quick about it. Go and read in the book, Bobby, what they did first."

Bobby was fumbling with a red book in the toy cupboard.

"Here it is. What's the name of the story? Oh, I know—'Barring-out.' We must get the door shut first."

"I'll tell you what," cried Jack; "we'd better cut off the handle. Get the tool-box, quick; it won't take long to do that."

"Nurse has been a tyrant all day," said Bobby, by way of excuse. "She always is when it rains." He ran into the night nursery for the tool-box, and brought it back to Jack.

Ever since lessons they had been planning this splendid revenge.

Over and over again mother had read to them how the boys at Doctor Middleton's school had "barred out" and defied the masters, and now the moment had come when all this hidden knowledge ought to be brought out and made use of.

They had already collected a sufficient quantity of their toys to burn as firewood; they had two oranges and a jug of water and eight sweet biscuits hidden under the dressing-table, and there would be very little difficulty, probably, in cutting off the brass handle of the nursery door.

First they tried the tools and mother's pearl-handled pocket-knife, and the long carving-knife from the pantry, and even father's precious nail-scissors; but there was only a little mark yet to be seen on the handle—and the hour of nurse's absence was slipping away.

"I'll tell you what," said Bobby, suddenly; "there's grandfather's razors! They're awfully sharp—I've felt them; they'd cut through anything."

"Yes, they're the sharpest things I know," said Jack, eagerly. "Go and get them, quick—the whole lot of them."



"WHAT!" ROARED GRANDFATHER, TURNING ROUND TO LOOK AT THE EAGER WHITE FIGURE."

Bobby darted off, but at the bottom of the stairs he paused, and called up:

"Grandfather wouldn't mind, would he, Jack?"

"Oh, no," said Jack, confidently; "we aren't going to hurt them—we'll put them back all right."

Bobby came back in five minutes with the neat leather case in which lay the seven razors, and he opened it and laid it triumphantly on a chair.

"We'll do it turn and turn about," he said.

"I'll begin, because I brought them. I'll have the Monday one, and you can have Tuesday. Just press hard, and scrape it backward and forward like you do a saw."

After a few minutes he spoke again, breathlessly.

"They don't cut half as well as you'd think; it's so horrid the way they flop backward and forward! I've stuck a piece of wood in behind mine to keep it steady, but it's hard work."

"The handle doesn't seem to be coming off a bit," said Jack. "Mine's all rough at the edge; give me another. Nurse will be back in a little while."

For two minutes they ground desperately away at the handle; then Bobby paused, hot and ex-hausted.

"It's no use," he said, with a sob; "it's made of stuff that won't cut. There's nurse! it's too late. Take them away, Jack."

"We must put them away tidily," said Jack. "This one won't shut—oh! I forgot the piece of wood I stuck in behind. Put them into their proper days, Bob. Grandfather won't lend them to us again if we don't put them back again properly."

With an air of conscious virtue he settled the seven razors into their seven velvet beds, and locked the box. Then he ran down with it to grandfather's dressing-room.

## II.

BOBBY and Jack were dressing next morning, when they heard a most extraordinary

commotion going on downstairs. Bobby was in his shirt and trousers, so he ran out to look over the banisters; but Jack was in his night-shirt, putting on his socks.

"Isn't it funny?" said Bobby; "it's grandfather. I think he must be ill. He's in his dressing-gown, and he's roaring at James. Do come out and see, Jack."

"I tell you, sir," said grandfather, in a furious voice, "that they have been taken out and used, sir—every one of them! The edges are like saws, sir—saws! They've been cutting firewood with them—that's what they've been doing."

In a minute Jack had skipped downstairs in his night-shirt, with his socks in his hand.

"Oh, no! not *firewood*, grandfather," he said; "it was only brass—just a handle."

"What!" roared grandfather, turning round to look at the eager white figure.

"It was just a handle," proceeded Jack, innocently; "the handle of the nursery door. They

didn't cut it, after all, but they were the sharpest things we knew."

"Ah!" said grandfather; "go on."

"That's all," said Jack. "We sawed and sawed for ages, but they got blunt, and the handle wasn't even loose—and nurse came home."

"So that's all," said grandfather, grimly. He was not roaring now, but he looked rather terrible.

"Yes," said Jack, beginning to feel nervous. "At least, we put them tidily away in their own holes, and I put them back on your dressing-table—didn't I, Bobby?"

"Yes, on my honor," said Bobby.

Grandfather looked up first at Bob's round face above the banisters, and then at Jack's shivering figure. Then he shut the box with a bang, and turned round with his back to them.

"Was it naughty?" asked Jack, with large eyes.

"About as bad a thing as you could do!" said grandfather, gruffly.

"Are you going to punish us?" said Jack, anxiously.

"I can't," said grandfather; "there's no punishment to fit such a crime. James!" he roared out, suddenly; "you're laughing, sir; I saw you. How dare you laugh at me! Here, take these razors and throw them on the dust-heap, and here's some money. I beg you will go out this moment and buy me another."

"Grandfather," Bob's delighted voice rang down the stairs, "are you really going to throw the razors away? May we have them instead? They won't cut brass, of course, but wood——"

But grandfather had gone into his dressing-room, and slammed the door.

You don't suppose that little boys who play with edged tools get off quite scot free, do you? Bobby and Jack were twins, and their birthday was just a week after the barring out. They came shouting and clamoring down to breakfast, for they knew there would be some delightful parcels on their plates, wrapped in brown paper and tied up with string. So there were; but Bobby looked at Jack, and Jack looked at Bobby, and then Bobby looked over at mother and spoke, with a little quiver in his voice:

"The knives? There were to be knives, mother—you promised!"

"My dear Bobby," said mother, "after that sad, sad accident the other day, I could not trust you with knives. You must wait for another year."

They were good little boys, and they tried to bear their punishment bravely, but it was very bitter, and it was a long time before they could look without a sickening feeling of disgust at the really lovely books that were their birthday presents. They always felt that they *might* have been knives.

But, after all, they did not wait a whole year. Grandfather was very kind, and when he had got his new razors he calmed down a little, and promised to try to forget as well as forgive; and when Christmas Day came and Santa Claus visited them, hidden in the toe of one of the knitted stockings that Bobby and Jack had hung up was a splendid knife, with two blades that really cut, and was better than the razors, they both agreed, because it didn't wriggle backward and forward when you tried to hold it firm.

## AN AMERICAN PRINCESS.\*

By EVELYN RAYMOND.

### CHAPTER XXII.

"SWING RIGHT—LEFT—UP—DOWN."

LONG MARK meant to do exactly as he was bidden; but, "Hang it all, Ichy boy! You an' me has had enough of Injuns, you bet. If it had been a decent white-skinned gal 'at had run off with the boss on such an errand I'd a-believed he an' she knew their own business. But an Injun, male or female, I 'lon he don't. He's too trustin', is Davy. I—will—I won't—Plague take it! *I will!*"

With which enigmatical resolution Mark Corlear cut loose from the group of horsemen he had assembled at the top of the mesa where the

mountain trail came clear through the herbage and loped away. One or two started to follow, and Ichy's increased pace notified him of this, even though he did not hear them, so swiftly was he rushing forward. He paused and wheeled to shout back:

"You fellers, stay where you be! I'm goin' on alone, I'm disobeyin' orders, but ain't no call for you to. Unless—— See this?"

He pulled a silver trifle from his pocket, and rapidly manipulating it, fashioned of it a long, slender trumpet, upon which he blew a gentle

\* Begun in the October number.

blast. The sound was unlike anything ever heard at Santa Paula, piercingly sweet, shrill, and with a power of sustained echoing that was truly wonderful.

"Ever hear anything like that?" demanded Mark, looking affectionately at the whistle, as a more persistent caballero than the rest cantered up to him.

"No. Where did you get it?"

"Where you won't care to go after its mate, my friend an' feller citizen. Bought it, or was given it, on the inside of a Russian prison. On the way to that cool an' comfortable little sheol of ice an' snow—Sibery."

"No!"

"True. I might have been there yet, but—I ain't. I'm down in Californy, the blest! a-hunt-in' Injuns. Or a keepin' track of 'em. Well, so long. I didn't give you a fair sample o' what this little jigger can do, but if I was to blow on her, reg'lar an' strong, I 'low you could a'most hear her from here to Frisco. Well, if you hear this music you tumble to it. There'll be either trouble or somethin'. When she blows you travel. *Si?*"

"In verity. Good luck! I'm glad you're after the boss. We none of us liked his riding alone—on a false trail, maybe."

The horsemen waited long. So long that some of them left their saddles and lounged on the grass, playing a game with pebbles that answered the usual purpose of any game which ranchmen affect. But in the midst of this quietude, while some were eagerly scanning the horizon for signs of the returning party, there floated out upon the air the echo of that strange Russian trumpet call. It was so clear, so long-sustained—without break of any sort—that the horsemen were able to follow it as one would follow a beaten road.

Old Gaspar rode ahead. He had picked out the best mount he could for himself, after he was deprived of his own bay, and though all loved the household they served, there was none among that loyal throng who loved the little señorita as her own body servant loved her.

"Into the north cañon. On the road to the Upper Folding!" he cried, to the nearest follower, and again love urged his speed to the utmost. So that it was he who came first to the dangerous descent down which Patience had gone on that fateful day which began her imprisonment in the cavern.

But where had been a rushing flood that had risen during the rains to subside again as suddenly when they ceased, was a rough and rocky road, but one far less perilous than the Ledge of

Death, which, half-way up, circled the curving cañon wall, and over which Patience had been led blindfolded to the cave. Through this ravine they pushed as best they could, still following the leading string of sound till they had passed the great landslides and reached a more open spot.

"It's climb again!" said one, and climb again they did; but at last all stood grouped about the three who had preceded them, Mr. Eliot, Tulita and Long Mark.

So far from being angry at this following, both the princess and her companion had been delighted when the "globe trotter" appeared before them. Mr. Eliot had asked, merely: "How did you know where to come?" and Mark had answered, with equal brevity: "By the tracks of three horses in the fresh soil."

"Now, you've come, open this door. She's behind it, my Patience!" cried Mr. Eliot, mad-dened by the delay and the apparently puny obstacle which prevented him from reaching his child.

"Of course. That's what I came for. But—is the door this rock?"

"Yes, I think so," said Tulita, anxiously. And she repeated to the newcomer what she had previously told to Mr. Eliot, all that she had learned from Ouleon in the other cavern.

"Jerusalem! Beats the Yale combination all hollow! That's where Nature is ahead of science. H'mm. But, now, what's the use o' waitin' to find the key? Madame Nature, we'll try what the combined force of a score of arms can do ag'in you!"

Whereupon Mark blew his marvelous signal, and a dozen men responded.

When they arrived he explained: "We've got to shove this rock aside, or bust our b'ilers. Spit on your hands an' tackle it! As for you, Davy boy, clear out. You're too trembling by half to be of any use."

Mark unceremoniously pushed his friend aside, and thrust his mighty shoulder to the mightier rock. He might almost as well have tried to move the whole mountain side.

When suddenly, with a wild light flashing over his dark face, old Gaspar leaped to the fore:

"Wait!—wait!"

"Wait for what?"

"*Chito! Guay! Buen! Dios!* I remember—I remember! I was with him, the padre! I, a little lad, and I heard, I saw! Swing right—left—up—down! So—so—so—and—so!"

They held their breaths, while he alone and single-handed essayed what all their combined

force could not achieve. They, too, had tried the formula which Tulita had repeated, but from ignorance, how or where to touch the stone, they had failed on ; and which now, from another source, Gaspar had learned and repeated with success.

The rock swayed slightly, clumsily, like an elephant awaking from sleep. It was not unlike that ungainly creature in shape, and like it still, when once its mighty body really moved it did so with a smoothness and celerity that was surprising.

But moved noisily, also ; and the sounds were welcome ones to the girl behind the barrier. She was at the cavern's entrance instantly, for acting upon advice given her by Tulita through the aperture at the other end she had passed her hours of waiting in the first entrance chamber.

But before the huge rock had rolled half round, David Eliot had forced his way past it inward, as Patience sprang outward—into his arms.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### ON THE LONG, STILL HUNT.

WHEN at length David Eliot and Patience could find a thought or word for any save themselves, so full were they of the supreme joy which that hour brought, they turned to look for Tulita.

"She must hear it all, too, my beautiful Indian princess ! by whose hands alone I have been restored to you, dad—dear, precious dad ! She must hear all each of us has to tell the other. Oh, isn't God good to set me free again, to make you happy, dad, my precious !"

"That depends on the p'int o' view," said Long Mark ; "but I don't see no 'mazin' lot o' good done by 'lowin' such a little girl as you to be shut up in the first place. Howsomer, one thing always leads to another in this mortal ; an' your explorin' that cavern might lead to our discoverin' a gold mine ! Same's a body might be struck by lightnin', even in Californy, where there ain't none. But this here is a circumscribed spot for a feller to express such feelin's as mine in. Lot's move on."

Indeed, the overjoyful traveler had been trying to execute what he called "a fandango," but what to the observer closely resembled the war-dance of his enemies ; and his long legs had more than once come in contact with Caspar's shins.

The latter, jealous of his little lady's affection,

and mindful of what all the rest seemed to forget—his own personal share in the liberation of their señorita—now retorted, rather proudly : "I should like to know *who* opened the door of rock ? Where would the señorita be now if Caspar had not come ?"

"And where would Caspar be if I hadn't called him ?" asked Long Mark. "I did it with my little whistle. I'm a latter-day George Washington—I cannot tell a lie."

Everybody laughed, and the air seemed to clear of the over-tension of feeling which had pervaded it. But when the laugh subsided, Patience, from her happy perch upon Blanco's back, with her hand stretched across to her father's saddle to clasp his own hand in that reassuring grasp which convinced her this was not all a dream, looked round once more, and still in vain, for Tulita.

"Where did she go ? Did anybody see her ?" she asked, and, as before, nobody could answer that he had.

"Then she must have slipped away over the mesa. Let's get to the top, where we can see all about, and find her if we can. But she went so softly, how could I miss her ? Only a moment before she was smiling into my face, glad in my gladness, and then—she was gone ! Will, you, somebody, look after Reynard ? I want him to keep always, if I can."

Nobody cared for the task, but anybody would do anything just then for their señorita ; so one caballero disposed of that matter by throwing a lariat around the animal's neck, and, having thus captured it, proceeded to tie its feet with the same rope, which accomplished, the white fox, blinking at the unusual light in which he found himself, was ignominiously tossed across the horn of a saddle and so conveyed out of the cañon.

There was still no sight or sound of Tulita, and Patience felt a keener disappointment than she would have thought anything could cause her during that first happy hour of reunion with her father ; but after they had journeyed for some distance down the ravine, seeking the nearest path upward out of it, they suddenly emerged upon a sort of plateau whereon a broncho was quietly grazing.

There was no person in sight, but the broncho had the look of one which had been left in waiting. A bridle and blanket were upon it, though rudely and loosely fastened, and old Mark at once ejaculated : "Injuns !"

"Where ?" asked Patience, eagerly, from her head of the little procession of equestrians. "In-



juns," to her, suggested just then as much pleasure as it gave displeasure to Corlear.

"Nowhere—yes—hark!"

As they rode slowly forward, listening and looking, a figure seemed to rise out of the earth before them. The point whence it appeared was slightly higher than that on which the cavalcade had now, as with one instinct, paused; and they saw that the figure was Tulita's—Tulita, yet there was something about her at that moment that hushed the sound of their own voices as they beheld her.

Never had maiden, red-skinned or white, been clothed with air of greater majesty than she as she stood there confronting them all, yet set apart as in another world. Even Patience, whose heart leaped with pride and love toward her young savior, could not advance a step nor even speak.

It did not need the Indian maid's one gesture, that outward protesting motion of the arms with the palms spread, to arrest every eye, and to convince each watcher that here was being enacted one of life's tragedies. But their glances passed beyond La Vega to another figure, half recumbent, its head against a hillock of dead rushes.

"Ouleon!" "Coyote Jack!" thought one and another, but did not move.

"Coyote Jack—on his last, long, still hunt!"

Tulita came slowly toward them. Her face was pale beneath its olive, but her eyes glowed with the light of a young seeress. She seemed not to observe their presence any more than that of the insects crawling upon the ground; but she moved steadily forward to the broncho, and laid her hand upon his mane.

"Thy master needs thee, West Wind. Thou art to bear him on his last ride."

Even the horse appeared to feel the influence of the moment, for he offered not the slightest resistance, but followed her obediently across the few rods intervening to the prostrate man among the rushes.

There they paused together, and Tulita, stooping, laid her hand on Ouleon's head, now fallen forward upon his breast in the agony of approaching dissolution.

"Art thou ready, Ouleon, my brother? Son of a great chief, Prince of thy people, Ouleon the Eagle Feather, art thou ready?"

He tried to respond, but his feebleness was too great.

Then Tulita opened the bosom of her buckskin tunic, and took from it a tiny leathern bottle. She opened this also, and pressed it to the sick man's lips; and, after a moment or two of silent waiting, the potion, whatever it was, had its due

effect. Ouleon's head lifted itself proudly upon his shoulders, and he made a motion to rise.

The movement was so pathetic and full of significance that even Mark, the "Injun hater," sprang forward to aid.

But La Vega waved him back. To her and her alone belonged the privileges of that scene. With a strength that was marvelous and only born of her powerful emotion so wholly controlled, the Indian maiden lifted the great, wasted frame of poor Eagle Feather and placed it upon the West Wind's back. Then, still supporting Ouleon with one arm, with the other she unfolded from her own shoulders the scarlet blanket which had covered them, and wrapped it about the dying brave. This done she took her station rigidly beside him, and with both arms clasping him as if she would withhold him from the grasp which was stronger than hers, stronger than any mortal clasp—she waited the end.

It came, but not at once. The cordial she had given had yet its work to do, and Ouleon spoke:

"Art thou here, Tulita, my sister?"

"I am here, Ouleon, my brother."

"How dies a brave of our tribe, Tulita?"

"Mounted, with his face to the sunset, with no fear in his heart."

"Am—I—thus? My eyes—there is a mist in the cañon. Oh, my sister!"

"It is the mist of the Vast Unknown."

"It—chokes me. Is there no sun to shine? Will it rise, and still higher?"

"Till it folds thy heart in a dreamless peace as thy blanket folds thy shoulders from the chill of night."

"But—the chill is still there—Tulita! There, beneath the blanket!"

"And beneath the mist of death is the love of the Great Spirit. Thou passeth to His Presence even now. Be brave, my brother."

Some wave of returning thought, some vestige of his wasted ambition, pierced the brain afresh. As Gaspar later said, "Ouleon died hard!" Life was, indeed, loath to leave her citadel, sapped though it was by the rust of the white man's "fire water," and tainted by a white-man-like greed for gold. Without the curse of these two evils, Ouleon had lived nobly as Tulita now sought to make him die nobly.

"The Great— Shall I, Ouleon, be in the pow-wow of all the tribes, La Vega?"

"In the great pow-wow of all the tribes which ever have been, or ever shall be."

"Will—I—be—heard?"

"Courage, courage, my brother! Thou shalt be heard, and answered."

The anguish of her cry thrilled every heart. It was "only an Injun" dying, but it might have been a royal son of earth's greatest potentate and aroused no keener grief.

"It passes—it clears—I grow strong! I will not die, Tulita, but—live—live——"

"Courage, my brother. Thou shalt live, indeed—*eternally*."

Ouleon's body sank in its place upon the West Wind, his head dropped against the rigidly erect head of the girl who still supported him, and the rescuing party passed silently out of the cañon.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

### FINDING TULITA.

PATIENCE staid quietly at Santa Paula for three days after her return from imprisonment, enjoying to the utmost the festivities which were prolonged through all that time, for David Eliot made it open house to all who came, and they were many.

"It's a reg'lar fatted calf with chicken fix-in's," commented Long Mark, as on the morning of the fourth day a fresh batch of arrivals appeared on the great veranda; "but this keep-in' on your comp'ny manners so long at a stretch is rather wearin' on the nerves. Hey, Patience, my dear?"

Patience was standing at that moment thoughtfully before one of the windows and looking dreamily out. She had little knowledge of any difference in "company" or "every day" manners, though Mark had often tried to explain it to her, but she turned to him as he spoke with a gleam of mischief breaking through her abstraction.

"Which means, as near as I can make out, that to be just natural and sincere is to be 'every-day' like, and to make one's self uncomfortable by pretending to be what one is not is to wear our 'company' ones. Well, I haven't any such, for which I'm glad. But, Mark, doesn't it look just lovely out there?"

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"MOUNTED, WITH HIS FACE TO THE SUNSET, WITH NO FEAR IN HIS HEART," ANSWERED TULITA.

"Prime."

"How's Ichabod?"

"Eating his head off in the stable."

"Let's go and see him do it."

"Couldn't. Too painful. How's Blanco?"

"Lonesome."

"Good enough. Let's put their two lonesomes together and go for a ride."

"If I do it must be for a long one, and one you may not like."

"Like any place—in Californy," he added, by way of caution.

"Well, I sha'n't ask you to go out of the State this morning. But—how's the 'Injun question' nowadays, dear Mark?"

"H'mm! What you drivin' at, sefioreety?"

"I want to ride and find Tulita, if I can. I'm going to try and get her to live with me," Patience answered.

Mark's face sobered.

"If the Injuns was all like her I'd have some hopes of 'em."

"If the white men were all like Dad David or Mark Corlear it would be a pretty good sort of country to live in, wouldn't it?"

"Bein' one of the interested parties, my testimony couldn't count."

"Will you go with me to try and find her?"

To Patience's real surprise Long Mark answered, earnestly: "I'm agreeable—entire. I owe her considerable, an' I'd like to begin to pay the debt."

"What do you owe her, Mark?"

"It was I who pitched her brother over the mesa down into the cañon. I suppose that's the trouble he never got over."

"Why, Long Mark Corlear!"

"Well, it's not so surprisin' as you 'pear to think. I done it to save your life; or, leastways, I done it because I thought he'd taken it, an' he hadn't a right to live any longer. He deserved death sure, the p'isenin' old vermin! yet——"

"Dear Mark, don't! You are trying to make yourself feel ugly toward him again. I can see—I understand. You must have been born hating Indians as I seem to have been born loving them; but after you saw poor Ouleon die you felt a 'little uncertain of your premises,' as dad says about business things. Well, keep on being uncertain. It's better and happier and sunshinier all round to think people are good than to think them evil. When I think a mean thing about anybody, I feel afterward just as if my face was dirty. Don't you?"

"Well, not to put it exactly as strong as that, I may feel like washing my hands."

"Will you go?"

"After Tulita de la Vega?"

"Yes—of course."

"Is David willing?"

"Surely. He feels exactly as I do. We both want to have that noble creature become one of our own family. That's what I'm going to ask her now—if I can find her."

"I've found her already."

"You dear old Mark! Have you, really? I

don't mean to doubt your word, of course; but it seems too good to be true. When and where?"

"Say, little Pat, there is some Yankee blood in your veins, isn't there? Sometimes you've seemed all Californian, an' sometimes Spanish, an' sometimes even a little bit Injuny—the good kind, I mean—Tulita's kind. But when it comes to asking questions, New England's to the fore. I know; I've been all over——"

"Beg pardon, Long Mark. I don't care to make the tour of the world again this morning, even in your company. But tell me about Tulita."

"Not I. I'll show you, though, as Caspar showed us about the secret hinges of the cavern door. Shall I order our gallant steeds?"

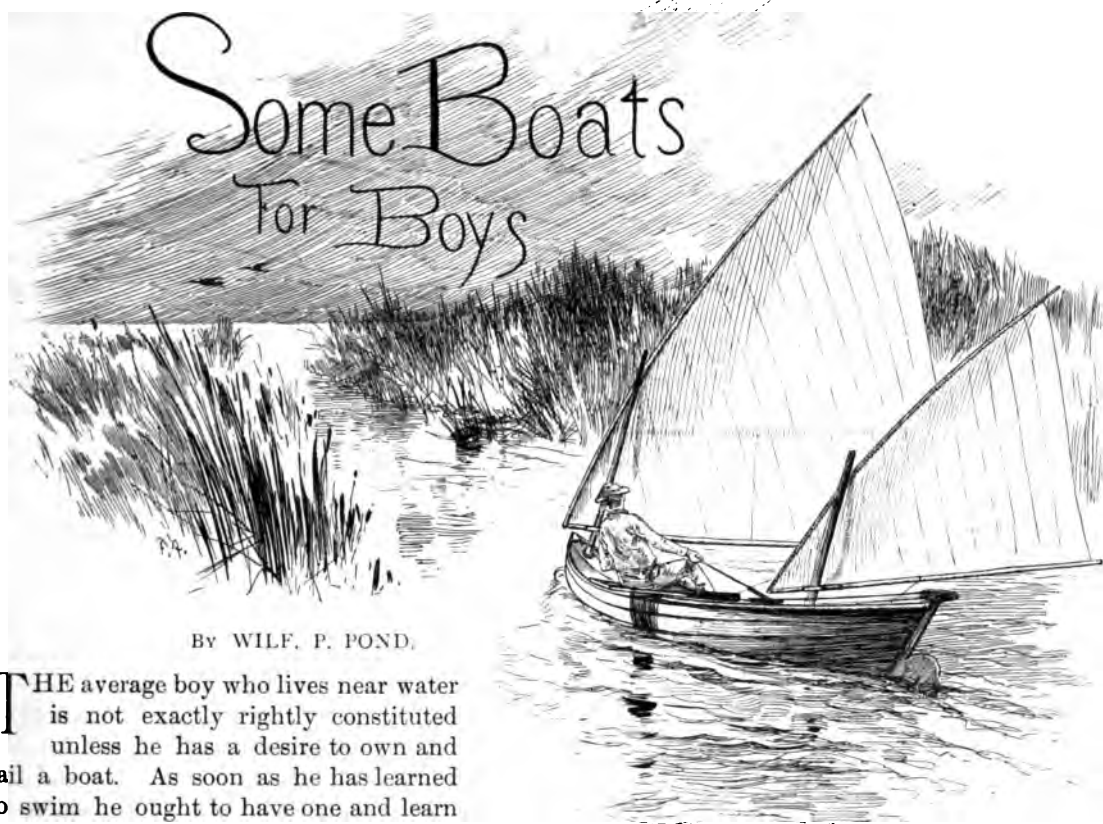
"If you will be so kind, while I get myself into riding clothes."

They were off over the mesa presently, almost as fleet as the birds on the wing, and quite as happy; for no two happier people ever drew breath than old Mark Corlear and his favorite, Patience. Unlike as they were in most things, they were of one mind in this: to make the world the brighter for their being in it; and, as all do who follow such a plan, they found an overflowing delight returned upon themselves.

The road was a direct one, and very quickly they had come to the village by the arroyo, and to a group of women idling about its wet sands. The women peered curiously into the faces of the equestrians, but nobody spoke to them and no civilities were offered. The women were, almost without exception, dirty and unkempt, and they had the hopeless look of dumb, hardly used animals upon their dark faces. The men—if men there were—belonging to the settlement had all disappeared save one, whom, even at a distance, Patience recognized as the guardian of her princess whenever the latter had been seen upon Los Angeles's streets.

(To be continued.)





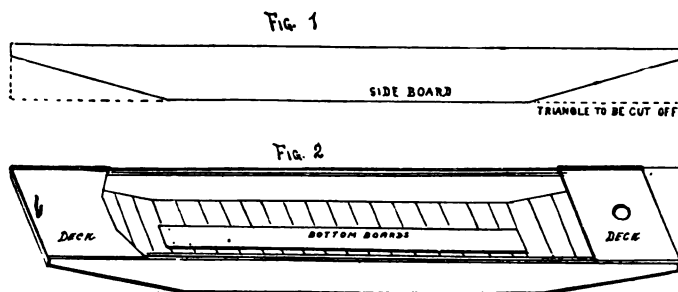
By WILF. P. POND.

THE average boy who lives near water is not exactly rightly constituted unless he has a desire to own and sail a boat. As soon as he has learned to swim he ought to have one and learn to manage it, for there is never any telling when the knowledge may be of service to him; and if it has no other result, it will teach him the great and important lesson of confidence in himself, and give him the enviable faculty of not being rattled at sea when everyone else is approaching panic by reason of some accident.

An easy boat to build, and one of the safest a young fellow can have, is within the reach of any boy who knows how to saw and nail wood. The first requisite is two one-inch pine boards, trimmed, 12 feet long and 14 inches wide. Select which edges are to be the bottom, and mark off 30 inches at each end, ruling a line right across; then on each end mark off four inches from the top edge, and draw a line from these points to the line-point first marked at the bottom. Saw off the triangles from the ends, and the side boards of the boat are ready. They will look like those shown at Fig. 1. Now, for end pieces take two pieces of inch-and-a-half planking, 3 feet 4 inches in length by 4½ inches wide, and, resting the two side boards already prepared on their top edges, fit these end pieces on them, and, before starting to nail them in place, be quite sure that the corners are square. There will be quite an overlap of board at each side,

but this is to prevent splitting and to permit of it being cut off level and trim; and this must be so cut off each end, when they are finished.

The frame is now complete, and the bottom is the next consideration. For this take well-seasoned inch-boards, 4½ inches wide, and cut them into 3-feet 4-inch lengths; nail them along the frame so as to leave an overlap at each side, which is to be afterward cut off and trimmed snug. Drive all nails in deeply with a punch, and fill the heads up with good putty. Then turn the boat over, and, selecting a ¾-inch board, nail it securely along the *inside* of the boat bottom, fastening it securely to each individual plank, and be especially careful to do this effectually at each end. Now nail strips, two inches wide and an inch thick, along the entire length of each side board, so as to form an inner gunwale to support the deck, and give a finish, etc. The next detail is decking, which will be helped by a glance at Fig. 2. For these fore and aft decks cut a piece of inch board to the width of the boat, making it about 2½ feet broad, and make a hole in it for the mast; then nail the mast socket or foot in place on the bottom center plank, and neatly nail the fore deck in place



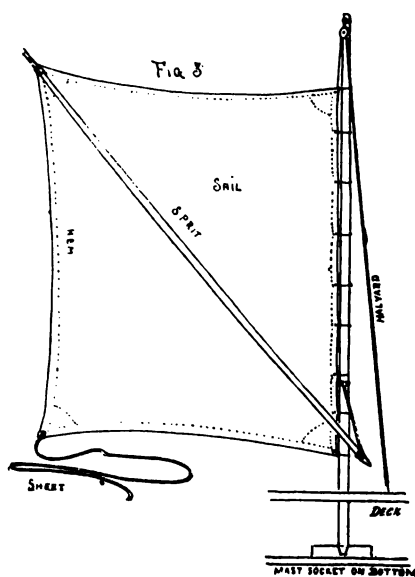
above it. The aft deck may be made on the same plan, or it may have a wedge-cut made in the freeboard for ornament, as is shown in Fig. 2. If care has been taken to use the best seasoned lumber and to make good fitting joints, the boat should not leak much, and no caulking should be necessary after the seams have been well scrubbed off with a stiff brush and a coat of thick paint applied. Where caulking is necessary it should be done very carefully, using a little waste cotton and white lead, remembering always that if it is not done just right, it will simply augment the trouble by levering the board still further up as soon as the wood begins to swell.

In making the sail it is always best to buy new canvas, for it wears better, fits better, and is easier to make up; but an old sail, an old hay cover, or even an old sheet, have been known to serve. Cut a piece eight or ten feet square, and turn an edge of an inch or so, and sew these in a double hem along the edge of the turn, the extreme edge being turned under to give extra strength. A triangular piece, five inches deep, must be well sewn into each corner; then taking the "luff" side which hangs closest to the mast, make inch eyelets (like round button-holes), one at each corner, and about seven others between these two, at equal distances apart. If you have any small curtain-rings, splice them on the eyelets; or, if not, make some neat loops of half-inch cord. Better still, if possible, beg some old rings from a small boat now out of use. Get a good, sound, *stiff* spruce pole, an inch and a half in diameter, and three feet longer than the "luff" of the sail; trim it quite smooth; rub some grease well into it, and step it into the hollow mast socket, wedging it around the foot with small wedges to make it firm; then drop over the top the rings of the sail, and have ready a "sprit," or pine pole, an inch in diameter and a little longer than the sail is from the lowest corner nearest the mast, to the top corner furthest away from the mast. Point the end of the sprit a little, and make a small loop at the upper corner of the sail which is large enough to fit over the point, but not large enough to slip down; then

make a hump (by winding thin rope around) on the lower end of the sprit about six inches from the end, and make a loop on the mast with a piece of rope long enough to commence at the fourth eyelet from the bottom, and terminate at the second eyelet from the bottom. Make a 12-foot "sheet" (the technical name for the rope to govern the sail), and

attach it to the lower and outward corner of the sail, and with a steering oar and a pole the boat is complete.

There should be a small block firmly lashed near the top of the mast, and through this passed a light rope (or halliard) of quarter-inch rope, the lower end of which is attached to the top corner of the "luff" of the sail. When a start is to be made this rope is taken in hand, and hauled on until the sail is well up to the block, and the loose end of the rope made fast; then take the sprit, place the pointed end in the tight-fitting loop, push the sail corner up to its full height, and slip the lower end of the sprit into the lower loop on the mast; this will keep the sail fully extended, and controlled by the sheet. When it is desired to lower the sail, let go the sheet, remove the sprit, and lower the halliards. This boat is absolutely safe, in almost any squall, in a smooth water-way, directly the sheet is let run free, and that is its great advantage for a boy. The best steering apparatus is the oar worked in a stationary rowlock let into the sternboard, and which can be bought for ten cents. Frequent glances at Fig. 3 should explain all that is not readily caught in the description. Such a boat should cost about \$6.50.

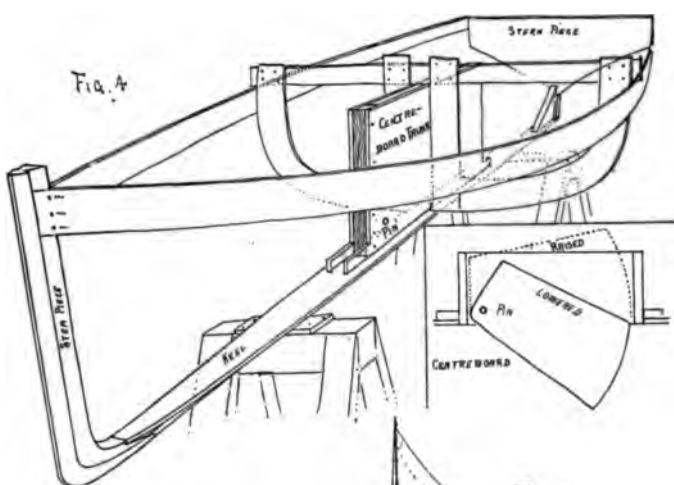


For those who have toiled up the practical carpentering ladder a little further, and have already made a boat or two of the more simple models, the following directions for building a more ambitious and more speedy boat will be useful. There will not, however, be one whit more fun in it than the first described contains.

The best boat of this type is what is known as the sharpie, a distinctively American boat. The best dimensions are 17 feet long, 4 feet 6 inches beam, a sail boom of 13 feet, and a mast 10 feet 6 inches high. The water required to float this boat will be about 6 inches, and the depth from upper gunwale to keel about 24 inches. The keel should be of oak, 10 inches wide, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick, the side planks being 18 inches wide, and  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch thick, by 18 feet long. Take two boxes (or two carpenter's horses), lay the keel on them, and brace it into position by blocks which are nailed to hold it very firmly, and then proceed to mortise on to the keel the stem, which should be of oak, cut with a "knee," and "lapped" on to the keel, strengthening it by inside braces of deadwood. This is the skeleton, see Fig. 4, and the next thing is to make the "molds" or temporary frames of the varying sizes which insure a perfect form to the boat. These should be made of inch-pine, and the first should be placed at the greatest beam (4 feet 6 inches), located 11 feet forward, and the others placed at equal distances apart, toward the stern; a light strip of wood being nailed over all, and from stem to stern, insuring that the centre of each "mold" shall be exactly concentric to the keel, and shall not, by any possibility, get moved out of plumb while the work is progressing. The stern-piece should be of 2-inch oak, cut into the accepted shape for a boat's stern. This is all very easy, and the real test of ability lies in the planking process, which now commences.

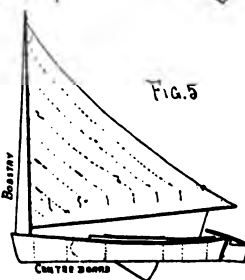
Take a heavy black carpenter's pencil, and mark off on the stem the three "molds" and the stern, the number of planks required to raise the sides to a height of 21 inches above the keel. Now take these planks, one by one, and grade their width in the proportion required to make them fit snug, this process, of course, making them narrowest at the stern, widest amidships, and again tapering toward the stem. A glance at any boat will explain this matter to the novice who does not quite catch the meaning. This being done, take the first plank and fit it into

the regulation groove made in the keel for it, and then nail it to stem and stern pieces, following it with the second plank, which must be closely mortised into the lower one; then another, and another, gradually sloping them upward, round the graceful curved lines laid out by the "molds," so that the curve is gradual, like the bottom of an elongated bowl. Continue placing the planks until the gunwale is reached, and both sides being planked, then commence to put in the ribs. These should be of inch-square oak, steamed and bent to the shape required, and these should be mortised into the broad of the inner keel, and each plank tightened in its individual mortise, and then nailed with copper nails to the ribs; this being done throughout,



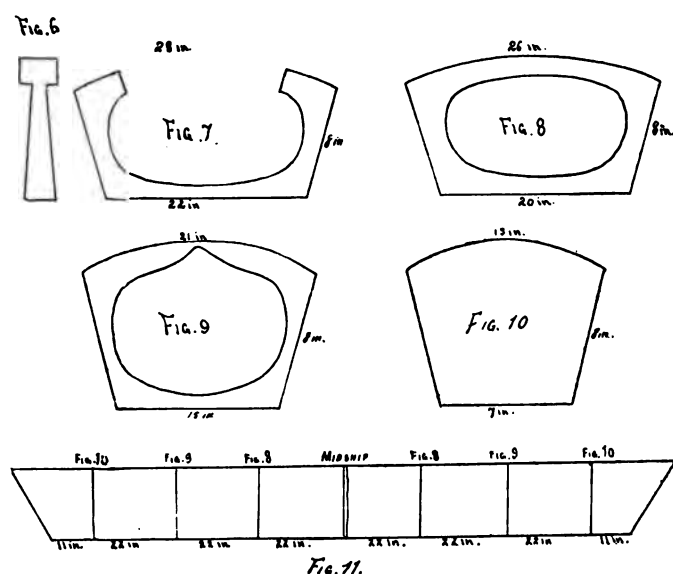
the shell is complete.

Now nail a narrow strip along these ribs, just at the height where the bottom begins



to curve upward, and on this strip place in position the flooring of the boat, leaving space for the centerboard, which should, of course, have had a suitable slot cut in the center of the keel, this slot commencing slightly forward of the greatest beam, and extending some distance back of it. The walls or trunk of the center-board should consist of 2-inch oak upright, and half-inch oak boards, and the trunk should rise a trifle higher than the gunwale streak. The board itself should be of  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch oak, shaped like a quarter of a circle, having a maximum depth of 30 inches from point to point. Especial care should be taken to have the hole on which it swings large enough, and that the bolt on which it swings should be rather stout. This trunk is





best built before beginning to put on the first boards. Place a stout foot-block for the mast on the keel, about 18 inches from the stern-post; half-deck the bow, and put up a very stout bobstay of telegraph wire, running from within half a foot of the top of the mast well down to the stem-post, and there held firm in a stout screw eyelet. Run a 10-inch flush round the sides to the stern, which is also best half-decked, although it may be left open if desired. In the former case the rudder must project well through. In the latter it is fixed out on the stern-post, and the greatest possible care should be taken to have the screw eyelet large and strong, and the tiller stout and reliable.

The best rig for a small boat like this is undoubtedly the old leg of mutton; it is very handsome, and keeps the maximum pressure well down toward the point of the greatest resistance, and therefore it is also the safest rig, while its speed is unquestioned. This rig requires a yard, or boom, of stout, smooth pine, well-seasoned; the sail should be of light sail-cloth, sewn in 8-inch strips to the shape required, the best shape being that shown at Fig. 5, this giving quite as much speed as the more difficult gaff-sail. The ropes should be of the very best quality, as they come cheapest in the end. Do not use lime to whiten the sails; try sea water, and keeping them dry as quickly as possible after they get wet—that is the prime secret. It is impossible to give close figures for a boat of this type, but the writer built one last summer, and the total cost was \$32.15; he has known one built by another amateur for \$30.50.

To the amateur who has learned some of the mysteries of boat building and sailing, there is

nothing more enticing than a well-built canoe; and especially is this the case where our very light winds prevail. But a good canoe will cost a long way on to \$150, and that is a serious outlay; and, recognizing this fact there is given here the plan of a canoe which was made by an amateur, and in which he sailed over 2,000 miles, from October 4th to January 30th, in Southern waters, the cost of the canoe being from \$20 to \$30, although it is claimed that one has been built from these plans and specifications for \$15. The materials required are three pine boards, 16 feet by 8 inches; two pine boards, 16 feet by 9 inches; one pine board, 16 feet by 10 inches—all  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch in thickness; one pine board, one redwood

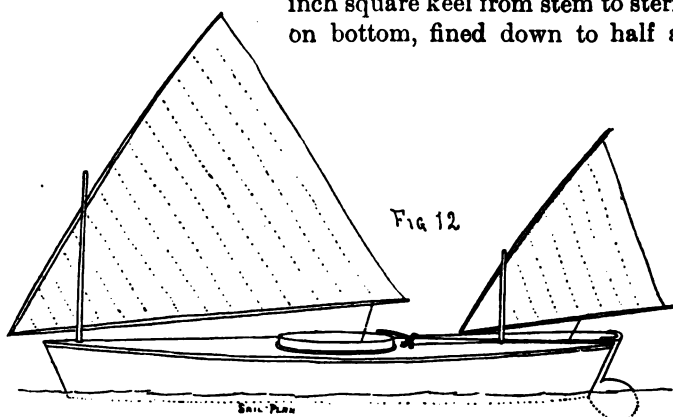
board, 16 feet 8 inches and  $\frac{7}{8}$  inches thick; one molding, "half round," 12 feet by 1 inch wide; two moldings, "quarter round," 16 feet by  $\frac{7}{8}$  inches wide; two moldings, "three-quarter round," 16 feet by  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch wide; one piece of elm, 12 feet by 6 inches, and 3-16 inches thick; and one pine about 3 feet long, 2 x 4. All this lumber must be clean—i. e., free from knots; and the nails are wire nails of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch, 1 inch,  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch,  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch; these with some white lead paint, 10c. worth of oakum for caulking, pint of shellac, three bamboo poles, and 10 yards of 6-oz. duck, for the sails, are practically all required, and should not cost more than \$10.

The first thing is to take the 2 x 4 pine and saw it through the middle, making two pieces each 18 inches long; mark on them a "rabbet" (see Fig. 6) for stern-post and stem-post, cut them out with a saw, and lay aside. Then start to make the frames or "molds," which, in a canoe, are part of the boat, and remain in after it is built. These are made of the 10-inch board, and there is one "midship" section, and three others forward and aft, making seven in all. First draw and then cut to line the "midship" section, which is 22 inches long for the bottom of boat, 28 inches long for the upper line, and 8 inches deep, in the form of Fig. 7. To make the curved line, bend a thin slat from side to side and run a pencil round it. Lay aside with rabbets. Still using the 10-inch board, cut two similar sections to each of the following measurements:  $20\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $26\frac{1}{2}$  x 8 inches (see Fig. 8);  $15$  x  $21$  x 8 inch (see Fig. 9);  $7$  x  $13$  x 8 inch (see Fig. 10). This makes the seven molds. The open spaces in the frames or molds are, of course, for the feet when the owner is sitting in the boat, and great care must

be taken to make these clean cuts, so that they will not split. Now take the two 9-inch boards, and mark off eight sections of 22 inches each; showing where the "molds" are to be placed (see Fig. 11); then take a rabbet, place it between the two side boards, previously cutting them to a four-inch rake fore and aft, and secure one rabbet in for a stern-post and the other for a stem-post. Great care should be taken in nailing these, and the opposite end should be carefully raised and rested on something to prevent undue strain while the fourth end is being finally clenched. Now plane the side boards on the side intended for the bottom of the boat, and carefully pry them apart in the middle to insert the "midship" section; and as soon as it is in position, take 10-inch long "quarter round" moldings and deftly rib it into permanent place, driving no nails nearer the bottom or top than three quarters of an inch. Now take the other frames or molds and arrange them according to size, the largest one nearest the center section, and rib them in the same way. This work cannot be too carefully done. It will be found necessary to bevel the edges somewhat to fit the curving sides. Now plane everything smooth to receive the bottom boards, and saw off rabbet of stern-post flush with bottom boards only after they are fixed. The bottom boards are the 8-inch ones, and the work should be commenced right at the midship section, first coating the edges of boat and boards with white lead, and very carefully nailing in place with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  wire nails placed one inch apart. The boards should be about the thirty-second part of an inch apart to allow for swelling of the seasoned wood, etc. This being done all through, place additional stays inside the boat half-way between each of the molds, the stays being cut from the "half round" molding. Now nail thin slats inside the boat to cover the crack between each two of the bottom boards; these are to prevent the oakum or cotton used in caulking from forcing its way up and out. Place a mast-step in the bow, six inches back from the first "mold." This should be a stout  $4 \times 4 \times 1$  inch block, bored with a  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch augur. Place another such mast-step about the same distance forward of the second stern "mold." The bottom inside work is now complete.

Start in additional deck frames between the sections already in place, leaving the center well open for the cockpit in which the mariner sits,

and care should be taken to have the upper curve correspond with those already in place. Before and behind each mast place a solid brace to prevent the deck straining with the sail pressure. For the deck, take alternate strips of redwood and white pine,  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch wide, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an inch thick, neatly blind-fastened together, and nailed to the deck brackets and the molds with brads. Paint everything inside before commencing work on the deck. Start the deck work from the center and work to the sides, covering the deck all over. Saw the cockpit out with a compass-saw, and having soaked the elm strip for at least 24 hours, bend it on for a combing and fasten into deck brackets and midship section with  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch wire nails. Then run a  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch molding around cockpit, and fasten to deck for a finish. Bore the mast-holes, and run an inch combing round each, to keep deck-water out; shape up all deck-work, put on cutwater, and an inch square keel from stem to stern, on bottom, fined down to half an



inch on the under side. This is for a small  $1\frac{1}{2}$  foot center-board, which is fixed by hanging on a hook in the keel, and held in place by cords running up either side of the boat, after the fashion of the well-known "shoe" center-board; loosing one string, the board immediately floats free, and can be lifted into the boat. If it is intended to sail without a center-board, the keel may be made four inches deep. Caulk the bottom cracks very carefully with a blunt knife, and give at least four coats of paint, letting each one thoroughly dry before applying the next. The deck should not be painted, only shellaced and oil-finished. The masts are bamboo, and the sail a latteen, as shown at Fig. 12, the boom being held by a "goose-neck" procurable at any of the canoe or boat outfitters. The front mast rises 6 feet high above deck, the jogger-mast is 3 feet above deck, both of hard pine. Sails should be cut as shown at Fig. 12, giving about 60 to 68 square feet.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

**I**N the Spirit of Modernness that finds such boundless expression in the drama and fiction of to-day lies great possibilities.

Critics as well as authors are finding in it a fruitful field.

The public, the "dear old public," upon which they both depend, clamors for something new and intense—something that will give them new emotions, inspire higher thought, higher feeling; anything that will make them forget the humdrum of everyday life.

The good old plays that pleased us once, with their simplicity of plot and purpose, and which were to be seen at the best Broadway theatres, are now relegated to those on the Bowery.

Our fiction must be erotic, tropical, sensuous in color and suggestion, or publishers find little profit.

A few of the *soi-disant* "better class" of novels rise, live, have their day, and take their places on our bookshelves; but they are not stories like that of *Trilby* in the Latin Quarter, in which models must do impossible things as well as pose in "the altogether."

Without the least disloyalty or lack of admiration for American authors or taint of Anglomania, I fail to see the reason for a man being taken as a target for ridicule by so-called literary critics, who take neither the time nor possess the inclination for serious literary work, simply because he is an Englishman and chooses to wear his locks unshorn.

Richard Le Gallienne comes to us for the second time, and is capable of showing us that he has been far from idle.

It is said that "a prophet hath no honor in his own country," and should Mr. Le Gallienne receive any in this, it is evident that it will be necessary to fight for it.

Le Gallienne made his first bid for public favor with his "Book Bills of Narcissus," than which no book of its size and modest pretensions could be more charming.

That he can and does do able and serious work is evidenced by those delightful "Book Fancies," and, in its way, a very unique book, "The Religion of a Literary Man."

Even those most bitterly opposed to him and his school cannot but admit his versatility—no mean thing when we hear so much about an author "writing himself out."

His detractors sneer at and denounce his paraphrasing of Omar Khayyam. That it falls far below that of the ever admirable translation of Fitzgerald's is granted.

If five hundred others have chosen, possibly from the very pleasure of rhyming, to give us their versions of "Omar," why may not Le Gallienne be allowed to do the same? Especially since he panders to the demands of a public whose emotions are not *frapped*, by saying: "One interest of Omar's existence I may perhaps claim to represent with more fullness—his interest in love and women with languorous Narcissus eyes."

In his latest book, "The Romance of Zion Chapel," is what might be called one of the latest fancies for a plot or situation. The plan is not of itself especially new, except in that it excuses, after a manner, the tangle in which the hero is placed. It is a predicament not without amusement for onlookers, but apt to prove slightly embarrassing for the man most concerned—that of being in love with two women at the same time.

Which of these two has the advantage it would be difficult for a layman in the art of love to judge, for to one he is engaged to be married, while with the other he is the more deeply in love.

In the early part of the story, in speaking of Jennie, his betrothed, he says: "God often gives a man a little measure of porcelain and a handful of stars, and leaves him to make the woman he needs for himself."

After Isabel, the second love, is discovered, he says, "he knew she was the woman God had made for him."

As a matter of fact, of this situation of the clashing interests is made a peg upon which to hang much sentimentalizing and some moralizing, if anything of a somewhat decadent writer may be connected with morals.

Le Gallienne quotes from the couplet that in true love "to divide is not to take away," and adds: "It is the convenient old plea of the poets, and yet it is sometimes true. It was true here. There is, I know, a sort of primitive man or woman—I believe they will some day be exhibited in menageries—who cannot be on with a new love without being ungratefully off with the old."

The word for accent is, no doubt, "ungratefully." Even the liberality of Burns would not be likely to admit of the same degree of love for two women occupying a man's heart at the same time.

In this same chapter is a rare diatribe on passionate love for those who are quick to find and be touched by the erotic in literature.

Of the wisdom of the conclusions which are drawn no two readers will probably be of the same opinion.

To the calmly observant reader it will ever be a wonder why some writers are born to glory and others to shame for writing about the selfsame thing and in the selfsame manner.

Even by one of Le Gallienne's most favorable critics this "Romance" is spoken of as having in it "revolting situations, painful and morbid, from which one emerges with a sense of moral squalor."

Agreeing with him *per se* one wonders how an author, with a reputation to make, can be so fruitful in such situations.

But let us see! Tennyson was never, to my knowledge, considered a decadent, nor can I remember of his ever having been accused of reproducing in any of his exquisite English questionable incidents, yet Le Gallienne might almost be accused of borrowing from him in one particular case.

Referring to a day spent in a forest, and entitling the chapter "One day out of all the years," he begins by saying, "It was not enough! If you would safely renounce a joy, you had best enjoy something of it first. Renunciation must have something to live on. You can 'take up the whole of love and utter it,' and then say 'adieu for ever,' but not before."

As a matter of fact, the words inclosed in single commas are quoted from Tennyson's well-known poem, "Love and Duty."

In comparing the situation as poetically described by Tennyson with La Gallienne's prose version of practically the same thing, so far as delicacy of expression is concerned, and the amount left to the imagination, the odds are in favor of Le Gallienne.

J. FREDERIC THORNE.





FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, 1896.

PHOTO COURTESY OF CH & N. Y.



## MY BEAUTIFUL FOE.

By PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.\*



*As the rose loves the sunlight,  
Or winds love the rose,  
So with love of life's one light  
My whole spirit glows.*

*As the gull loves the ocean,  
Or streams seek the sea,  
My whole heart's devotion  
Goes forth, sweet, to thee.*

*As the lark sings, for madness  
Of joy in his flight,  
So sing I my gladness  
In thee, heart's delight.*

*As the nightingale's sorrow  
Thrills out on the air,  
His song I would borrow,  
To ease my despair.*

*Thy love were my rapture—  
Thy scorn were my woe—  
Ah, how shall I capture  
My Beautiful Foe?*

\* Recently discovered among the MSS. Mr. Marston left unpublished at his death.







THIRTEEN-INCH GUNS IN ACTION, AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA, JULY 3RD, 1898.  
DRAWN BY WARREN E. DAVIS.

# FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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No. 3.



*Spirit of Freedom*  
by H.N.F.

## I.

*SPIRIT of Freedom, thou dost love the sea,  
Trackless and storm-tost ocean wild and free,  
Faint symbol of thine own eternity.  
The seagulls wheel and soar and fearless roam,  
The stormy petrel dashes through the foam;  
The mighty billows heave, the tempests roar,  
The proud waves break along the sounding shore  
And chant the song of freedom evermore!*

## II.

*Author and God of freedom, thou dost plant  
In every breast a longing to be free.  
Thou to the patriot's arm dost courage give  
To battle with oppression and to strike  
The tyrant down; to break the captive's chain.  
Thou dost inspire the love of liberty  
That brooks no priestly bondage of the soul  
Which dares forbid the mind of man to explore  
Thy vast domain unfettered; tyranny  
That in a cage would prison winged thought,  
Or clip her wings lest she should fly too far.*

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*Thou lov'st the eager thought and life of men  
Instinct with strength of their high parentage.  
Nor wouldst thou have us bow in abject fear  
And faint, reluctant homage to thee pay,  
Wrung from us by o'erpowering majesty.  
Wouldst thou not have us sons of God, free-born,  
Free like thyself, as we thine image bear?  
Dost thou not call us to high enterprise,  
To master earth and sea and scale the heavens;  
To broader conquest, nobler victories;  
To greater triumph of self government;  
To share thy wondrous thoughts and walk with  
thee?*

## III.

*By love of freedom led,  
Our Pilgrim Fathers fled  
Over the sea.  
Here long they toiled and prayed,  
Here deep foundations laid,  
Here they a stronghold made  
For Liberty.*

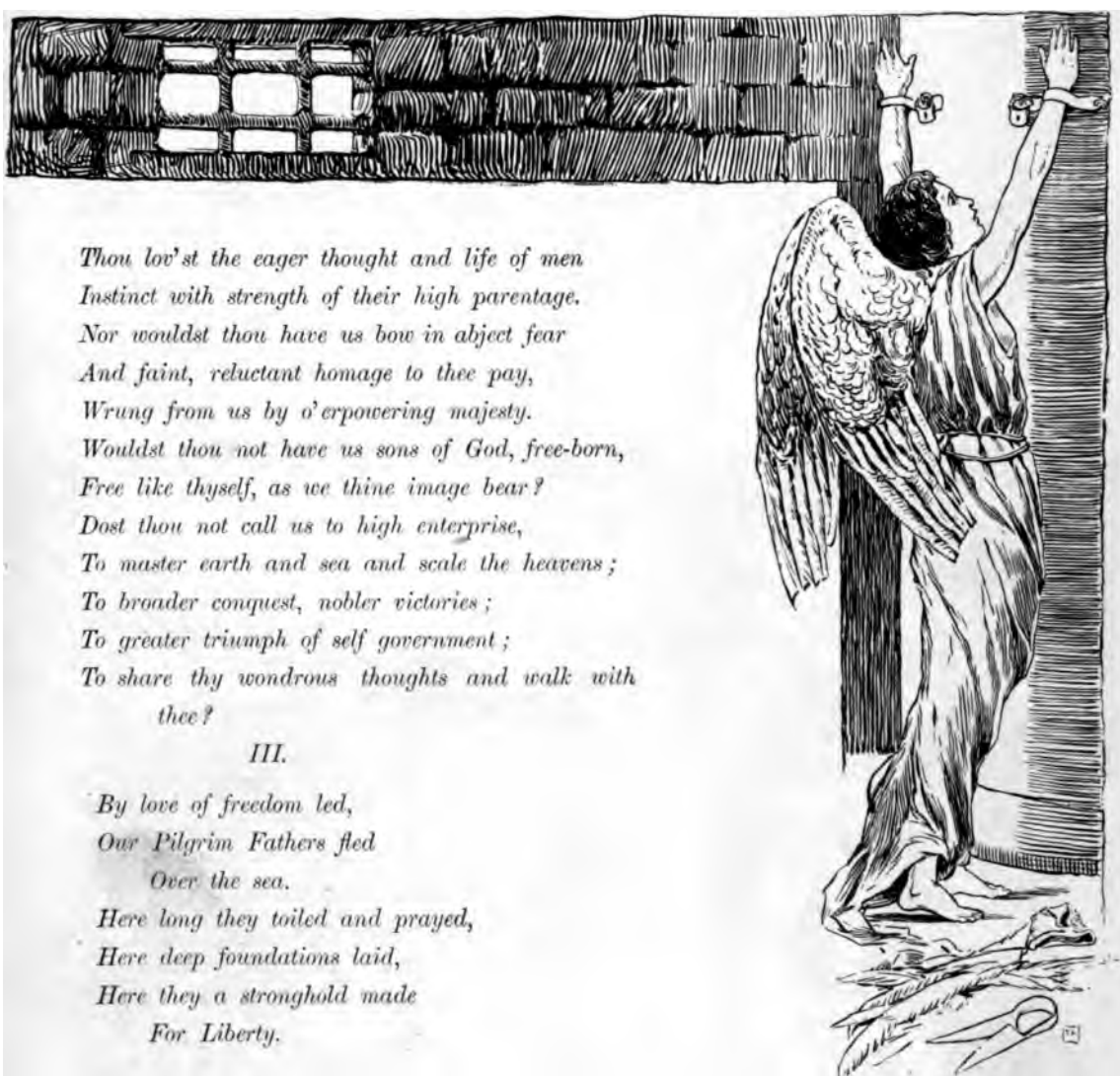
*For Liberty they fought,  
And with their life-blood bought  
Our native land;  
Where now in peace we dwell,  
Low grassy mounds still tell  
Where many a hero fell  
With sword in hand.*

*Led by that noble band,  
Millions from every land  
Have hither come.*

*For some exalted end  
Doth God His children send,  
And here all stations blend  
In our fair home.*

*Strong Saxon, Freedom's heir,  
Foremost to do and dare,  
Leader of men;  
Brave Teuton, Norseman bold  
From fastnesses of cold  
Whence stormed the Viking old  
Grim dragon den;*

*Warm-hearted Celt, and Hun  
Of swarthy hue, blithe son  
Of Italy;  
Lone Hebrew, exile worn,  
Cast out with stripes and scorn—  
All seek this blessed bourne  
Of liberty!*



*From Orient's dark domain,  
Armenia's tears and pain,  
With one accord  
Rejoicing pilgrims go  
And, streaming westward, flow  
Where hope's high beacons glow,  
Led by the Lord.*

*From Ethiopia's gloom  
To slavery's hopeless doom  
The negro came;  
But lo! a mighty voice,  
'Mid blood and battle-noise,  
Bade even the slave rejoice  
In Freedom's name.*

*The Red Man, in despair,  
Fled to his mountain lair  
And forest wild;  
Anon sweet Liberty  
Invites him to her knee  
And bids him, too, be free,  
Her native child!*

*How oft, by tyrants driven  
Have these in battle striven  
For kingly pride!  
Now cools their hostile blood,  
Now for the common good,  
In freedom's brotherhood,  
Stand they allied.*

*Nourished by Freedom, here  
Shall a new race appear,  
From many, one;  
Beneath her ample shield,  
Upon this wide-spread field,  
Shall ancient strifes be healed—  
New life begun.*

*Here will the Lord make plain  
Things men have sought in vain  
Since time's first morn;  
Called forth by Freedom's might,  
Here first shall see the light  
Vast powers for man and right,  
As yet unborn.*

*Ho, freemen! watch ye well,  
Let no base traitor sell  
Freedom for gold;  
Gift of the Lord of Love,  
Sent from the heavens above,  
Strong eagle, gentle dove,  
At once behold!*







## IV.

*In the titanic struggle yet to be,  
When right and light and human liberty  
With powers of greed and tyranny engage  
In mortal combat, final war to wage—  
A world-wide struggle coming on apace  
In many a waking land and longing race—  
My country, do thou make a valiant fight  
And for the people's cause put forth thy might!  
And may the Lord of Hosts who made thee free  
Make thee, great guardian of liberty,  
To lead the nations, marching in the van,  
The fearless champion of the rights of man—  
Arm thee with light, and with immortal fire  
Thine altars keep aflame, thy heart inspire  
Lest communal be counted little worth,  
And Freedom, throttled, perish from the earth!*

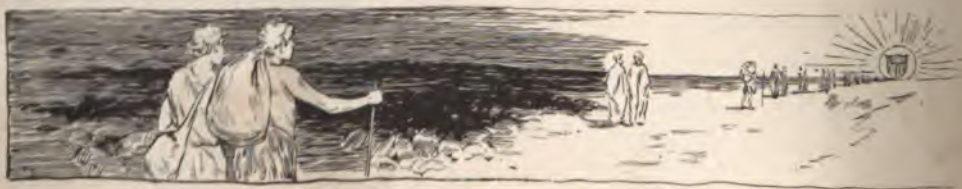
## V.

*O sacred Freedom, man has loved thee long,  
And long for thee his precious blood has shed.  
In this thy new-found home forever dwell;  
Thyself an angel shone, full-panoplied*

*Oppression to destroy, old wrongs to right,  
The weak to guard and hopes untold fulfill;  
Hope of brave martyrs and of patriots gone  
Who died rejoicing that thou couldst not die;  
Hope for the time to come, that brighter day  
When thou shalt blessing bear to every land,  
Till men no more their fellows shall oppress!*

\* \* \* \* \*

*From struggling Cuba trampled in her blood;  
From Greece where brave Leonidas awakes,  
Startled from sleep by the intolerable cry  
Of Crete beleaguered by the Iscariot nations—  
Europa, shameless, harloting with Islam—  
Wake once again to face o'erwhelming foes  
And stir the sluggish pulses of the world!  
From lone Armenia's massacre infernal,  
Siberia's hopeless fastnesses of cold,  
And far-off, ocean girdled Philippines—  
O Freedom, hear thy martyrs cry to thee!  
The flying rumor of thy coming power  
Affrights the tyrant hearing thy great name,  
While glimmering hope lights many a wistful eye  
From thy new splendor in the western sky!*







CREW AT PIVOT GUN, UNITED STATES CRUISER "BOSTON."

## A WARSHIP'S BATTERY.

HOW IT IS PLACED AND WORKED.

By HENRY HARRISON LEWIS.

WHEN the U. S. S. *Buffalo*—formerly the *Nichteroy*, of the Brazilian Navy—left Rio on her way to American waters, she was minus her battery of fighting guns, and with no more power of offense or defense than an ocean steamer. Rear Admiral Walker remarked of her :

"The *Buffalo*, now making her way north, is like a bulldog without teeth—formidable in appearance, but unable to bite."

To naval men three prime factors are necessary in the make-up of an efficient warship—namely: a stanch hull, fair speed, and a powerful battery of guns. Without either of these a man-of-war could not be considered complete; and not the least in value is the last item. Modern guns well placed, and of great penetrative power, are as essential to a battleship or cruiser as the ord-

nance of a coast fortification. In plain truth, a ship itself is merely a platform for the battery. Its stanchness is necessary to the formation of a stable foundation, and speed is requisite for the swift conveyance of the guns to the place where they are needed.

A warship relies upon her engines for her motive power, but it is generally to her guns that she owes her life. To the average American, who is more or less familiar with the outward appearance of his nation's war vessels, the batteries carried and the manner in which they are worked is an unknown quantity.

The list of naval guns includes a number grouped under three headings: the small arms, the secondary battery, and the main battery. The guns range in size from the Lee rifle, with a calibre of .236 of an inch, to the enormous



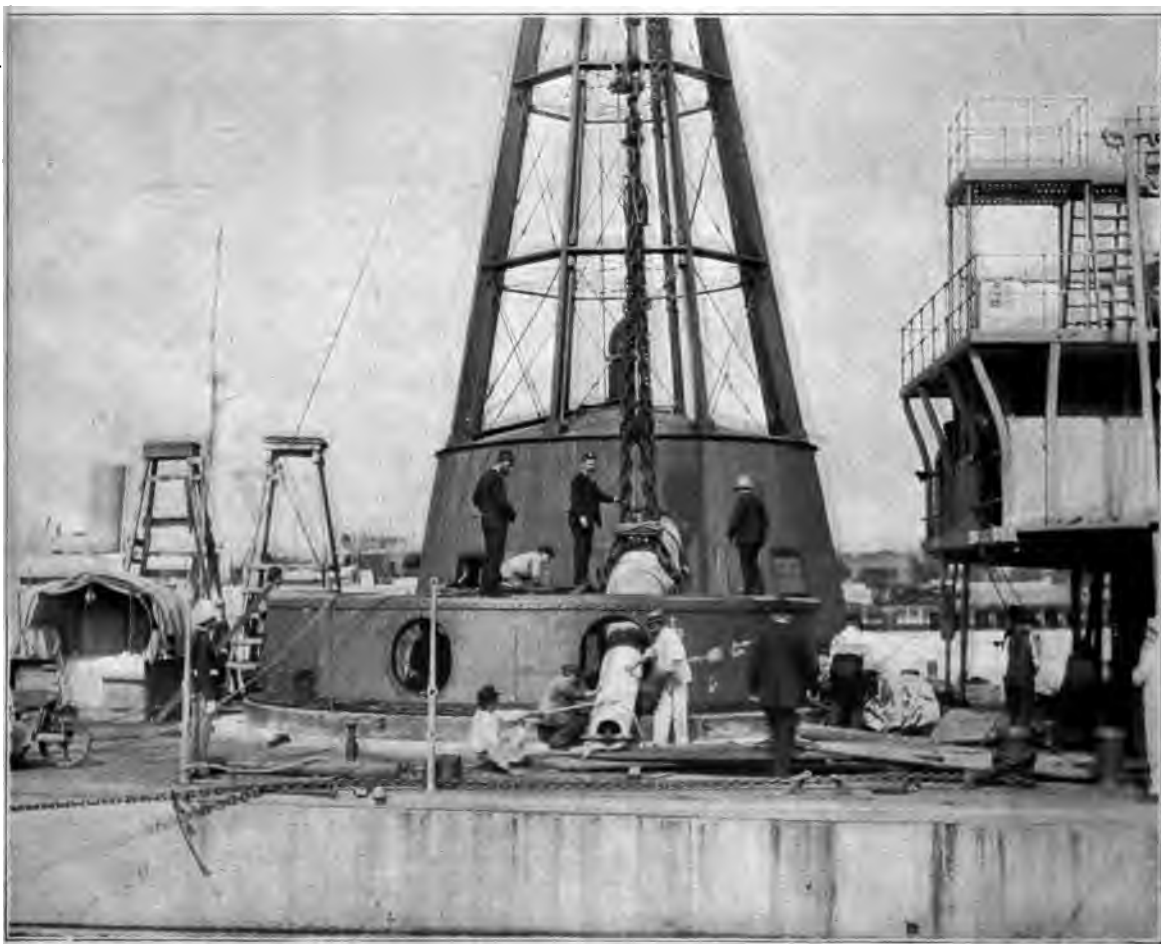
breech-loading rifled cannon, with a calibre of 13 full inches. Between these will be found the one, three and six pounders, and the three, four, five, six, eight, ten and twelve inch guns. The first seven of these use projectiles put up in one piece like the ordinary central-fire revolver cartridge, but of course much larger. This type is called rapid-firers.

The others—the eight, ten, twelve and thirteen inch guns—are slow-firing, the projectile being entirely separated from the charge of powder, thereby necessitating double handling. In guns having a calibre of six inches or less, the breech mechanism, which has to be opened and closed each time the piece is fired, is made light in weight, and can therefore be manipulated rapidly by hand; while in the guns of greater calibre the breech mechanism is so heavy that considerable time is required in operating. In the ten, twelve and thirteen inch guns, the breech-block itself is so heavy that machinery has to be used to open and close it.

In arranging the battery of a battleship like

the *Indiana* and *Massachusetts*, care must be taken to include guns of different types. For instance, the *Indiana*, if armed only with four thirteen-inch guns, would not be able to put up the fight she could under the present arrangements. The thirteen-inch gun, owing to the length of time required to get the ammunition from the magazine on a carriage, and to and up the armor-proof passage, cannot be fired, under service conditions, more than four or five times an hour.

In these unchivalrous days an enemy could not be expected to wait so long between shots; so, to keep the ball rolling, eight eight-inch and four six-inch guns are added to the battery, the latter being capable of pouring out one hundred and twenty hundred-pound projectiles each minute. As each has an energy of 3,200 foot tons and a penetrative power of  $11\frac{1}{2}$  inches of steel, it will be easily seen that they are needed on our battleships. By the term foot-ton is meant that there is stored up in the projectile, imparted to it by the explosion of the powder, a force that would raise a certain number of tons



PLACING 12-INCH GUN IN TURRET OF MONITOR "PURITAN."

(3,200 in the six-inch gun) one foot high in one second of time. This scale is used in computing the power of all naval guns in this country.

The placing of a warship's battery has been a subject of controversy for years. Each country has its own ideas, and in nothing is there so much difference between the vessels of the various nations as in the arrangement of the guns. Since the inauguration of the new navy the United States have made radical changes in this matter, probably the greatest being the construction of double-story turrets on the vessels of the *Alabama* class. This plan consists of placing two thirteen-inch guns in the lower part of a double turret and two eight-inch guns in the upper portion. The advantage claimed is the centralizing of fire and better opportunities for armament.

Until the introduction of Ericsson's *Monitor* the arrangement of a warship's battery was limited to broadside, forward and stern fire. The guns were placed in rows along each side of the deck, with the muzzles projecting through square holes cut in the bulwarks. The range fore and aft was necessarily restricted, and it was only by yawing the ship that a broadside could be fired. Compare the crude system of those days with the scientific disposition of the guns on the *Indiana*, for instance,

Her four thirteen-inch guns are placed in barbette turrets forward and aft, covering between them every point of the compass. The eight eight-inch guns are arranged in smaller turrets, two on each side, widely apart, and high enough to fire over the thirteen-inch turrets, having a train of fourteen degrees across the fore and aft line; the four six-inch guns are in armored casemates on the main deck at the outboard angles of the superstructure, and the thirty smaller rapid firers are scattered about to the best advantage. It is possible to so train the heavier guns that a terribly destructive fire can be concentrated on any given point, and that without changing the course of the vessel.

In describing the battery of a battleship it is well to commence with the one, two and three-pounders, which take their name from the weight of their projectile. These guns are placed in the fighting tops, along the top of the superstructure and on all high platforms commanding a good range of the enemy's decks. They are now manned by the marine guard, which in the old navy was employed solely in sharpshooting and as infantry in landing parties.

The ammunition used in the rapid firing guns is fixed—that is, put up in the form of a car-

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tridge. This cartridge is in four parts, the shell containing the powder, the powder itself, the fuse and the projectile. The shell is a metal



TRAINING A SIX-INCH BREECH-LOADER.

cylinder similar to that used in the ordinary revolver. The powder is peculiar in appearance, being in grains a little larger round than a lead pencil, flat at each end, about three-quarters of an inch long, with channels running longitudinally through it for the purpose of giving the igniting flame a large surface to consume, thus insuring more rapid combustion.

The shell is filled to within an inch of the brim with powder, a little excelsior is packed down upon it, and the base of the projectile is forced into the top of the shell till it is backed against the powder, where it is made fast by compression. Projectiles are of two kinds, armor-piercing and common. The former is made of a very highly tempered steel, and is filled with a high explosive. The common projectile is used in firing on a comparatively exposed point where no penetration is necessary. These one, three and six-pounders are very rapid guns, it being possible to discharge one hundred rounds a minute when well served.

The fuse used in exploding these shells, which is the same employed in all projectiles, is quite interesting. When the gun is fired the projectile

is hurled from the shell, which remains in the breech. The shock breaks a wire which, previous to discharge, holds a plunger in place in the interior of the projectile. As the projectile travels through the air the plunger is free, and when it strikes against an object, such as the side of a ship, the plunger recoils against a small percussion cap. The spark from this ignites the powder in the projectile, exploding it with great force.

The value of the one, three and six pounders is thoroughly recognized by naval experts. The rapidity and comparatively small expense of their fire makes it possible to send a perfect shower of projectiles on the deck of an enemy's ship, killing and maiming and wrecking everybody and everything not protected by armor. They are absolutely invaluable in case of an attack by torpedo boats. The latter move so rapidly that it would be almost impossible to stop them with the large, slow-firing guns. A few three and six pounders, well manned, will effectually keep a torpedo boat away from a battleship.

The three, four, five and six inch guns should be classed with the smaller rapid-firers, as they



DEWEY'S GUNS IN ACTION AT MANILA HAY, MAY 1ST, 1898.

DRAWN BY L. F. A. LORENZ.

are handled in the same manner. The three-inch is constructed for use ashore, and is generally mounted as a howitzer. The four-inch gun fires a projectile weighing thirty-three pounds, the weight of the charge being about sixteen pounds. The penetrative force of the armor-piercing projectile is seven inches of high-grade steel. The gun itself weighs about 3,400 pounds.

The five and six inch guns resemble the four-inch in many particulars. They are rapid-firers, and are worked by the same method. The projectile for the five-inch weighs sixty pounds, and thirty-two pounds are needed to impel it. The six-inch gun weighs seven tons, and, with a charge of powder weighing fifty pounds, sends its hundred-pound projectile six miles at a velocity of 2,000 feet a second.

All these guns use two kinds of powder—that already described, and another class known as smokeless powder. The latter looks like glue, and it comes in strips from four to fifteen inches in length, three-quarters of an inch wide, and a little thicker than an ordinary visiting card. The strips are made in tight bundles which will about fill the shell. Smokeless powder gives

slightly more speed and energy than the ordinary kind, and is accompanied by a much sharper report when fired. The discharge comes with a flash at the muzzle, but no smoke. On a bright day a greenish tint, caused by the generation of chlorine gas, can be noticed.

To the average layman a secondary battery—that already described—is of secondary importance, as seen from a spectacular point of view. It is to the monster thirteen-inch gun, or to the twelve or ten inch guns that the visitors to our warships flock. Even the eight-inch, with its length of twenty feet, attracts a goodly share of attention. The fact that the battleships carry eight of these in their batteries, and that the combined eight can hurl a ton of solid steel eight miles and penetrate fifteen and a half inches of armor, make them objects worth studying.

The eight-inch gun is capable of being fired every ten seconds; but such rapidity is dangerous, and three shots a minute is considered the proper thing. In this gun the projectile is separated from the powder, and, owing to its weight, is generally handled from the magazine to the gun-breech by hydraulic, pneumatic or electric



MARINES AT RAPID-FIRE GUN.





PREPARING TO LOAD A SIX-INCH BREECH-LOADER.



PRACTICE DRILL WITH GATLING GUN.



power. In loading the slow-firing guns, such as the eight, ten, twelve and thirteen-inch, the projectile is lifted to the breech by power, placed in the chamber, and on that smooth surface is pushed up the bore by means of a rammer till it reaches the rifling, when it will go no further until it is fired; then the powder is put in behind it, the breech is shut and locked, and the gun is discharged.

The powder used in the guns of the main battery is in the form of hexagonal grains, weighing eleven to the pound. Each "grain" has a hole

provided. The cruisers and smaller vessels are equipped with the eight, six and four-inch, according to size.

As stated before, the largest gun in the service is the thirteen-inch. It is before such a stupendous piece of ordnance as this that the average citizen stands in amazement. It is hard for him to realize that such a monster can be handled and fired from a floating platform. Thirty-three feet in length, it weighs nearly seventy tons, and, with a quarter of a ton of powder, hurls a steel projectile weighing more than half a ton—



A SIX-INCH BREECH-LOADER, UNITED STATES CRUISER "NEWARK."

running through it, and is strung on a piece of cord like beads. A number of these strings are bunched together and covered with cheesecloth, thus forming a charge.

In the naval service the classification of a warship is determined to a certain extent by the size and power of her guns. For the largest battleships, such as the *Indiana*, *Oregon* and *Massachusetts*, the great thirteen-inch guns were designed. For ships of the *Iowa* class twelve-inch guns were considered sufficient, and for second-class battleships, like the *Texas* and the ill-fated *Maine*, a main battery of four ten-inch guns is

the same that helped sink Cervera's fleet at Santiago—a distance of twelve miles.

It is no child's play to manage this Titan. Powerful machinery is needed to train and load it, and the cost of firing is appalling to contemplate. When you consider the weight of the powder alone, and the fact that it is worth thirty-five cents a pound, you will realize that a nation at war must have money for combustion. The charge is valued at \$175, the projectile \$350, and the wear and tear to the gun of each shot \$300, making a total of \$825. When the *Indiana* fires all her guns Uncle Sam is out about \$6,000.

In manning the batteries on a vessel of war twelve men are allotted to every gun with the exception of the ten, twelve and thirteen inch, mounted in turrets. In the latter case, the guns being mounted in pairs, twelve men are divided between them. Each man has a certain duty to perform, and, under the thorough system of drilling in the United States Navy, he is generally letter-perfect in his work. The six men of the thirteen-inch crew are designated as follows: captain, first plugman and sponger, second plugman and sponger, liftman, return-lever man, trainer.

The duty of the captain is to exercise a general supervision over the crew and to handle the hydraulic rammer. The first plugman and sponger has his station at the rear end of the plug platform, and the second plugman and sponger at the front end of the plug platform. By the plug is meant the piece of steel used to close the breech. The liftman attends to the lift-lever, the return-lever man to the return-lever, and the trainer turns his attention to the lever controlling the hydraulic training gear. In drill and in action everything runs like clock-work, each man seeming a component part of an intricate piece of mechanism.

The great guns are aimed by means of "range finders"—instruments invented by naval officers for the purpose of divining the range of an enemy. One used to a considerable extent in the service consists of two telescopes, placed one at each end of a base line (some measured length of the vessel). These telescopes are directed upon the target, the distance of which determines the angle between their axes, thereby varying the resistance of two conducting bodies, and causing the deflection of a galvanometer, which is graduated in yards, so that the distance may be read off directly. The working of this finder is so simple that enlisted members of the crew are sometimes stationed at it.

From the foregoing the reader can easily understand that placing and fighting the battery of a modern man-of-war is a science in itself. It is a mistake to imagine that all is smooth sailing and perpetual holidays in Uncle Sam's Navy. In fact, the naval officer of the present day must embody in himself the learning of a college professor, the scientific skill of an expert, the courtesy of a Brummel, and the dash and bravery of a D'Artignan.

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### ON THE BLOCKADE.\*

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,  
The scene was surpassing, sublime;  
Soft clouds to the westward were scudding  
As the moon to its zenith did climb.

It cast a bright golden reflection  
On the ocean's billowy roll.  
The moment was one of rapture,  
Its gladness and joy filled my soul.

Do you think from the verses preceding  
It is nature alone I adore?  
Well, hardly! Though nature's enchanting,  
Other things on this earth I love more.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
The bridge of a fine battle-ship.  
Four hours I'd peered through the darkness  
That no Spaniard might give us the slip.

Four hours I'd longed for that moment.  
Four hours I'd walked to and fro.  
My relief had been called and was coming,  
And soon I could "turn in" below.

That's why I was filled with such gladness—  
As I've said, there are things I love more  
At times, than all nature's enchantment:  
'Tis my snug little bunk I adore.

\* Lines written by a young officer of the Navy, off Santiago de Cuba, July 3d. 1896.



PEACE AND THE VICTOR.



OFFICER'S QUARTERS, JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

## THE JOHNSON ISLAND CONSPIRACY.

AN EPISODE OF THE CIVIL WAR.

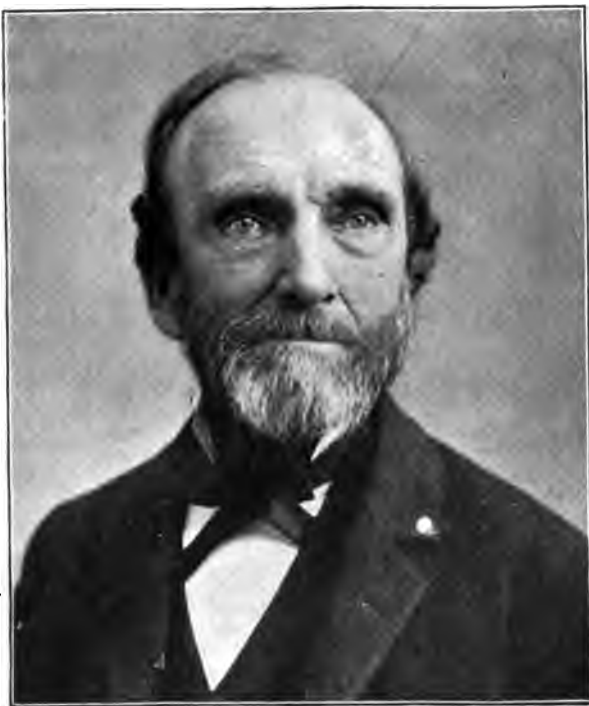
BY FREDERICK BOYD STEVENSON.

**T**HE recent death of Leonard B. Johnson, of Sandusky, Ohio, recalls to mind a thrilling chapter in the War of the Rebellion. As the owner of Johnson's Island, made famous as a prison for Confederate officers, his name has become inseparably connected with the history of his country. With fifteen hundred to three thousand or more men—the flower of Southern chivalry, the professional gentlemen and the rich planters of the seceding States—inside its tall stockades; with its wooded shores rising in clean-cut outline from the center of Sandusky Bay, the green waters of Lake Erie stretching far beyond the line of vision, and the bustling little city unfolding in the distance like the perspective of a panorama—Johnson's Island was then picturesque and beautiful. Although shorn of many of its trees, it still retains much of its natural freshness, and delights the eye with its restful seclusion and air of peace and quiet. But there is a sense of loneliness, a sadness surrounding it all. The

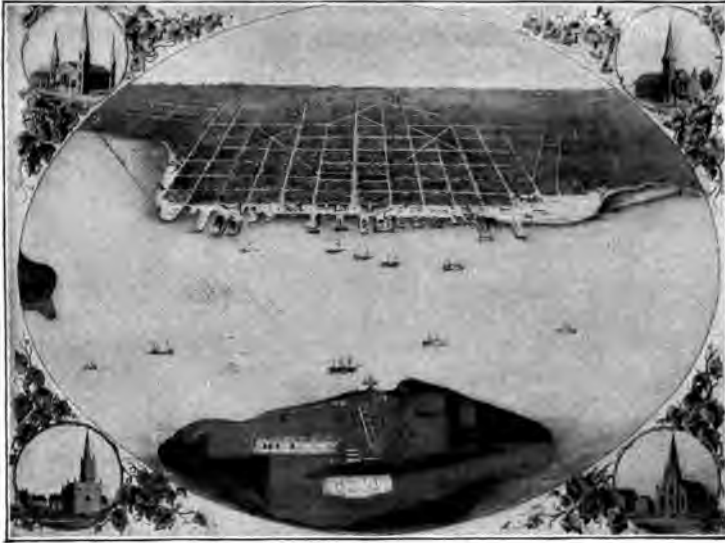
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pebbly beach looks inhospitable and desolate. The blockhouses are in ruins, and the earthen embankments of the two forts are all that remain of the strongholds where heavy ordnance were once planted. The stone powder magazine is cracked and falling into decay; the old church is a shambling wreck, and the officers' quarters, now used for cattle sheds, will soon be gone. In a few years not a vestige of the prison will remain, and only the unpretentious graveyard on the high knoll toward the south, with the white tombstones marking the last resting places of those who died in an enemy's land, will be there as a memorial of the bitter strife waged between the brothers of the North and South.

There is a picture that arises before my eyes to-day, and I again plainly see the orderly rows of the little houses assigned to the Confederates. In front of the cottages are small beds of shells neatly arranged into pretty designs of stars and circles and flowers. Seated before the low



LEONARD B. JOHNSON.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. A. BISHOP.



PLAN OF JOHNSON'S ISLAND AND SANDUSKY CITY, WHICH WAS SUPPRESSED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.  
REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY W. A. BISHOP.

doors are bearded men industriously carving rings and watch-charms from pieces of colored stone picked up along the beach. They smile when children are among the visitors, and proffer them the little trinkets that have been skillfully wrought with the rude knives.

Long years have spanned a chasm that seemed impassable. The evil passions of the past have been blotted out, and the reconstructed Union has joined the hands that were parted and cemented the friendships that were broken. The little island is now the scene of happy reunions. From every State the veterans come, and again the blue and gray commingle. They retell the deeds of field and camp-fire; they renew the pledges of good comradeship, and proclaim a common fealty to the old flag that still floats over them all.

The historians have neglected the story of Johnson's Island. It is a mere memory now in the minds of the older generation, and as one looks over the peaceful isle to-day, as it lies in the pretty land-locked bay, he can scarcely realize that it was once peopled with troops, that the bravest leaders of the Southern armies were imprisoned

there, and that it was the scene of one of the most sensational plots of the Civil War.

While the North was resting in fancied security, the prisoners on Johnson's Island were patiently waiting for the signal that meant liberty to them—that meant the striking of a stupendous blow by their friends of the South; the capture of the man-of-war *Michigan*; the throwing open of the prison gates at Camp Douglas, near Chicago, where 8,000 Confederates were confined; the release at Camp Chase, near Columbus, of 8,000 more, and of about 4,000 at Camp Morton, near Indianapolis. Attacks on these places were to be made simultaneously. Upon the cap-

ture of the *Michigan* the 3,200 officers on the island, all of whom had been secretly supplied with revolvers, were to overpower the 600 Union soldiers on guard, and, under cover of the guns of the warship, make their escape, command the 20,000 liberated Confederates, and with this powerful army sweep the unprotected Northern States across the entire breadth, carrying death and desolation in their sway. At the same time General Early was to begin his attack upon Washington, rendering it impossible to send troops to the assistance of the North.

The time was well chosen for this gigantic conspiracy. It was in the year 1864, when the Northern Democrats, dissatisfied and threatening, were about to declare, in national conven-



JOHNSON'S ISLAND, SHOWING THE PRISON.  
PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN OLD DRAWING

tion, that the war was a failure. The North was teeming with discontents, and Canada was overflowing with sympathizers with the South. It was the original intention to strike the blow during the session of the Democratic convention in Chicago, where 4,000 Confederates were waiting for instructions. General Early postponed his attack on the Capital, which disarranged the plans in the West; and this delay, together with the miscarriage of the plot at Johnson's Island, saved the North.

Sandusky, the theater of these stirring events, was a thriving town full of business and life. Its importance had been greatly increased since the establishment by the Government of a military prison on Johnson's Island. In its original state the island was covered with a heavy growth of oaks, and was a favorite resort with the Indians. It was formerly owned by a man named Bull, and was then known as Bull's Island, and was the site of the old custom house of the port. Mr. Johnson purchased the property in 1852, and rented it to the Government in 1861 as a

September 7th, 1865, by order of the War Department. The Government at that time endeavored to purchase the island for the purpose of establishing a permanent military post there, but Mr. Johnson declined to dispose of it. At the time of his death he was still in possession of the greater part of it, having only recently sold fifty acres to the Fifth Regiment, Ohio National Guard, to be used as a camping ground.

One of the sad reminders of those dark days is the little cemetery on the south shore, where 206 Confederates were buried. Twenty of the bodies have been removed, and many others, doubtless,



ENTRANCE TO SANDUSKY HARBOR, OFF CEDAR POINT, WHERE THE GUNBOAT "MICHIGAN" LAY AT ANCHOR.

THE GUNBOAT  
"MICHIGAN."

would be taken away if relatives knew that the missing ones were resting there. For many years the graves were marked only with rude wooden

depot for Confederate prisoners, Company A, Hoffman Battalion, taking possession January 1st, 1862. Companies B, C and D were shortly after added, and in 1863 six more, all known as the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Regiment, O. V. I. The first prisoners were taken there in April, 1862, and the prison was eventually used almost exclusively for Confederate officers, the number varying from 2,000 to 3,200. During the full period of its occupancy about 15,000 prisoners were confined there, nearly all of whom were at one time or another exchanged. The last prisoners were sent to Fort Lafayette,

headboards, formed of rough planks upon which inscriptions had been carved with jack-knives by the comrades of the dead Confederates. The letters were skillfully engraved, and usually gave the name, rank, and dates of birth and of death of the deceased. In fact, these records were the chief authority from which the official list was afterward compiled. Not long ago a party of journalists from Georgia visited the cemetery and were impressed with the fact that the place was fast falling into decay. Determined to rescue from oblivion the identity of their soldier dead, upon their return home the



newspaper men raised by popular subscription in the South enough money to defray the expense of erecting a marble tombstone at the head of each grave. Only a few of the original wooden headboards are now in existence, and these are preserved as souvenirs of the love that the Southern soldiers bore for their dead friends.

In order that the situation about to be described may be clear, the topography of Johnson's Island must be understood. The island is one mile in length and half a mile in breadth, rises fifty feet above the lake level, and contains 300 acres. It is located at the mouth of Sandusky Bay, overlooking Lake Erie, and is an ideal spot, on

it succeeded, might have changed the entire fortunes of war.

The person who took the most active part in this carefully planned plot was Major C. H. Cole, a man of undoubted bravery, remarkable coolness, and undaunted nerve and courage. He was of medium height, stockily built, and his frame was well knit and muscular. His eyes were gray, keen and cold. He looked unflinchingly into another's face, and his whole demeanor indicated firmness and daring. An estimate of his reckless character and bravery may be formed when an incident that occurred shortly after his capture is cited. He had been

arraigned before Major Generals Dix, Heintzelman and Hitchcock, and on his way to the deck attempted to drop a lighted cigar into the powder magazine of the ship, and blow up all on board, himself included. This was the



THE BEACH AT PUT-IN-BAY WHERE THE "ISLAND QUEEN" WAS CAPTURED.

account of the protection afforded, for a prison. Surrounding the grounds were stockades twelve feet high, surmounted with platforms upon which sentinels kept guard day and night. Sandusky lies to the east a distance of three miles. West and south are broad stretches of the bay, while to the north the lake reaches away for a distance of fifty miles. Two fortresses formed of earth supported heavy cannon that commanded a sweep of the entire surroundings, and the man-of-war *Michigan* patrolled the waters in the immediate vicinity, ever on the alert for the slightest indications of an uprising.

With this feeling of strength the thought of an invasion from the enemy never entered the minds of the Federal troops stationed on the island until they were awakened to a realizing sense of their danger by the discovery, in the nick of time, of a daring conspiracy which, had



VIEW OF PUT-IN-BAY ISLAND, WHERE THE "PHILO PARSONS" LANDED.

man whom Jacob Thomson had selected to fire the opening gun in the great conspiracy.

Major Cole had a good record in the Southern army. He was a member of the Fifth Tennessee Confederate Regiment, of which his brother was colonel. Called to Richmond he was assigned to the secret service, with orders to report to Thompson, who was formerly Secretary of the Interior under Buchanan, but at that time a trusted Confederate leader with headquarters in Canada. The command of the Department of the Ohio, with headquarters at Sandusky, was given Cole. Major Thomas Hinds, afterward a judge in Bowling Green, Kentucky, was in command in Illinois, and sta-

tioned in Chicago. Indiana was assigned to Major Castleman, with headquarters in Centralia. At each of these places there were Northern allies working in conjunction with the Confederates. It had been planned to make the attacks on Johnson's Island and Camps Douglas, Chase and Morton simultaneously on Monday, September 19th, 1864. Cole's

part was to capture the warship *Michigan*, and under cover of her guns release the officers on the island, cut all telegraph wires, seize a train, run down to Columbus, help liberate the Southern soldiers confined in Camp Chase, return to Sandusky and establish temporary headquarters of the Confederate Department of the Northwest. General Trimble, of Maryland, who was ranking Confederate officer on Johnson's Island, was to have been made commander-in-chief of the new department. Major Hinds, in addition to attacking Camp Douglas, was instructed to capture one of the iron steamers that ran between Grand Haven and Milwaukee.

Major Cole made his preparations systematic-

ally and skillfully. His first move was to establish himself at Sandusky under the guise of a wealthy oil speculator of Titusville, Pa., organizing the Mount Hope Oil Company, with Judge Filmore, of Buffalo, as president, and himself as secretary. Jacob Thompson is said to have paid over to Cole \$60,000 in gold, part of which was deposited in a bank at Sandusky to the major's credit. Accounts were also opened in Philadelphia and Belmont, N. Y., in the name of John Bell. Having such a comfortable bank account Cole at once took rank as a substantial business man. He had pleasant apartments in the West House, gave fine dinners, was affable and jovial, and it was not long before he became



OLD BLOCK HOUSE, JOHNSON'S ISLAND.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. A. BISHOP.



GUN SQUAD, JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

a general favorite. To the officers of the *Michigan*, whom he assiduously courted, he strove to make himself especially agreeable. They were always welcome guests at his banquets. The wine he served them was the finest to be had, and his cigars were of the choicest brands. He was a good story teller; his conversation was sprightly and amusing; his wit was spontaneous; his money was free as water. He was an ideal companion, and the result which he had cunningly contrived, was to give him full access to the man-of-war he had so adroitly planned to capture. In fact he was in such good favor that he succeeded in having two Confederates enrolled as seamen on board the *Michigan*, and ten men enlisted as Union soldiers and stationed for duty on Johnson's Island.

Associated with Major Cole was John Yates Beall, a man whose bravery was unquestioned and whose fidelity to the Southern cause was sincere and heartfelt. He was born in West Virginia, was a graduate of college, possessed of a bright intellect, and qualified in every way to command respect and admiration. He had been the owner of a large plantation in Jefferson County in his native State, and at the time the war broke out was estimated to be worth \$2,000,000. At the call of his country to arms he gave up everything, organized Company G, Second West Virginia Infantry, afterward a part of the celebrated "Stonewall Brigade," and went to the front. Later on he became Cole's second officer and was one of the most energetic men in the secret service.

An English woman, known as Annie Davis, also played an important part in these operations. She was an ardent sympathizer with the Southern cause, and applied to Thompson for some assignment whereby she could prove her loyalty and usefulness. At first he was suspi-

cious of her, but she was so persistent that he finally allowed her to act as messenger between himself and Cole. In this capacity she developed such faithfulness and tact that she soon became one of the most trusted members of the inner circle. She was a handsome woman, of shapely form and snapping, coal-black eyes. Her dark, curling hair was worn short that she might readily adopt a masculine disguise, and she was as versatile in the number of characters that she assumed as she was quick witted in extricating herself and friends from trying situations. On one occasion she had been sent to Richmond with important dispatches from Sandusky. She had joined Major Cole in Washington, and they had proceeded to New York, where, in the parlor of the St. Nicholas Hotel they met two Federal officers, accompanied by their wives. Miss Davis recognized the ladies as old schoolmates, and introduced Major Cole as her cousin. Later in the day Cole was arrested by the provost guard on the charge of being a Confederate spy. No dispatches nor incriminating papers were found on his person, but it was still deemed advisable to hold him on suspicion. On being taken to prison the first thought that flashed across his mind was that Annie Davis had betrayed him. He soon learned, however, the great injustice he had done her, for upon becoming apprised of the situation she immediately went to her friends and pleaded for his release.

"He is not my cousin," she said, with tears in her eyes. "I told you wrong. He is my husband. My father opposed the marriage and we eloped. Major Cole is not a Southern spy, but an oil operator living in Sandusky."

So well did she present her case that her former schoolmates induced their husbands to call on General Dix and secure Cole's release. When the major entered the hotel he was met

by Annie Davis, who, in the presence of her friends, threw her arms around his neck and cried, "Oh, my husband, my dear husband!"

Utterly at a loss to understand her meaning, yet trained to evince no surprise at any sudden turn events might take, Cole returned her greetings of affection. When alone he asked



RESERVE POWDER MAGAZINE NEAR THE OLD EASTERN FORT.

for an explanation, and when given the woman added, "I am not your wife, but I shall be when you tread the deck of the *Michigan* as her captor."

No less intrepid and fearless than the daring co-workers whom he had employed was Jacob Thompson himself. There was no project too haz-



STONE POWDER MAGAZINE,  
viciously made an engagement to entertain the officers of the *Michigan*



OLD ARMY CHURCH.

ardous for him to undertake, no risk that he was not willing to assume personally.

While Major Cole was in his room one day at the hotel in Sandusky, he was notified that his aunt was in the parlor and desired to see him. He knew at once that the caller was not his aunt, but promptly gave orders that he would receive her in his apartments. An apparently elderly lady, quietly dressed in black, was ushered into his presence. When the servant had gone and the veil was removed the features of Jacob Thompson were easily recognized. In this character of a curious old woman from the country he was taken aboard the *Michigan*, visited every nook and cranny of the ship, and made a mental note of her machinery, arms and appurtenances.

To men like Thompson, Cole and Beall, and to a woman like Annie Davis, the dangers attending the formation of a great conspiracy such as they had planned, entered into no part whatever of the considerations. Their calculations were all based on the results to be obtained in the event of success. And of this success they felt assured. The details had been carefully arranged and skillfully executed. All was in readiness for the first fatal blow.

On the morning of September 19th Major Cole left Detroit for Sandusky, where he had pre-



OFFICERS' HEADQUARTERS AND PARADE GROUNDS.

on board ship, at five o'clock that evening. Some of the wine had been drugged, and it was the intention when the feast was at its height for Cole to rush on deck and give a signal to Beall, who would make the attack from a steamer that was to be seized that same day. In the meantime Confederates on numerous little fishing boats were to swarm up the sides of the man-of-war, and, with the two Southern seamen already on board, batton down the hatches, making prisoners of all who were below. Cole, once in possession of the deck, was to turn the guns, which were always ready for action, on the fortifications at Johnson's Island, and under cover of the shot and shell the prisoners were to rise against the Union soldiers. Shortly before leaving Detroit Major Cole sent this telegram to Major Hind's assistant in Chicago :

"DETROIT, September 19th, 1864.

Close out all the stock in the Mount Hope Oil Company before three o'clock to-day. Be prompt.

"C. H. COLE."

The interpretation was clear to the conspirators. It meant that the attempt to capture the *Michigan* would be made that afternoon, and directed that Camps Douglas, Chase and Morton should be attacked at once.

Cole and Beall took passage on the steamer *Philo Parsons*, which ran between Detroit and Sandusky, making stops at various places on the Canadian side of the Detroit River. When Windsor and Malden were reached several Confederates got aboard. At Malden there were twenty men, who carried with them an old-fashioned trunk tied with ropes. All the men looked somewhat rough, but their appearance attracted no suspicion, as at that time a great many were fleeing into Canada to escape the draft, and many more who had gone there were forced to return for the lack of money. Major Cole was on terms of intimacy with Captain Atwood, the commander of the vessel, and the two were together in the pilot-house, chatting and laughing, when Beall gave the signal.

With a quick movement Cole covered the captain with a revolver.

Thinking it a jest, yet frightened at the serious look of his companion, Atwood exclaimed, "Why, what does this mean, major?"

"It means," replied Cole, coolly, "that you are my prisoner, and that I take possession of this ship in the name of the Confederate States of America."

During the few minutes that were required to make the captain a prisoner the rough-looking men who had gone aboard at Windsor and Malden were busily engaged in cutting the ropes that bound the old trunk, and the hatchets and revolvers which it contained were quickly taken out and distributed among the Confederates. The crew of the *Philo Parsons*, taken completely by surprise, surrendered almost without a struggle, and were placed below the hatches. Among the attacking party was a competent engineer, and sailors well qualified to take charge of the vessel. As soon as Cole was in full possession he ordered the prow of the steamer turned toward Put-in-Bay Island, which was reached about noon. Lying at the wharf was the steamer *Island Queen*, bound for Cleveland with 300 passengers, mostly unarmed soldiers, on their way to be mustered out. Quickly running alongside, the *Parsons* made fast and captured her, and the two vessels were steered to Fighting Island, where the prisoners were compelled to land. The boats then steamed rapidly toward Sandusky, and when within a short distance of the *Michigan* Major Cole was rowed to her in a

small boat, in order that he might keep his engagement with the Federal officers.

Thus far everything was working satisfactorily. There had not been the slightest hitch in the proceedings, nor was there the least suspicion that anything was wrong. Smiling and confident Cole went over the side of the big gunboat. He was received cordially as usual. At the dinner he was at his best. His laugh was hearty and his wit was sparkling. The ward-room echoed and re-echoed with the peals of merriment. The drugged wine was beginning to have effect. His prize apparently within his grasp, Cole toyed with it as a cat plays with a mouse. But he delayed one moment too long. As he was draining the glass to his last toast an officer from Johnson's Island entered. Tapping Cole on the shoulder, the officer said: "I arrest you, major, as a Confederate spy."

Cole's face never changed, but his heart sank within him. The great conspiracy had failed. Upon being searched papers were found in his possession that proved beyond a doubt his guilt. Always quick in an emergency, he implicated twelve innocent citizens of Sandusky, among them the proprietor of the hotel where Cole was stopping. Arrests were immediately made, and in this way Annie Davis learned what had happened, and rowing out to the fishing boats that were waiting for Cole's signal, notified their occupants and they in turn informed Beall. In this way Cole covered the escape of his friends, and afterward secured the release of the arrested men by frankly telling why he had implicated them.

As soon as Beall learned the turn affairs had taken he scuttled the *Island Queen* in full sight of the crew of the *Michigan*, and ran the *Philo Parsons* over to the Canadian shore, where she was also sunk.

The failure of the plot to capture the *Michigan* carried with it the abandonment of the proposed attacks at the other points. Knowledge of the miscarriage of the Johnson's Island plans were quickly communicated to the other leaders, and the entire conspiracy that had been months in formation was, on the eve of consummation, shattered in an instant.

Major Cole was betrayed by a Colonel Johnson of Kentucky, who dropped a letter giving an outline of the plot, on the wharf at Malden, just before leaving there on the *Philo Parsons*, on the morning of September 19th. The letter was found shortly afterward and sent to the provost marshal at Detroit, who telegraphed the fact to the officers of the *Michigan*. By some mistake

the dispatch was forwarded to the commanding officer at Johnson's Island, and it was the merest accident that the message reached the ship in time to prevent its capture. Colonel Johnson afterward cut his throat while suffering with remorse during his confinement at the barracks in Cincinnati as a witness for the United States.

The Confederate government promptly gave notice that Cole should be regarded as a prisoner of war, and that two Federal officers would be held as hostages for him. Cole was tried in Cincinnati by a military court, of which General Heintzelman was president, and was convicted of the charge of piracy and of being a Confederate spy. He was sentenced to be hanged on Johnson's Island, February 16th, 1865, and was confined there until he attempted to escape, when he was transferred to Fort Lafayette. By some means or other the Confederates in Canada were made acquainted with every move regarding his case, and

when it was decided to remove him arrangements were made, under the leadership of Beall, to attempt a rescue. A train on the Lake Shore road on which Cole was supposed to be a prisoner, was wrecked

near Buffalo, but it proved to be the wrong one, and he was safely locked up behind the walls of Fort Lafayette. In the meantime public sentiment had softened toward him, and General M. D. Leggett, afterward commissioner of patents, two of the ladies who were on the *Island Queen* when captured, and many others petitioned successfully for a computation of sentence to life imprisonment. In 1866 he was released on a writ of habeas corpus at the instance of Jacob Thompson, escaped to Canada and thence to Mexico, where he served under Maximilian. Finally, he was pardoned by the President, returned to the United States, and made his home in Texas.

Beall was arrested a short time after his at-

tempt to free Cole, and despite the persistent efforts of his friend, John Wilkes Booth and others, was executed on Governor's Island, February 24th, 1865. In his farewell letter to his brother he wrote :

"Remember me kindly to my friends. Say to them that I am not aware of committing any crime against society. I die for my country. No thirst for blood nor lucre animated me in my course. 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay.' Therefore, show no unkindness to the prisoners ; they are helpless."

Annie Davis was captured, and being a British subject, was tried in the United States District Court on the charge of having violated the Webster-Ashborton treaty, but was acquitted. While Cole was awaiting execution she visited him and asked him his wishes as to her future course in life. He replied that he hoped to see her well married before he died, and she shortly



CONFEDERATE CEMETERY, JOHNSON'S ISLAND.



OLD VIEW OF CONFEDERATE CEMETERY.



afterward wedded the man who succeeded Cole as secretary of the Mount Hope Oil Company.

Thus was the great conspiracy of Johnson's Island planned and thus did it fail, adding one more chapter to the sad history of the Civil War. Each day some death reminds us of an

incident of war times—thrilling or pathetic—half-forgotten in the cares and strife of our busy lives. But in a few more years the actors in those tragic scenes will all have passed away. There will remain only the written histories, the musty records and the roll-calls.



## AN AMERICAN CATTLE PAINTER.

By J. M. ERWIN.



PAINTING pictures of cows is Bisbing's business. Some painters paint pictures of people, some paint pictures of landscapes, and others paint pictures of deities or saints, but

Bisbing sticks to the cow, and after many years devoted to faithfully transferring "Bossie's" likeness from pasture to canvas he has come to depend upon her as his "most valuable friend." It may be admitted, incidentally, that Bisbing now and then gives a little attention to the herds that bleat, but those instances are more or less departures.

Even though he may be able to portray the sheep as well as he portrays the cow, his preference rather goes in the direction of the latter; and in this particular instance it is the cow that is to come under consideration with the artistic conceptions of Bisbing.

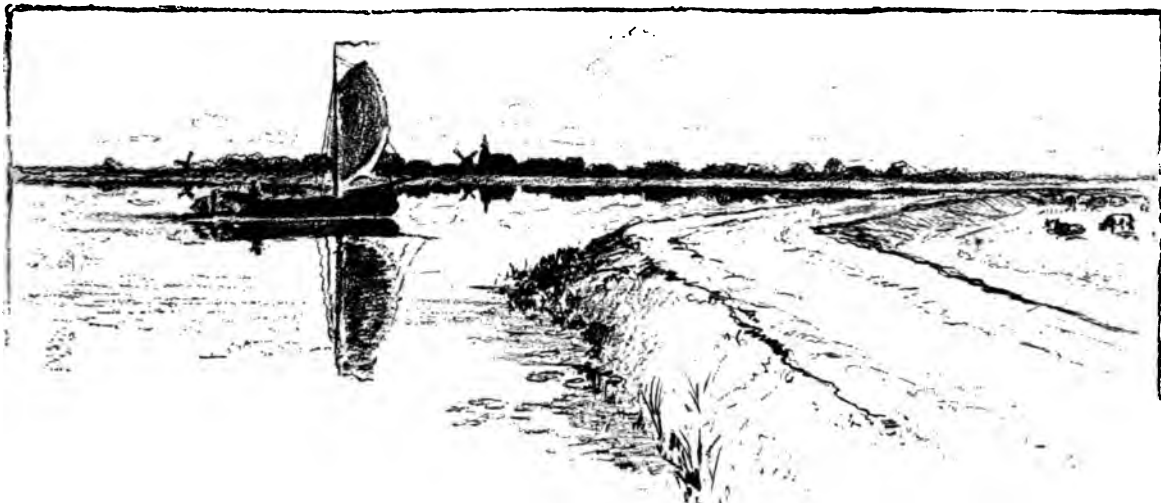
Bisbing has made a deep study of his model, Madame Cow, and although he cannot bring her to his studio and consign her to the pedestal, with instructions to "remain in that position," "raise the head a little," "let that foot assume a more natural position," etc., he is willing to go to her in her own grand duchy, and he is partial to her peculiar lines of beauty, to the shapes and spots that nature has given to her sometimes slick and sometimes shaggy hide—even to the exclusion of all other kinds of models. Bisbing admits that "Bossie's" fee for posing has never been paid, and that if a day of reckoning ever comes he will be at a loss to know in what kind of coin she will be entitled to her remuneration. The school of theosophy may find him the means.

And who is Bisbing? Well, Bisbing was once an American, and still is an American—"an American artist in Paris." A long time ago Bisbing had a studio overlooking Independence Park, in Philadelphia, but now he has a studio which overlooks a forest of Mansard roofs and chimneys in Paris. Bisbing—as well as other members of a certain select little club of ten or eleven celebrities, known as the Paris Society of American Artists—has a few ideas of a pronounced kind on the subject of how American artists living in America are unappreciated by the American public, and particularly on the subject of an American artist ceasing to be an American after he has been five years away from America (according to the Secretary of the Treasury), and therefore being subject to tariff duty on the pictures he sends to his native country. (If you want to stir up a hornet's nest, just ask Bisbing or Weeks or MacEwen or Pierce about the "wisdom" of that Treasury Department interpretation of what constitutes an American!)

You will find Bisbing in a studio in the Rue des Martyrs, Montmartre section of Paris, which would be a "den" were it not a little too spacious to aptly receive that name. He lives alone and declares the company to be quite satisfactory. In the summer he packs traps and goes to Holland where the cows live. France and other countries have cows, but not just the right kind of cows to suit Bisbing. The Dutch cow is the more artistically developed specimen. She "takes a better picture." Out on the big meadows up there in Holland she is the queen of her kind, homely and lovely at the same time. The meadow is her studio, and the artist must come to her, for she will not go to the artist. She is the mountain.

There, in the language of her country, she is a *ko*—pronounced "coo." Her familiar name is "Bless"—that is, when you call her you say, "Come, Bless!"

"Bless" and all her relatives constitute about



three-fourths of the means of livelihood of the country folk in Holland, and she is therefore a very important citizeness.

"I'll bet you don't know what a timid and whimsical creature a cow is," says Bisbing. "Moreover, unless you have become well acquainted with her you can't tell me the color of her eyes, nor can you explain to me the peculiar quality of emotion she feels when you look at her straight in the eyes and try to make a sketch of her before she moves."

I reply that I "give it up," of course.

"Well, her eyes are almost invariably of a deep and mellow brown color. Beginners in cow painting are apt to consider it a grayish tone, but that is usually an error. It is a strong and powerful color, and requires a 'full' palette for absolute fidelity of expression."

A little more about Bisbing himself: Bisbing is tall—complains bitterly because bicycle frames are not twenty-nine-inch instead of reaching their limit at twenty-seven—wears a reddish-brown beard trimmed to a point.

He is one of the most carefully calculating mortals that ever lived. In May, on the occasion of his annual pilgrimage to "Cowland," he rides his bicycle from Paris to Holland, there to take advantage of the springtime of life and the attractiveness of the Dutch calves. He most diligently studies the maps of all the interlying routes, until he can tell you to the inch and hour how to make the trip. He is also something of an enthusiast on clouds and sunsets. He is ready at all times to arrest everything else in progress for the chance to contemplate a fine setting of clouds in the sky. He photographs particularly fine shades and arrangements of clouds, and *chez lui* has a large collection of proofs. Of course the clouds are to be

ultimately conveyed to canvas, back of and above some fine specimen of cow.

"What is the best kind of a cow to paint?" I inquired of Bisbing one day, by way of a rather omnibus style of inartistic query. "I s'pose that spotted cows are better than cows of all one color?"

And Bisbing said I was right.

"You see," he continued, "cows that are of one shade or color are too monotonous. They won't do in the picture. May be all right for milk, but make poor pictures. Alderneys, for instance, are pretty cows, but to make them



H. S. BISBING.

pretty in pictures is very difficult. The Holstein, ah, there's the cow for painting! Her variegated coat of black and white patches is the theme. And there are various other breeds, with yellows, grays, and warm reds always alternating with white. These are the cows who make us thankful, for they give us the play of color, to which we add the tints of the landscape to comprise the entire scheme.

"Of course, horse-painting is very interesting too, but one does not so often see the horse in his really natural state. The horse is usually hitched to a cart and being whipped and sworn at by his superior comrade and master—man. Moreover, after you have begun to paint horses, first thing you know you are painting them all as race horses, and eventually you will succumb to the request of the owner or trainer, who wants

the Holstein breed. But in other parts of the same country all breeds and crossings of breeds are found, and that gives rise to cows of every known shade and hue or design thereof.

Bisbing relates that the cow must be found at her ease, in a pasture where she is at home, before she is properly suited to having her picture taken. When she is turned into a strange pasture she runs about exploring all the corners, and she does not trust herself to grazing, and therefore does not become receptive of the artist's appreciation until she is thoroughly acquainted with the situation.

"And do you know," says Bisbing, "that a cow is the most suspicious thing in the world? That is, nervous and sensitive to attention. She can't stand being looked at a long time from one point of view. I approach her majesty, pencil



to be painted with his horse. And you might as well paint pictures of society gentlemen in full evening dress as to paint pictures of race horses—just as much art in the result."

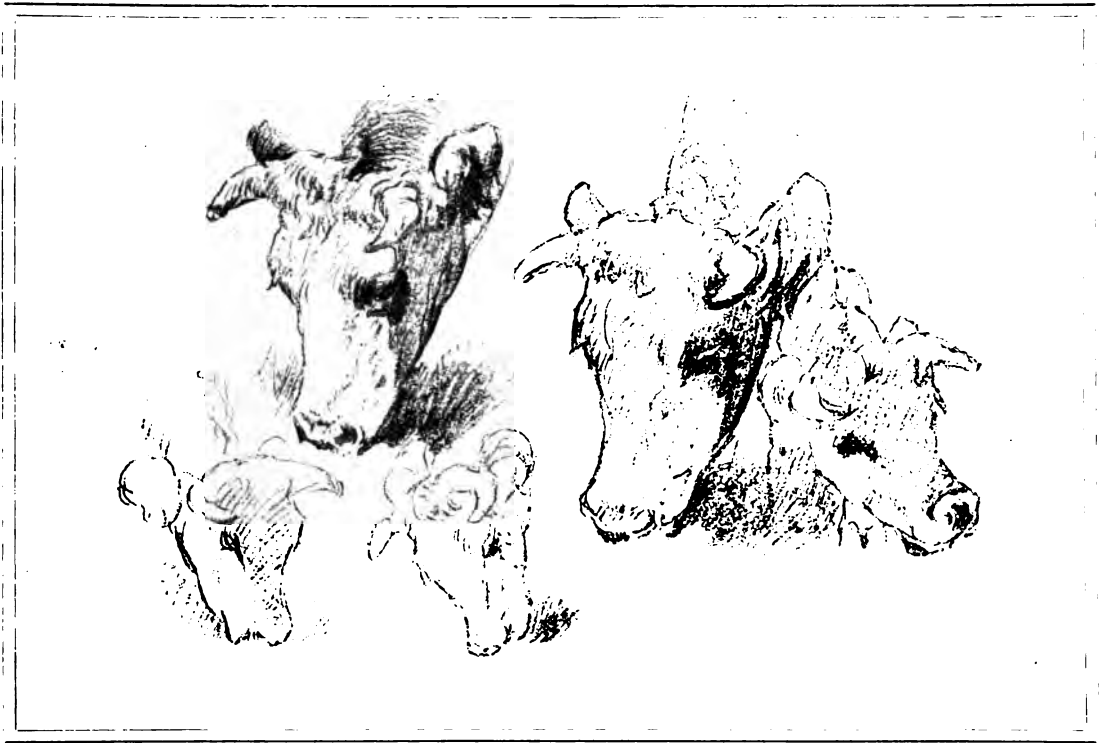
I mentioned the name of Iosa Bonheur—that being the only person I could ever think of in connection with the painting of horses.

"Yes," answered Bisbing, "her pictures of horses are the examples of that which is the strongest in that branch of art. For instance, her celebrated 'Horse Fair,' portraying the magnificent Percheron animal—compare that, if you can, to that of some dandy-looking dude of a race horse!"

But to come back to cows. In certain parts of Holland—such as the environs of Dordrecht, Rotterdam, Delft and the Hague—one is apt to remark that all the cows are black-and-white of

in my teeth, sketch-book in one hand, and campstool in the other, wishing to take advantage of a certain three-quarter view of her at her best. As I seat myself she turns round and walks away ten yards. I repeat the trial again and again, until 'Bless' gets other compliments from me besides blessings, and after three hours' hard work I succeed in making the sketch from the desired point of attack.

"To me the privilege of walking out upon the broad Dutch meadows and watching the cows graze, with the long lines of Pollard willows marking the windings of the streams and providing shade for the cows when the sun is hot, and, most important of all considerations for the artist, furnishing the theme of the landscape—well, there must be some allowance made for the fact that I see it from the professional standpoint.



But let me mention the instances of a few cattle painters of the modern period, and the value put upon their works, even though they were images of plain and instinct-following beasts. Troyon—

one of the greatest, mark you—the prices his pictures command! Turn back into the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to the names of Cuyp and Paul Potter. And in the present, Rosa



"MATERNITÉ."

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY H. S. BISBING.



"L'ABREUVOIR."

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY H. S. BISBING.

Bonheur and de Haas. They were (and are) cattle painters, and as such fervently admired."

I wanted to know why there were comparatively so few cattle painters.

"Ah," replied Bisbing, "it's not an easy task. Of course, you know, I'm not boasting, but I say that cattle painting is not acquired in meritorious fashion by every idle fellow who begins with a colored lead pencil and aspires to become an artist. Did you ever study cow anatomy?"

Of course I never did.

"Well, you'd have to if you wanted to learn how to paint cows. The distribution of light and shade on the cow follows exactly the lines of her bone structure. So, you see, you must not only know the superficial forms of her highness, but you must know what lies beneath her more or less beautiful pelt. In my freshman days I made laborious drawings from an old book on horse anatomy (which differs from that of the cow not much more than in the matter of proportions), and I went into the cowshed with the drawing, and there made up the other parts of the cow."

Bisbing goes only to Holland for his cows. He is satisfied with Dutch cows and asks for none other in this world.

He and his friend MacEwan turn up at a little town called—call it Oudeveldt, for convenience, as there is no such town, as far as records show, on the borders of one of the big rivers, flowing, apparently, "all over creation," as

rivers do in Holland, and ultimately out into the ocean.

There they enjoy the pleasant acquaintance of Mynheer Dikkerbuik, the burgomaster, Klas Van Dijk, the police force, and the other one hundred and ninety-eight residents. They lodge at a hotel, which, according to their story, presents over its street portal a coat of arms of the design of a snail *couchant*. Their commercial relations with the hotel-keeper are sustained in stable attitude by the payment of something more or less than a dollar a day, convention and fair times included, and those with the burgomaster by the equally tangible evidence of an occasional bottle of port. After a "port party" the entire police force (Van Dijk) is recharged with the necessity of carefully and wisely providing the proper kind of day and night protection to Bisbing and MacEwan in a locality where personal dangers sometimes run as high as being subjected to the small boy with a stone.

But Bisbing, I find, is still talking about how hard it is to get the cow to pose for her portrait. He says it's a sort of catch-as-catch-can procedure.

"Memory, in remembering colors," says Bisbing, "is pre-eminently necessary. A simple instance: One time Weeks, the celebrated Oriental painter, and I were out cycling on a trip from Paris to Mont St. Michel, and when we were riding along the seashore between Grandcamp and Isigny we saw a bit of old road leading from the highway down to the sea. We

followed the old road for some distance, and it became almost obliterated from view when we arrived at the beach. It was almost entirely lost in the delicate gray-green grass which is so often characteristic of seashore slopes. On the herbage was feeding a flock of sheep, guarded by an old shepherd and his frowsy dog. Behind them—we were looking toward the sun—the afternoon sunlight fell in a great blaze of white light on the sea, grading to pale gray-blue on either side—a delicate warm gray sky, in which floated a few long streamers of fleecy clouds, and bang! right against the brightest light a picturesque old house that made a powerful dark spot in the captivating picture.

"I looked at the scene ten minutes, and then the lateness of the hour necessitated our moving on. We got back to Paris a day later, Saturday. On Monday morning I began the picture on canvas."

That picture, painted from memory, now hangs in the National Gallery at Berlin.




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THE SOLDIER'S TENT.

By CARMEN SYLVA.

THE soldier lay smiling peacefully  
 Asleep in his tent on the sward,  
 The Moon crept in and said: "Look at me,  
 A glance from thy sweetheart I bring to thee!"  
 But he answered: "I have my sword."

Then the rustling Wind drew softly near,  
 Breathed round him with whispers light:  
 "I am the sighs of thy mother dear,  
 The sighs of thy mother am I, dost hear?"  
 But he answered: "I have the fight."

Then Night sank down from the dark'ning sky  
 Round the sleeper, and murmured: "Rest!  
 Thy sweetheart's veil on thy face doth lie."  
 He answered: "No need of it have I,  
 For the banner doth cover me best."

The river came rolling, clear and wide,  
 By the tent, with its silver flood;  
 And said: "I am water, the cleansing tide,  
 More blessed than aught in the world beside."  
 But he answered: "I have my blood."

Then Sleep drew near to his tent, and low  
 She whispered with soothing breath:  
 "I am Sleep, the healer of ev'ry woe,  
 The dearest treasure of man below."  
 But the soldier replied: "I have death!"





RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.



## MARIE TREMAINE.\*

BY FRANCES SWANN WILLIAMS.

AUTHOR OF "MR. GADSBURY'S BROTHER," "SILVER SHAFTS," "OLD FORTY'S MASTER," "THE MAGNET STONE," "MISTRESS MARION," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.



ORD DUNMORE consulted uneasily with Foy, and took counsel of his officers. The palace was filled with arms far better than those in the hands of the Colonists. The cellars were well supplied with the stolen ammunition. The king had vested him with absolute authority, and who could resist the king? The earl curled his lip in scorn at the madness of these people; nevertheless he hesitated before he braved them too far, or gave the command to Captain Montague that the dauntless Colonial commanders were ready to peril life and property in resisting. "Let Montague fire on the town, my lord. These blatant rebels are only bragging; they dare not show fight with their undisciplined, half-armed shirt men. Put down their threats by dealing a summary justice upon them. Let Montague fire upon Williamsburg and seize the estates of these men; that is the counsel I give your excellency," Foy said, malignant in spite of his fears, and keeping close to the Governor's ear, dropping his poisoned whispers where he knew they were only too acceptable, and where they wrought the most evil.

"Fore God, it seems the easiest way, to my mind. Temporize with them, and they will kick us out of the Colony. I wish Hamilton would come; he laughs at your pusillanimity!" angrily responded Lord Dunmore, shaking his fist at the group of anxious officers gloomily waiting for his decision.

"My lord, you have done us the honor of asking an opinion," was Collins's calm reminder. "It is adverse to any such command as that of firing upon Williamsburg. Your lordship can rule in peace if you simply order your receiver-general to pay in pounds and shillings the affront you have offered these people."

Dunmore's face flushed almost purple; he wiped the drops of perspiration from his heated brow in helpless, unspeakable rage. It was too much to ask him to relinquish this opportunity of vengeance, to delay the wholesale confiscations in his mental eye. Already he fancied his hand closing upon Basil Tremaine's rich estates, or grasping the great Alexander possessions, and thus adding to his own wealth. All this seemed close to him, within arm's length, needing only a little defiant resolution, a cruel taking advantage of the emergency, to turn the scale in his favor, and then he could confiscate *ad libitum*. The first name should be Basil Tremaine, because of his hatred; the second should be Alexander, because of their wealth; and now his officers dissuaded, nay, more, insisted that Montague should restrain his men.

"You are infernal cowards!" he roared, insultingly. "Why didn't Hamilton come ashore? Curse such poltroons! Seems to me you speak your mind plainer than it becometh navy captains."

"Your lordship asked our opinions," was the firm reply, although the quiet officer colored under the epithets bestowed upon himself and comrades.

"We have no force to cope with the army

under Patrick Henry. Your lordship must either retreat before nightfall or fall into their hands a prisoner of war," added an old officer in uniform, looking fixedly at their ruler.

The earl's countenance fell; the time was short, truly.

"Before nightfall," repeated Dunmore, slowly, the fierce tone changing. "We can gain nothing by retreat. It may not be wise to precipitate matters; perhaps it would be better to toss them this bone, and while they pick it we will take means to punish this high-handed rebellion. Captain Foy, have Receiver-General Corbin summoned. 'Fore God, I dare swear he be as much a traitor at heart as the worst of them. Tell him to pay the price of the powder. I am willing to be overruled by my officers in this matter; but I wish Hamilton had been in Captain Montague's place."

"I am of your mind, my lord," rejoined Foy, not caring to conceal his ill-humor. "Hamilton's interest is inseparable from ours."

"Ay, we would never have had this humiliation if Hamilton had been in the place of some of these over-cautious poltroons," answered Lord Dunmore, glaring at Collins and breathing thickly as if the alternative choked him.

Foy muttered the venomous things he dared not utter among men who bore him no love nor even friendliness. The receiver-general had gone with the money to indemnify the Colony for their lost ammunition; and for awhile the danger seemed over, the peril to the governor averted. Patrick Henry did not advance; a few of the men were going home to wait, only to wait, and not very long; but many there were who waited at Doncastle's Ordinary, many too wary to fall into the trap, and among them was the troop led by Bernard Bassett.

Lady Dunmore and her suite returned to the palace. The officers were ordered back to their old quarters, but the palace was armed like a fortress of war and every preparation made for defense from the enemy lying so harmlessly, but so persistently, a few miles away. Strange faces began to appear about the palace premises. Indians crept hither and thither, negroes thronged. The motley crew were oddly warlike for a domestic establishment, and, above all, Hamilton was summoned to remain on shore.

"Hamilton must leave the *Magdalen* and come to Williamsburg; tell him not to delay," were his excellency's peremptory orders, and Hamilton, true to his inclination as well as his military habits, obeyed without delay.

It had been weeks since he had appeared in

the Colonial capital before nightfall, weeks since he had met men on the street in the clear sunlight and received a salutation from them. It mattered little to Hamilton that the salutation was icily cold. He walked on, followed by a few marines, who were struggling to make their way through the crowded street.

"The northwestern road? Who lives out in that region? None of my quondam friends, except the Marchisons," soliloquized the British officer, turning into the palace green.

"Is Colonel Marchison still in town?" he asked of a negro servant sunning his ebon face at one of the doors.

"Yes; mastah he done stay on in town, and hab all de family here till dat Colony army is 'spersed."

Hamilton's mind was at rest. Things seemed to set in a tide more favorable to his interests. The Colonists would not dare to attack, and yet they were in open rebellion.

"We are holding off, Hamilton," exclaimed Lord Dunmore, with a fiendish glare of triumph on his face. "I shall crush these seditious, troublesome men before they are many days older, and then, my boy, you may gather up the spoils and take home that fair young wife they are determined to marry off to Bassett."

"*En verite*, my lord," answered Jasper, lazily. "I have determined to take her home without waiting for the spoils."

"Good Lord," ejaculated the Governor, with a roar of coarse laughter, "Basil will perish with rage and chagrin, but," he added, the laugh abruptly ceasing, as the earl laid his thick, heavy hand upon Hamilton's shoulder and looked into the cool, handsome face with genuine admiration, "you are right, and a gallant gentleman for taking this stand; bring her here to the palace, my Lady Dunmore will take her in charge. When will you do this, Hamilton?"

"I have determined to see Marie to-day, unless your lordship has rougher work for me."

"None whatever, major; I am vastly pleased to see you make short work of the whole affair, sir. This Bassett and his partisan troop hang around the town with no good intentions to any of us; he may be beforehand with you and send her off to Tremaine Manor."

"He dare not," Hamilton said, enraged by the very mention of Bernard's agency in any matter concerning Marie.

"Softly, major," said Lord Dunmore. "You well know that if she is safe at the Manor House she may just as well be in heaven, so far as she is accessible to you. Therefore I say that it is

wise for you to assert your rights and balk this fellow of his expectations."

"Thank you, my lord; I had determined to act decidedly, and set all doubts at rest as to whose wife she shall be," and Hamilton sauntered over to Lady Catherine Murray, who welcomed him as eagerly as the earl had done, only that her welcome was tinged with a feeling she cared not to have the major perceive."

"You have returned to us, Major Hamilton. I feel safer now that you are in the palace, and openly a British officer. These terrible people threaten papa until I dare not lay down to sleep for fear they will burn us up or kill us before morning," she said, in a tremulous, nervous tone.

"Alarmed, my dearest Lady Catherine!" Hamilton said, drawing a chair near her, and speaking in the half-compassionate, tender tone he invariably used toward Lady Catherine.

She was fair and gentle, and somehow the downcast eyes and musical voice recalled Marie Tremaine.

"Alarmed when Montague is here with his marines, and your father has his motley crew haunting the basement halls ready to sally out at the first roll of the drum?"

"Yes; but, oh, Major Hamilton, I fear these dreadful savage Indians and cutthroat men in papa's service!" she said, in a terrified tone. "What do you think of them, Major Hamilton?" she asked, with an anxious scrutiny of his face.

"They will do admirably by way of ballast to fill empty corners, eat my Lord Dunmore's stores and drain his exchequer," replied Hamilton, laughing.

"Oh, yes, vastly well; but papa is so angry and hard! I am afraid—always afraid!" she murmured, something more than doubt in the tones.

"You would not trust that lovely Miss Tremaine in this house?"

"*Au contraire*," he said, lightly. "I shall bring her here very soon—to-morrow, possibly to-day. Does that inspire you with confidence?"

"I know that it is not confidence in papa's forces," was the candid reply. "It must be some other motive inducing you to bring her to this miserable place. We are the victims of papa's political schemes. Why should you add another to the number if you care for her in the least?"

"*Mademoiselle*," he answered, using the half-caressing tone and term with which he addressed Marie, "it is not a question of caring for her, it

is the question of losing, or holding her if I lose her——"

"What will you do?" asked Lady Catherine.

"I will go mad!" was the low reply.

"I cannot believe it," she answered, a ring of disappointment in her voice. "Is she so dear to you, Hamilton?"

"So dear that it alarms me," he said, in the same low tone. "So dear that I will not risk or allow Marie to return to Tremaine Manor, subject to the espionage and suit of Bernard Bassett."

"After she has linked her fortunes with yours, sure she will need a protector."

Lady Catherine's pretty hands clasped together in deprecatory entreaty, but the light of laughter came into her face as he said:

"And you, too, my Lady Catherine. Warnings have been showered upon me from every quarter. These Colonist captains seem to have broadcast threats."

"Don't laugh at them as papa does," entreated Lady Catherine, softly.

"I will not, because you wish it," was the brief reply, as if her desire was a law.

Not a thought of warnings or their significance disturbed his tranquility, when, smoking a long stemmed Virginia pipe, Hamilton left the palace and took his leisurely way to the Marchison house.

The anticipation of meeting Marie after their long separation, of taking her in his arms once more and looking into her radiant face again, was like a delicious draught of nectar. Come what may, despite debts and bailiffs, despite Basil Tremaine's bitter prejudice, he would never more part from her. He glanced up at the window in passing along the graveled walk, hoping to catch a glimpse of Marie, but she was not visible, only the white dimity curtains floating in the evening breeze, in a careless, lonesome way, as if none cared whether or not the bright ribbons held them in place. It was Anne who entered the drawing-room five minutes after the servant announced Major Hamilton.

"I knew you would come!" she exclaimed, fervently.

"Yes," replied Hamilton, with unconcealed indifference, "you have kept your promise; in consequence I am here to forgive your ill temper on the night we met last, provided you keep faith with me."

"Keep faith with you?" repeated Anne, as bright possibilities rose before her as to what he might mean. "How could I break it? Did I not keep faith with you about that disgraceful affair of Marie Tremaine's?"

"Were you silent about it?" he queried, anything but admiration in the glance meeting hers.

"I was, of a surety. Do you object to my telling it now?"

"Why now? Is there any reason for free revelations now? Will they be any the less damaging to fair reputations?" And the usually self-satisfied man of the world hated himself for even temporarily placing a reputation dearer than life in jeopardy. "I'll warrant you haven't thought of her since!"

Anne's laugh rang shrilly through the great drawing-room, an unmusical, unmirthful laugh.

"Where is she?" he demanded.

"Gone down to Tremaine Manor," briefly answered the girl, with a guilty hesitation increasing under the angry amazement coming into Hamilton's face.

"Hamilton, her father sent the chariot and ordered her return," she added, hastily, somewhat comforted to see that there was no outburst of rage, as she dreaded.

Hamilton forced himself to maintain at least the traces of his silken serenity. He would not let her see how terrible a blow she had dealt him, and Anne for once, blind as the dullest of blunderers, grew garrulous.

"Yes, they have sent her to the plantation, poor girl! It will be lonesome enough, but they made her go."

"Who made her go?"

"Bernard Bassett," answered Anne, wondering why Hamilton smiled so unpleasantly.

"When did she go?"

"To-day, at noon, in the Tremaine chariot and four bays. Bernard resolutely enforced Colonel Tremaine's order. They do not wish to remain any longer in Williamsburg. Bernard was not satisfied."

"Bernard!" almost hissed Hamilton, "what has he to do with her?"

"Everything," answered Anne, with animation; "and Colonel Lennox insisted!"

"Both of them. Ah," he said, with inexpressible scorn in the tone, "she is run down between them! Under whose escort does she travel?"

"Colonel Lennox."

Anne congratulated herself upon the success of her finesse. Hamilton did not seem to suffer any particular disappointment; perhaps he did not care, at last, that they had taken Marie Tremaine out of his reach, only she did not like those hard lines about the mouth, or the glitter she had once before seen in his eye.

"Lennox would give his life for Marie," continued Anne, growing jocular. "He rides as escort and Mrs. Beverly in charge, because Bernard could not leave his troop just now, and then he will have to get leave of absence for the wedding."

"Your sister Charlotte's?" he interrogated, absently.

"No, no, Marie Tremaine's. They tell me it will take place as soon as things are quiet, and Bernard can leave for any length of time."

Anne rambled on flippantly, triumphantly, and never noticed that the replies were curt and abrupt, or that he was still standing listening to her, tacitly refusing the proffered seat she wished him so much to take. Nevertheless she recoiled a little at the muttered curse that broke from him as those last words were uttered. Even Anne refrained from urging him to remain, when Hamilton suddenly quitted the drawing-room without the semblance of an apology.

"God help her, poor child!" he muttered to himself. "And God help me to be revenged upon Bassett!"

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE HONOR OF WOMEN AND PRINCES.

"AND so Colonel Lennox has returned from Tremaine Manor? Does he report well of Marie's health and docility," demanded Anne Marchison of Bernard Bassett, who was paying a visit of courtesy under the cover of dusk to Mrs. Marchison's family, only to find no one at home save the sleepy colonel and ever wide-awake second daughter. Bernard turned haughtily. The extraordinary impertinence of Anne's question astonished him; even her father rubbed his eyes drowsily and said:

"Eh, what does the girl want to know, eh?"

"My cousin's health is not at all good; indeed, she is really ill and unable to leave her chamber. Of her docility, I believe most well bred young women are obedient to the commands of their parents," replied Bernard, conveying a reproof in the elaborate precision of his reply.

"Sure; yes, you should know that a gentlewoman minds her elders," interpolated the old colonel, falling asleep again.

"That is not the question," impatiently began Anne, not allowing the reproof to disconcert her.

"Was Marie content to obey? What does Lennox say?"

"She was not content, Miss Anne," Bernard answered, after a moment's deliberation, "and perhaps you can inform me why. I am not versed

in feminine diplomacy sufficiently to comprehend for myself."

"Suppose I can," insolently responded Anne, "why should you know?"

"Because she is my kinswoman and because it is my desire to shield her from danger. Assure me that there is no danger threatening her and I shall make no further inquiry."

"If I cannot do that?"

"Then I insist upon your telling all that you can honorably reveal," eagerly rejoined Bernard.

Anne was in her element; she loved to tantalize, and she resolved not to forego this opportunity of telling enough to make him take the measures she had planned in these lonely days, since Jasper made his last visit and returned no more.

"She is in danger, if you think it dangerous to be infatuated with a man who cares nothing for her," and Anne tried to look careless as she watched the effect of her ambiguous remark.

"That is not my cousin's character; she places a proper valuation upon herself and is modest," observed Bernard, in quiet confidence, "besides, there are few men who are indifferent to her."

Anne flushed violently to a vivid red.

"You are foolish!" she burst out, too angry for further circumlocution; "but all men are not. I tell you, Marie loves this man; she will marry him if she can."

"What man?" demanded Bernard.

"The man you hate; the man that she went out at midnight to meet in Judith's cabin—the man that induces her to sacrifice reputation and everything for him; she is his toy, and I could blacken her character if I was minded to do so——"

"You have not mentioned his name. Beware how you give me a name, Mistress Anne. Think well before you speak it; this is no child's play, the world is not large enough for his existence and mine; take care, for God's sake, take care, that you are not wrong," Bernard said, sternly.

"Wrong?" she reiterated in a vehement tone, "I am not wrong, she is his slave; he came here an hour after she left for home, to take Marie off to the palace and place her under Lady Dunmore's charge—there, do you believe it now?"

Bernard's countenance darkened. It was even worse than he had conjectured, worse than he could believe possible.

"Are you sure?—think well before you speak—is this true?" he asked, slowly.

"True? Lady Dunmore told me so herself, and that he meant to send her to England when the first ship goes over. Now, do you believe that of

your wonderful fine dame?" cried Anne, passionately. "I saw the interview in Judith's cabin. I know that she is false to you!"

"The name—give me the name?" was all he said, in a suppressed voice.

Words seemed to have failed him—he had nothing to say, nothing of Anne's passionate volubility, but his stern brevity never daunted the girl. She scarcely noticed it in her persistent determination to destroy Marie.

"The name is Jasper Hamilton," she replied, deliberately, "and you know who he is!" added Anne, with malignant significance.

"God knows that I am afraid I do," he said, bitterly.

"You must send Marie to the north, to New York, away from this Colony, away from Hamilton," she continued—the color heightened to intense red in her cheek as she urged this, the bold stroke she had been leading up to from the very beginning of the conversation.

"Possibly a change of scene and companionship might divert her mind from its dangerous tendencies," Bernard said, reflecting bitterly upon the necessity to her of other companionship than that which had been so loyal to her from infancy.

"Dangerous tendencies!" repeated Anne, sneeringly. "I tell you, Bernard Bassett, it will keep Hamilton from taking her off to England with him. I tell you it will save her from shame and misery!"

"He would not dare! You forget that it is Miss Tremaine!" he said, haughtily.

"I forget nothing. I know she will leave you all for him; he has the power of Satan!"

Poor Anne! her heart was aching wildly under all the temper, all the plotting, and none gave her a word of sympathy, none cared that her soul was full of anguish while she deliberately wrought another's wretchedness.

"Scoundrel!" ejaculated Bernard, "he shall know what it is to trifle with her fame."

"What will you do, Captain Bassett?" she demanded, scared at the altered expression upon his face.

"What can I do?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

"Send Marie north. You will do that, will you not?" she quickly suggested.

"Whatever is best," Bernard replied, evading the question.

"But Marie will be sent north?" persisted Anne, doggedly.

"Yes, Marie will be sent north."

"And that is all you can do," continued



Anne, alarmed at the cold, brief replies and the calm reserve, the icy politeness of Bernard's manner.

"That is not for your ears," was the sole reply she wrung from him.

Afterward Anne remembered that it was all he said whenever the subject came up. She remembered the cold evasions so unusual in him, the straightforward, courteous Bernard. She bore it in mind when he had gone, but Bernard never thought of Anne after he escaped the sharp clamor of her restless, mischief-making tongue. He was conscious of a fierce contempt for the motives he had detected through everything. Bernard was perfectly aware of Anne Marchison's unscrupulous jealousy, and of the feeling she bore Hamilton, but that did not alter the fact, the horrible truth she had in her madness revealed to him.

A generation before Marie a Hamilton had broken the heart of a Tremaine, and now, with this warning before them, should her kinsman permit another, a fairer and richer Tremaine, to fall under the withering influence of that dangerous race? Bernard felt that death would have been more welcome to him than the revelation Anne had made.

Marie must be saved, and he, Jasper Hamilton, must take the punishment men mete unto men. That was what he meant while Anne spoke; that was what he meant when she thought solely of sending Marie out of her way, and dreamed of having Hamilton safe from all rivalry.

Anne's spirits rose to feverish vivacity at the success of her intrigue. She might win this handsome Briton if Marie could be banished far enough. Bernard had no fears for himself when he turned from the Marchisons' door toward the palace grounds. They were not in open war with the Governor, but men in the semi-uniform of Colonial troopers dared not trust themselves in too close proximity to his lordship. It had proved fatal to more than one, but Bernard did not pause to think of the comrades entrapped by the guardian of their liberties. Impelled by the fierce desire to meet Jasper Hamilton, he approached the magazine. It seemed abandoned as neutral ground unsafe for all. The night was dark and still. Fitful clouds suddenly obscured the dim, shadowy starlight, then broke and scurried away to be followed by others darker and more opaque. The octagon tower slowly defined itself in the interims of starlight, and seemingly receded into black space when the overhanging gloom drifted across the horizon. Bernard stood gazing at the empty magazine. It had once em-

bosomed the hopes of his struggling cause; now it emboldened the greed and oppression of his enemies. He glanced at it carelessly. His heart burned with anger mingled with terror, a wild, desperate terror for Marie, a passionate, maddening hatred of Jasper. Worse than oppression or cruelty, worse than everything, was this awful sense of abandonment for himself, of peril for Marie, of perfidy for Jasper. How the passions seethed and writhed in his breast! He thought of nothing else, only this mighty longing to lay vengeful hands upon the destroyer of his peace. The clouds thickened. The octagon tower was enveloped in the blackness of a threatening night. Bernard never heeded it; he moved on toward the magazine, conscious only of his insane, reckless rage and grief.

"Halt!" a sharp voice rang shrilly in his ear. "Halt! Who goes there? Damn you, who are you?" and a carbine was leveled at his breast as half a dozen men sprang from the delusively forsaken magazine.

"What do you want? Take your hands off!" commanded Bernard; and, for a moment awed by the imperative tone, they released him only to grasp more securely afterward.

"Give an account of yourself! Who are you prowling around the palace—a shirt man, too?" added one of the men, turning the light of a lantern full upon him.

The peril of his position was too apparent. Fool that he had been to venture there, leaving no trace of his whereabouts, leaving no clue by which the gallant troop, just outside of town, might rescue him.

"Ay, if you have nothing to say, we will take you to them that will get it out of you. Major Hamilton has no lady-fingers when he handles traitors!"

"You have no right to arrest me! You dare not arrest a free subject of Britain or detain me!"

The men hesitated. The bold manner of the man they held was not pleasant to trifle with, and then they might have arrested the wrong one—they might have made a mistake.

"I decline to accompany you; I will not be arrested; you exceed your authority, sir!" Bernard said, resolutely.

"Very well, sir," respectfully answered the man. "You can see those that have authority, and they can set it right. My orders are to bring in anybody found about the palace grounds after nightfall, and especially men in the uniform you wear. Major Hamilton will settle it with you, but you must see him."

"Then you mean to detain me here until your officer arrives?" demanded Bernard.

"No, sir," answered the man, firmly. "You must go to the guardroom."

"Very well, lead on."

The men did not relax their hold, but moved forward rapidly, hurrying the Colonial officer to the guardroom in the wing of the palace. They had a shrewd suspicion that there was more in this capture than the mere arrest of a citizen soldier sporting his fine uniform at some evening entertainment.

"Send for the major, we have a prisoner," curtly announced the corporal, bringing Bernard into the bright light of the guardroom, which was filled with armed men. The British soldiers gathered curiously around him, eager to discover which of the neighboring gentlemen had been entrapped into their fatal griffes. Bernard gave a careless glance at the foreign faces enlisted in Lord Dunmore's service. It was a strange mixture of races, boding evil to any man not positively protected by the earl or his cruel secretary. Captain Bassett waited quietly for the officer in command. Perhaps he rather felt a sense of congratulation that a way had opened of itself to confront him with the man he regarded as the one person upon whom his vengeance must fall.

The soldiers respected the quiet dignity of the cavalier, and offered no rudeness or insult. They waited to take the keynote from their major, so Bernard sat listening to their gossiping talk and coarse witticisms, some of them pointed to himself.

"How long am I to wait for your—Major Hamilton?" he abruptly asked, turning to the guard standing near him.

"Oh, he'll be here when he gets through his game with my Lady Catherine Murray. It will be time enough mayhap, sooner than you like; here he is now," he added, in a whisper, as the door was thrown open and Hamilton himself stood on the threshold. His glance ran swiftly over the crowded room and rested in keen scrutiny upon Bernard. Both made a step forward, both countenances darkened ominously. A savage light glistened in Hamilton's eye. They looked at each other.

"By God! at last!" Hamilton hissed through his set teeth.

"Ay, at last!" answered Bernard, and although the voice was calm, it was implacably angry. "I know who you are now, and to me you must atone for the insult and injury to another."

"Fool! do you think to escape so easily?" asked Hamilton, his lips ashen-white with anger.

"Do you think I will give you so cheaply the luxury of shooting me *now*?"

"You dare not refuse," answered the other, a scathing sneer in the tone. "Even a scoundrel like you must obey the laws meant for gentlemen. You must resent it when I brand you publicly a liar and villain!"

Hamilton's gleaming eyes would have blasted Bernard to the heart's core if possible. It was a lurid flash with murder a thousand-fold in it, but Bernard Bassett never flinched.

"I will resent it, cursed traitor that you are!" he repeated, turning shortly away.

In an instant Bernard was before him, not even the guard saw the swift movement until he said, in sharp, clear tones:

"Only life will atone for this!" And with his gloved hand he struck a light blow across Hamilton's face.

Light was the stroke brushing across his cheek; no brutish force, but inflicting a deadlier wound than the most fatal stab from an assassin's poniard.

Hamilton's rage broke even the curb of his iron will. He drew his sword and rushed at Bernard madly. The steel glittered in the light, as it seemed to cleave the air, but a hand stayed the uplifted arm, and Leslie said, "Hamilton, he is unarmed!"

The sword dropped from Hamilton's hand, a hot flush passed over his face. Leslie picked up the weapon, and, taking his comrade's arm, hurried him away from the guardroom. He had been mad to draw his sword upon an unarmed antagonist, but the suffering was nothing to the horrible torture of that stroke of Bernard's gloved hand across his cheek. Nothing could atone for that save—blood, and even Bernard smiled grimly at the thought that there was no escape now. Blood alone could wash out that affront, blood alone could heal the light touch, than which no laceration cut more deeply.

"A blow, my God! and from him!" ejaculated Hamilton, wiping his ghastly face, as if he sought to efface the great insult.

"You have given no orders about the prisoner. Shall we release him?" asked a soldier, following them down the passage.

"You shall answer for him with your life!" was the reply, so savagely that the man started at the tone and slunk out of sight.

Hamilton paused as Leslie opened the door of Lord Dunmore's private chamber.

"Not there, Leslie. I cannot face any man until I have wiped away this shame. At dawn we must die, one or the other."

"Possibly," answered Leslie, looking into his pallid countenance, compassionately; "but can you shoot a prisoner?"

Hamilton stopped short.

"A prisoner?" he repeated, in tones of such bitterness that Leslie would have recalled the painful reminder if possible.

"Then release him, Leslie, for the love of heaven! Give him his liberty that I may kill him before the sun sets again!"

"Eh, bien, we will compass the meeting if possible. My Lord Dunmore must be consulted. Bassett is an important man in the Colony," reluctantly suggested Leslie.

"Then we will see him now. I suppose he can do this much for me," and pushing open the door Hamilton strode through the chambers unannounced to the Governor's private library.

Without a word of warning he burst into the apartment to find Lord Dunmore in close consultation with Captain Foy. Both looked up in amazement at the pale, excited countenance of their favorite officer.

"Fore God, Hamilton, it must be great necessity that brings you here at this hour, whether we would receive you or not," Lord Dunmore said, with a stare of cold haughtiness.

"It is, my lord," Hamilton replied, the eager, husky tones differing strangely from the indolent pleasantness habitual in the handsome officer. "I want you to release the prisoner that I may kill him! I must have his life—it belongs to me, my lord, and I demand it of you."

Lord Dunmore laughed. The sanguinary sentiment pleased him; it restored Hamilton to his favor, despite the infringement of every law of etiquette.

"Who is the prisoner, major? Some poor devil caught inside the palace grounds—a spy, mayhap. Shoot him like a dog, and welcome," jocosely answered the earl. "There is work for you to-night, Hamilton."

"The prisoner is Bernard Bassett, my lord. He has offered me insult that can only be satisfied with his life; I must have it."

Hamilton spoke rapidly and fiercely, regardless of the august personage whom he addressed.

"Bernard Bassett! Fore God, that is wonderful good fortune—almost too good to be true. Where is he? Have you got him in irons? Is he here, sure?" asked the Governor, excitedly.

"Ay, in the guardroom, but not in irons. I dare not go there again—I cannot keep my hands off him," slowly replied Hamilton, pacing the room in a desperate struggle to master the passion for once mastering him—the passion he fain

would hold in chains while his brain cooled and the old dominance asserted itself.

"Have him put in irons instantly, Leslie!" almost shouted Lord Dunmore; "instantly! These are my imperative orders, sir!" he added, as Leslie hesitated and looked inquiringly at Foy, who avoided his glance, smiling to himself in cruel triumph. The officer met Hamilton's eye while he received the order. Each comprehended the other; but, for his life, Hamilton could not have offered a protest against the terrible injustice done the prisoner. He was quite willing to have Bernard secured, pinioned, anything, so that he could not escape; and yet Hamilton knew that he could not take the life of a prisoner. His eyes shifted uneasily under the stern reproach in Leslie's glance.

"My lord, I hold that this man's life belongs to me," began Hamilton, approaching the table so that the light revealed the ravages of pain and passion, almost startling to Foy, leaning carelessly back in his chair, waiting to see what turn this great event might give their desperate affairs. "There can be nothing but death for one of us. Release him, and I will kill him at dawn. We will meet as soon as it is light. You know that it is death to meet me."

"Eh, yes; I can't find fault with that," Lord Dunmore said, hesitatingly. "You'll run him through sure, Hamilton, and that would be an end of him. I opine that you have no love for the fellow, nor the fellow for you; and he has been a wonderful pestilent traitor, he and Basil. Faith, I fancy Basil begins to feel our vise tighten until it chokes him or ends with a halter. What think you, Foy? We may as well turn Bassett over to our tender-hearted major, eh? Hamilton won't let him hamper us long; he will bury him in less than ten hours. What think you?"

Foy smiled doubtfully and played with the seal lying on the table before him in silence, as if reluctant to express the objections conveyed in his significant shrug of the shoulders. Hamilton walked the floor impatiently like an angry caged animal, while Leslie, always aware that there was nothing in common between himself and the two coarse, brutal men sitting close to each other, held his peace, discerning already that Foy could not suffer his revenge to pass so easily out of his hands.

"I think, my lord, that the prisoner is guilty of grave crimes which do not admit of at present allowing this duel. You have no right to waive the claims of the king in favor of Hamilton. At any rate, your lordship has work for the major



A SUDDEN DECLARATION.

...y. Tom Marchison, and  
 ...s!" Lennox said, emphatically.  
 ...sh!" exclaimed Tom, in an undertone,  
 the men are crowding you, and they are get-

which will delay the meeting for two days ; then, if Hamilton is of the same mind, let him have the fellow's life and welcome."

Foy looked steadily at Lord Dunmore as he said this, and Leslie, watching them from a distance, saw the secret intelligence between the two. He saw that Foy was simply giving a hint to guide the other, a plausible excuse to curtain some hidden design. Hamilton turned sharply around.

"My lord, I cannot wait two days ; I shall murder him. I cannot breathe under the same roof with Bernard Bassett," he said, in a tone that left no doubt of his sincerity.

"Fore God, no !" broke in the earl, with the bluff candor he invariably used when he meditated perfidy. "No man could. I never asked it of you, major. You may fight him, and luck attend you. But there is a service I must demand immediately. My Lady Dunmore, with her family and suite, purpose to set out within an hour for York to embark on the *Magdalen* for England. They leave clandestinely, and I was about to send you orders to attend them ; you are ready to move at a moment's notice."

"And what of Bassett ? When am I to meet him ?" asked Hamilton, impatiently. "My lord, I must kill Bernard Bassett."

"You shall not be balked of your revenge, Hamilton, I give you my word ; trust me for that. I will, forsooth, withdraw my orders and let my Lady Dunmore run the risk, to prove that I hold myself bound to perform my word, even to allowing my family to be captured, if you insist upon it."

"My lord, you know that I will not insist. I am ready to escort my Lady Dunmore to York, but—"

"Very well, then, Major Hamilton. The Countess of Dunmore is waiting, and my orders are that you set out without delay. Bassett is safe in my hands. You will report to me on the *Fowey*—eh, what ails thee ? what hath struck the boy ?" asked Lord Dunmore, apparently amazed that Hamilton should stand stock still glaring at him wrathfully.

"Does your lordship mean to sail for England, too ? and if so, what will become of Bernard Bassett ? Is he to go scot free, with no bond on him to meet me ? Am I to be balked now with the fellow in my clutches ?" angrily asked Hamilton.

"No, no, Jasper," replied Lord Dunmore, in his most cordial manner. "Sure, you must take me for a fool ! Bernard Bassett will never be free again, and you will not be balked of your

revenge. Now go, sir, my lady waits and the night wears on."

Lord Dunmore turned to his papers, while Hamilton and Leslie quitted the room. The sound of their boots and spurs on the sanded floors had not died away, when the earl threw down his pen and said :

"What is it, Foy ? Sure, we can't let this traitor off like a noble. Hamilton will run him through, but that is not punishment for this fellow. Why do him the honor of dispatching him as if he was a prince ?"

"Ay, sure ; I do not suppose you, my lord, could take the responsibility of releasing Bassett. He is a prisoner of the king's with crimes to his charge against the king. He must be tried according to law," cautiously began Foy, delight breaking over his sinister face.

"Sure, he must, but how ? The devils may dislodge us before another day." And the earl looked anxious while he waited for Foy's slow answer, dropping like a dainty morsel with which he was loth to part.

"True, my lord, but he must be sent home to England, together with the charges against him."

Foy paused to watch the effect of his words.

"What specific charges can we send ?" asked the earl.

"Trust me for that," significantly answered the secretary. "By your lordship's leave I will immediately have the prisoner conveyed to the *Magdalen*, and confined on board in advance of the Countess of Dunmore's arrival. "We will send him to England in irons, and with charges that will bring the gentleman to the hangman."

"Fore God, you are a wiser man than me. I have no right to defraud His Majesty of a prisoner, especially of this seditious pestilent traitor, and, sure, Hamilton will be more than satisfied with his revenge," answered Lord Dunmore.

"I will send Bassett forward immediately with sealed orders to the commander of the *Magdalen*," eagerly exclaimed the secretary, rising at once and rushing from the room before the Governor could give vent to the joy these suggestions afforded him.

"Eh, we are nigh quits with Basil, 'pon honor," ejaculated the earl, scared and doubtful despite his exultation ; "but these people will tear us to pieces if we don't get clean out of reach. They may beat their brains against the rocks after we are safe on the *Magdalen*. Lord, we must not tarry here many hours longer, though, after their precious leader is safe under hatches on the high seas for England."

An experienced eye glancing anywhere around the palace might have seen that it was in unusual disorder—even the half fortress-like aspect seemed disturbed. Luxury and comfort disappeared gradually until the dismantling hand reached the private library, divesting it of the various articles of virtu scattered here and there by the Countess of Dunmore. Vases and odd pieces of statuary, china dancing girls, and embroidered cushions, silver flagons and silken hangings had within the last few days mysteriously vanished. Briefly, the Earl of Dunmore was preparing in secret to abandon Williamsburg and shelter himself under the sails of his armed vessels. Nobody knew it save Foy and a few attendants. In the little capital no one guessed the flight of the Governor's family, or that even then arms and stores were flitting rapidly to York, and that negroes and Indians were augmenting the ranks of the noble freebooter.

The night was hot and close. A southern breeze blew idly and fitfully at times, bringing the freshness of the river to cool the tired but vigilant guards of the palace, then again falling into a dead stillness, as if no breath could ever blow again. Lord Dunmore pushed back the heavy oaken shutter and looked out into the courtyard. The summer skies were now black with clouds. The terrible calm preceding a storm had fallen upon them while the tempest gathered in the distance, slowly shutting off stars and breeze as it crept upon them. He leaned out just as a door of the cellars opened, and, without uttering a word, three or four men emerged therefrom. The light from his own candle fell upon them as they passed. One of the men glanced up fearlessly with a boldness strangely familiar. It was Bernard Bassett. He saw that they were taking the Colonial gentleman off to the *Magdalen*, with his arms tied behind him like a criminal going to execution.

"He will never come back to tell it," roughly commented the earl, closing the shutter in haste that the light might not make further revelations.

Just before dawn the Countess of Dunmore quitted the palace at Williamsburg, and set out for York with her children and Mrs. Foy, under the escort of Jasper Hamilton and a few marines.

Lady Catherine Murray, leaning back silently in the chariot, watched Hamilton's handsome face as he rode near them, and wondered why it was so stern and rigid.

"What has happened to the major?" she whispered to Mrs. Foy.

The pale wife of the private secretary looked frightened. She was used to being bullied and threatened.

"Hush, prithee, my dear, something has happened. The major is in a rage, and I fear me that when things go awry he is not so vastly pleasant. I may tell you of it when we are out at sea. I dare not before that."

"So nothing befalls Jasper I care not," replied Lady Catherine, softly.

"Nothing ever befalls him," the other said, following Lady Catherine's gaze toward Jasper riding aloof from them.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### "THE MESSAGE TO THE MANOR HOUSE."

THERE was a profound sensation in Williamsburg. The royal Governor had departed, the palace was empty, the Colonist rangers and footmen were in town, all happily conscious of the retreat of the British Governor, and save for the doubt gaining in a few hearts, all jubilant and exultant. Basil Tremaine, standing in front of the Old Raleigh, talked anxiously to Tom Marchison and Lennox and a little knot of men gathering around them.

"It's queer altogether, and not like Bernard. Have you inquired at your house, Tom? Mayhap he left some word with Mistress Marchison that will explain the mystery of his disappearance," Colonel Tremaine was saying, his weather-beaten visage grim and stern.

"I am going down there now," Tom replied, his face already browned by exposure growing a trifle graver as he spoke. "Here is Jupe," he added, as the valet, mounted on Bernard's horse, rode up to the group, answering again and again the questions put to him about his master.

It was Jupe who had attended him two nights before on that last fatal visit to town; Jupe who had waited in the environs until the warm morning sun found him still faithfully leading back and forth his master's horse. Over and over he had told the story as far as it went, and then stopped and there everybody stopped vainly waiting for somebody to supply the sequel. None had as yet been found to fill up the dreadful gap, to solve the mystery. Suspicion was setting strongly toward the earl. Bernard Bassett was missing, the captain of the rangers had disappeared, leaving not a trace of his fate to friend or foe.

"There is foul play, Tom Marchison, and I'll sift it to the dregs!" Lennox said, emphatically.

"Hush!" exclaimed Tom, in an undertone, "the men are crowding you, and they are get-



ting restless ; prithe be more prudent. Suppose we go down to see my mother? Bernard may have let fall some notion of going to the plantation."

"Sure, he would never have footed it when his horse was at Giles's coffee house ; but still that is the only place to inquire. For one thing I know, Tom," added Lennox, almost in a whisper, as they elbowed their way out of the little throng of troopers, watching them eagerly and catching every word relating to their captain, "one thing I am sure of, that there is a woman at the bottom of this, and that down on the plantation Marie Tremaine is the magic power drawing our calm soldier into danger."

"Oh, impossible," rejoined Tom, carelessly, but he quickened his steps as he spoke. "Miss Anne can probably tell us something of importance. She is always on the catch for that affair."

Tom swung the gate back quickly and hurried into the house. Lennox seemed to dive into everything with an intuition almost marvelous. Nobody had taken this view of the matter. Nevertheless it did not comfort him in the least, nor had he a perfect confidence in Anne's agency where Marie was concerned. They were fortunate enough to find Anne playing on the spinet unmindful of outside events, and with an additional motive for satisfaction now that Lord Dunmore had withdrawn his officers beyond the reach of Colonial belles. Anne regretted now that she had imparted that last confidence to Bernard. It had all turned out so unexpectedly and so differently. She reproached herself for being precipitate or uselessly candid, uselessly unkind to Bernard. Anne had a strong admiration for Captain Bassett. She liked the grave, honorable gentleman and longed to recall the blow she had dealt, not for Marie's sake, but for his own. Every moment she hoped Bernard would come that she might in some measure administer an antidote to the poison she had instilled so cruelly. Anne turned with a quick smile of pleasure, hoping to greet Bernard, half trusting that her last suggestion had fallen upon stony ground and been choked in its growth.

"Anne," Tom began, without a word of preparation, "did Bernard say where he was going when he left you two nights ago?"

"Captain Bassett," Anne said, in some surprise, "was going back to his troop."

"Then he never reached it, never returned for his horse, and has never been seen since. Sure, girl, he must have had some plan afoot——"

"Stay," exclaimed Anne, quickly, "he meant to see his uncle at once in reference to Marie, for fear a letter would miscarry."

"Why was he so urgent?" asked Lennox, indifferently.

"Sure, we wanted Marie to go north to Baltimore town or New York, and Bernard is determined," rejoined Anne, in half jest.

"What was that to you? It was not your affair!" Tom said, angrily.

"My dear, have some manners!" laughed Anne, avoiding the question, not just then a pleasant one to her. "Bernard has gone to see his uncle Basil about Marie."

"Gad, a fine story when Basil is here and hath never seen him!" was Tom's impatient retort.

"Then you told of Miss Tremaine and Hamilton?" queried Lennox, fixing his gray eyes upon her searchingly.

"Yes, I did, Captain Lennox," she said, with a strange compunction, as the recollection of Bernard's anger and distress swept over her. Nevertheless she was not afraid to acknowledge the truth, for, whatever else might be said of Anne, she could never be charged with untruthfulness. Lennox knew that she might give him much or little information, but at least it would be reliable.

"Eh, did you?" broke in Tom. "Then perhaps you can tell what he meant to do. For God's sake, Anne, try to remember everything that may give us a clue to his whereabouts."

"We have the clue," rejoined Lennox, in the half sarcastic tone habitual to him. "Miss Anne has informed him that Marie is false to him, that Hamilton has won her away, and Bernard has sought satisfaction from the British major."

"Oh, surely not!" burst out Anne, turning deadly white as she comprehended their meaning for the first time. "Surely he dared not fight with Hamilton!"

"Hamilton has played him some devil's trick, else they have buried him in the palace green with nobody to see fair play," slowly responded Lennox.

"He was bitter angry, and would not tell me what was in his mind," Anne added, in a broken, wavering voice, all the defiance gone, although she held out and braved Tom's anger and the reproaches he showered upon his visitor without stint or perhaps justice.

Lennox listened, silently watchful of Anne's every word.

"God knows, madam, your foolish tongue hath cost a good man his life and the Colony a

brave soldier—a fine day's work for you, sure," Tom added, as he walked into the hall, and gathering up his accoutrements, both officers passed out in the street, while Anne sank down in blank horror. She clasped her hands in a passion of regret and repentance.

"My God! I have murdered Bernard—or, or, heaven help me! it may be Hamilton," she whispered, with no perception of the fearful reality upon her or of the results of that evil mood prompting her to win Jasper at any hazard.

Tom Marchison never slackened his furious pace until he had flung the gate back on its hinges; then he made an abrupt pause.

"What now, Lennox? What the devil can we do?"

Lennox shrugged his shoulders. "Leave it to me, Tom. Mistress Anne has given me the clue. Mark me, Hamilton has tricked him. There is a deadly hatred between those two, and your sister has not been over-careful of fomenting it. Between them Miss Tremaine will be husbandless," replied Lennox, the scowl on his face passing away as he uttered the last words, but deepening into something fierce and scathing as he added: "A gentleman cannot trifle with his honor even for the sake of Marie Tremaine."

Tom Marchison said not a word. The name of Marie Tremaine passed unheeded—indeed, to both those men at that moment it was of small consequence, when the mystery hanging over their comrade's fate deepened into something very like a pall. Bernard, true-hearted and chivalrous gentlemen that he was, had been their friend and fellow-soldier. The yeomen idolized him, the gentry were proud of and loved him. It seemed terrible, this unexplained, untraceable going out from them. A horror fell on the people as the messenger returned from Tremaine Manor with no news save that he had not been there. The rangers were downcast; their leader had fallen, and none could say how or where. They knew now the one hideous fact that he was the victim of treachery, and the men searched about them for the hand dealing them such hard measure. Lennox stood moodily at a window of the old Raleigh, inattentive to the excited talk around him. Tom Marchison and Evelyn sat near, silently brooding over the disaster to the Colony, to the army and to themselves.

"Prithee, my son, can you tell me of Captain Lennox, or any of Captain Bassett's company of horsemen? I bring them tidings," a slow, well-known voice said to a maid in the entry; and a moment after Parson Chesley stood in the door,

looking somewhat draggled and soiled, but with the inevitable snuff-box in his hand, although his good-humored face was careworn and harassed.

"Tidings?" ejaculated Lennox and a dozen voices at once. "Give them to us, for God's sake! Are they of Bernard Bassett?"

"Verily, yes; but give me a little wine for my stomach's sake, as St. Paul saith, and then I will have the spirit to relate my adventures. Master Bernard hath been seen by me."

The parson hastily quaffed a glass of wine, which it was evident he needed, and then glancing around on the eager throng said, deliberately:

"Two nights ago I was riding early before daybreak to reach the Alexander plantation to breakfast when I discovered some horsemen advancing at a breakneck pace and leading a horse upon which was a prisoner. I could no where bestir myself to get out of their way, for the darkness was such that they were upon me before I could see them. The prisoner was Bernard Bassett—ay, and tied like a negro slave."

There was a moment of silence. Horror-stricken awe paralyzed the group, and then the passionate voices broke forth, demanding every shred of information, vainly searching for a glimmer of hope, a shadow of palliation in the terrible reality. All questioned and cross-examined except Basil Tremaine. After the first dreadful news of Bernard's capture he only leaned heavily against the wainscoting, not caring to ask or hear the details. The fierce, brusque colonel sat like one in a dream. Bernard had been taken away. The heirless, forsaken old man wrestled with his mighty sorrow.

"What shall we do, Colonel Tremaine?" Tom Marchison said, as the parson succumbed to the tide and was forced to satisfy the calls of the rangers running together as the news spread.

"What did you say, Marchison?" vaguely inquired the colonel, brushing his hand across his brow, in a strong effort to clear his stunned brain.

"What are we to do?" reiterated Tom.

"Do? What does the parson say?"

"He picked up a deal of information while they detained him," Lennox said, hesitatingly.

There was something in Basil Tremaine's grim face that he had never beheld there before, and Lennox longed to spare him.

"What was it, captain? Is there anything else?" The words fell in the same dreary, dull tone of one who only half comprehended what they were all telling him, and who dreaded to hear more. "Is the boy dead?" he added, abruptly.

"No, not dead, but it is fair to tell you the truth about it," answered Tom Marchison, the bluff voice, with its ring of genuine kindness, seeming to be the very one to relate the painful details, to give the last cruel addition to a story now too nearly a tragedy.

"Chesley heard Foy and Hamilton have an angry discussion about your nephew, and Foy stated that he had been sent to England in irons, and with charges against him that would be very serious." Tom could not phrase it as he would to any other than Basil Tremaine. "Charges that would bring him to the gallows!" was what he meant to have said, and refrained because of the same look which had silenced Lennox.

"You mean they will send the boy to the executioner? Did Foy and the other scoundrel say that, Tom?"

"I am sorry to say they did," Tom answered, comforted by the fierce manner of the old officer.

"They shall not do it!" he roared. "They mean to accomplish it if they can; but, damn it! neither Foy nor t'other devil can compass that!"

Tom shook his head doubtfully, and Lennox maintained an ominous reserve.

"What do you say, Lennox?" asked the colonel, suddenly faltering in his bravado. "You know all about it; what is at the bottom of this?"

"Hamilton and Foy have concocted it between them. It is a plot, and Hamilton is the mainspring. Sooner or later he is the man to reap the reward and be held responsible for this cursed treachery."

"Gad, it must be Hamilton! No good can come of that name," the colonel said, wearily.

"Nothing but perfidy from this Hamilton, where Bernard Bassett is concerned," Lennox said.

The elder officer rose slowly and passed through the crowded room. Nobody detained him by a word. At the door he paused and looked back.

"Lennox," he said, bravely, "I'm afraid it's an ill chance poor Bernie has for justice; but I'll go to my room now, and maybe you can hit upon some means of assistance to the boy. I am a trifle fatigued just now. It's struck me hard, this news has—'fore God, it has!" and the bluff colonel went away to his room.

The rangers congregated around the doors and waited anxiously to know what they must do to avenge their captain. A sort of horrible gloom

and panic seemed to possess them; they were bewildered by the extent of the calamity overtaking them, and thought solely of revenge.

"There is no manner of assistance we can give the poor fellow," Lennox said; "but I will see to it that his death is not the bridge by which Hamilton wins Marie Tremaine and falls heir to Basil's estates. I say I will see that the treason Hamilton dealt Bernard shall be punished a thousandfold. I have sworn to kill him; I swear again to make it the purpose of my life!" and the words found a response in every heart.

It was sunset that same evening when Basil Tremaine again appeared. The day might have been ten years and not have aged the soldierly, stalwart officer as these few hours had done.

"Lennox," he said, "perhaps some one had better go down to the manor house to tell them and break it to Marie—she was to have been the boy's wife. I am no hand to deal with a woman; I've no knack at breaking disaster for anybody, and God knows there is nothing to soften this. Will you go?"

Lennox flushed as he said: "'Gad, colonel, you know that you have but to make the request. I'll set out to-night. Will you write?"

Basil Tremaine almost shuddered.

"Write that they have trapped Bernard and will send him to the hangman?" he demanded, in a whisper. "Not that—my God, no! Tell it yourself—don't ask me; you can do it vastly better."

"Then leave it to me."

"Say what you please, but tell them the worst of it. There is no kindness in being too dainty; let them know of Bernard's extremity of danger. Good-night, and thank you for a friendly turn. I will take some rest, I am so vastly weary. Good-night."

Lennox looked after him as he slowly re-ascended the stairs.

"The gods first blind whom they destroy," he commented, compassionately. "The truth would kill him outright. I wonder how she will bear it. A woman's heart is of wonderful toughness. But there may be another sting for her in Bernard's ill-fortune."

Tom Marchison thanked heaven that the colonel had spared him the task. "It would not do for me, Lennox, I'm so wonderful stupid," he said, while Lennox mounted his gelding and galloped off, followed by his own groom and Jupe.

Riding down the street of Williamsburg, past the magazine with its train of sorrows, past the mansions not now so brilliantly lighted or thronged with laughter-loving guests as they

were a few months ago, Lennox found himself opposite the Marchison gate. A lithe, slight figure suddenly darted from the flower-garden, rushing almost under the horse's feet.

"Captain Lennox, tell me if this tale about Bernard is true!" exclaimed Anne, in the wildest excitement, clutching the bridle-rein in her tiny hands.

"Perfectly true," he answered, laconically.

"Is it my fault? I told him that Marie had deserted him," she said, with a burst of tears too seldom seen in those bright, wicked eyes.

"Then you have cost two men their lives. Hamilton has sent Bernard to a malefactor's grave, and I will send Hamilton to a traitor's grave!" he responded, in a pitiless tone.

"Oh, spare me, Captain Lennox!" she almost moaned.

"You had no mercy for others better than you. Can you expect it now?" he asked, coldly.

"Pardon me, but I am on my way to carry the intelligence to Captain Bassett's friends!"

Anne understood the bitter emphasis with which he pronounced those last three words.

Without even a cold farewell Lennox spurred his horse and was soon far down the road on his journey to Tremaine Manor.

As the gables of the old house, sharply visible between the trees, appeared in the distance, the man who sneered at all others became suddenly grave and perceptibly slackened his pace, reluctant to approach the family whose tranquility was to be ruthlessly destroyed.

The doors stood hospitably open. Lennox was shown up stairs to a capacious, airy chamber and informed that supper would be served in an hour, and that Mrs. Tremaine would be pleased to receive him in the drawing-room when he was ready to come down.

The young man made a slow toilette. The hour was wellnigh spent when he entered the drawing-room and met Mrs. Tremaine. She was very pale, and the unusually firm, clear voice trembled as she greeted her guest.

"Is this a horrible dream of Jupe's, or is it the truth, Captain Lennox?" Despite the little woman's resolute will her eyes filled with tears.

"Madam, it is every word true."

"And Colonel Tremaine," she asked, quickly, "is he, too, a marked man? The same hand that brought down Bernard would also hunt my husband. What have you to say of him?"

"That he is well and safe, madam."

"Then," she interrupted, "does he mean to let Lord North hang Bernard? Will you all fold your hands and allow them to prove their

lies and bring an honest gentleman to the gallows?"

"Madam," began Lennox, embarrassed by her vehemence, "Colonel Tremaine would only share Captain Bassett's fate should he venture to England. We have already sent a courier to General Washington, but they have been beforehand with us in sending their charges out by the captain of the *Fowey*. We will resort to every means in our power; but we are at a discount in the Mother Country, as you know, madam," he added, with a faint smile.

"Then I will go myself to my Lord North. My nephew shall not be hanged like a highway robber and his relations not raise a hand to help him!" she exclaimed, lifting her handsome, tearful eyes to his face with a dauntless expression in their depths, saying plainly enough that she was equal to the perilous task.

"Madam, your courage is magnificent, but can you venture when, as you have said, Colonel Tremaine is a marked man?"

"I will venture, sir. Bernard's blood would be upon our heads if we made no effort to save him, and yet there is some secret, some mystery which we do not comprehend. They mean to make Bernard an example to the gentlemen of the Colony, but why should Bernard seek Hamilton? What had those two between them?"

Her woman's intuition had at once pounced upon the unexplained point, and Lennox was certain that, if opportunity presented itself, Mrs. Tremaine would inevitably fathom the hidden motive impelling Bernard to seek Hamilton.

"Has Miss Marie been informed of her cousin's misfortune?" he found an opportunity to inquire after supper, when Mrs. Tremaine begged him to amuse himself and excuse her to write some letters to her husband, "for, with his consent, I shall set out to Baltimore town in a sennight," she said, resolutely.

"My daughter has heard it all, Captain Lennox, and she is ill with grief—more than I believed possible for Marie. She is seized with a shuddering and trembling so that Judith has been to my still room for herbs and medicines, and is at her wits' end. But it is a sore trial—my nephew was vastly beloved," and the tears again gathered in the handsome eyes as the mistress of Tremaine Manor made her stately courtesy and hastened away to hide her agitation.

Lennox heard her weeping as she ascended the staircase, the servant walking behind with candles and sobbing as audibly as her mistress.

He sauntered from the drawing-room into the hall, and lingered there for a few minutes look-

ing at the faces of the Tremaines high up on the walls, each in a panel. The hall was a great echoing place, dimly lighted by the candles on a table. He took one of them in his hand, and, holding it up high enough to throw its light upon the portraits, he made a circuit of the hall. He paused before one portrait marvelously beautiful and brilliant, but with a dauntless determination around the pretty mouth strangely familiar. He had never observed this picture, and yet the face seemed an old acquaintance. Nevertheless, perplex himself as he might, Lennox could not place it. The picture puzzled him—this brilliant, tantalizing face. He could not remember whose semblance it might be, and so it chanced that the Colonial officer lingered before this portrait when a door opened, and Marie Tremaine herself stood on the threshold. She came forward slowly. The light from the candle he held gleamed upon her pale countenance. The hollow voice startled him as she said, without a word of greeting:

"Is it all true, Captain Lennox?—about cousin Bernard, I mean. Do you blame any one except Lord Dunmore?"

"It is Hamilton's fault," he answered, deliberately. "They had some deep cause of enmity between them, and, instead of fighting Bernard like a gentleman, he betrayed him like the traitor that he is!"

Marie's dark eyes rested on him inquiringly; then she said:

"I thank you for answering my question, but I do not in the least agree with you. Major Hamilton is not a traitor; he is only misunderstood."

"Then whose victim is your cousin?" coolly inquired Lennox, conscious of a relentless indignation stirring his heart as he marked the dark circles around those beautiful eyes and the suffering visible in her countenance, all the while remembering whose hand had wrought such a desolation in this fair young creature's life.

"The victim of cruel Captain Foy and Lord Dunmore—I am sure of it. Will you believe me?" she asked, imploringly.

"I will believe anything you wish," he answered, with great courtesy.

"Then believe that Major Hamilton is incapable of such treachery, and—good-night. Oh, Captain Lennox, I am so miserable!" she added, hesitating as in half apology for quitting him so abruptly.

"Sure, I would serve you with my life," he began, an unmistakable meaning in his voice.

She waved him away, a hopelessness in the gesture that touched the self-reliant man, the skeptic in human tenderness.

"Stay one moment," he insisted, but she only shook her head.

"Then, pray inform me of the name of this portrait," Lennox quickly turned the subject, but the question was an ingenious shift to detain Marie and hear that musical mezzo again.

"It is papa's eldest sister, Aunt Tremaine, only her name was Hamilton. She married a bad man and was very unhappy. Poor Aunt Tremaine, her husband was false and barbarous. She is very beautiful. I love the portrait because it reminds me of someone I love. Good-night and good-by! for I will not see you again."

After she had gone Lennox stood attentively examining the picture.

"Hamilton!—ah!" he said, contemptuously; "the weakness is hereditary. Two feminine fools and two handsome rascals, and two—tragedies."

Captain Lennox's horse was at the door early in the morning. A negro groom held the impatient animal and gossiped with the captain's man, while they waited for the gentleman to take leave of his hostess. Mrs. Tremaine stood on the steps of the piazza talking earnestly to the young officer.

"Tell my husband," she was saying, "that with his leave I shall set out for the north in a sennight. Marie shall go with me to New York. She is ill and in bad spirits, and I will place her in charge of Mrs. Alexander for a sojourn of a few weeks in New York. She can return to Virginia with the Alexanders, while I go out to England to see my Lord North and save Bernard."

"You are very brave, madam. Sure, you must succeed, or my Lord North is a vastly greater brute than I imagine, and the change will benefit Miss Tremaine."

"Yes, poor girl, her affairs have sadly miscarried," replied the lady, with a sigh. "She can return when she likes to Tremaine Manor. Mistress Jane Bassett is here, and all my household, but she must go north immediately or her health will fail."

When Lennox told it all to Anne Marchison, as he did very soon after reaching Williamsburg, he added, rather pointedly:

"So you see, she would have been out of your path, at any rate. Are you sure the British major will not find his way northward, too?"

(To be continued.)



MONOCACY ISLAND.



THE VALLEY FROM PLYMOUTH.  
IN THE WYOMING VALLEY.



GLIMPSE OF WILKESBARRE.

## THE STORY OF WYOMING THE BEAUTIFUL.

By JOHN P. RITTER.

**I**T is related that when Matthias Hollenback first caught sight of the lovely Wyoming Valley, in Lucerne County, Pennsylvania, he was so enraptured with its beauty that he tossed his cap above his head, shouting, "Hurrah! that's the place for me!"

He was then a youth of seventeen, and had come to Wyoming, with other pioneers from Connecticut, to settle the region purchased in 1753 from the Indians by an association of New Englanders, entitled the Susquehanna Land Company. Some of his companions were disposed to ridicule his ardor. Others approved it, saying: "Leave him alone; he'll do well enough." And this prediction he more than fulfilled. Beginning as a small trader, he soon amassed enough money to establish himself in a store; enjoyed great prosperity during the Colonial period; took an active part in the Revolutionary War; at its close became a judge, and died in 1829, the richest man in Northern Pennsylvania. Tradition avers that young Hollenback's first view of the valley was from Prospect Rock, which juts out boldly from the rugged mountains that form its eastern barrier. The entire region of Wyoming can be overlooked from this elevation, stretching for twenty miles north and south, and for four miles westward, in broad savannahs through which the beautiful Susquehanna—the "Winding River" of the Delawares—takes a zigzag course, dotted with emerald islands, and fringed with groves

of willows, maples and sycamores. A more peaceful landscape cannot be imagined. Surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains, it appears like a lovely oasis in a wilderness, and it is difficult to believe that such a reposeful land should have been the scene of dissensions, massacre and devastation.

Even before the appearance of the white man hostile tribes of Indians had contended for the possession of the valley; for its coverts abounded in game and its streams with fish. "Wild fruits and grapes covered the hills and river banks, and the fertile soil gave a rich return to the rude husbandry of the red man." At last the warlike Iroquois claimed supremacy over the valley by right of conquest, and assigned it to portions of the Delaware and Shawanese tribes, who were the possessors of the region when Count Zinzendorf made his way across the Blue Mountains in 1742, and pitched his simple tent upon the banks of the Susquehanna.

The noble Moravian was the first white man



ENTRANCE TO WYOMING VALLEY.





SITE OF FORT WINTERMOOT.

to look upon the "Big Plains" of the Indians. "He had come," he said, "to instruct his red brethren how rightly to worship the Great Spirit," the Father of all mankind. The savages listened to his words, but believed them not. Suspecting that his real motive in paying them a visit was to spy out their pleasant land, they resolved upon his death. One night, as he was writing by the light of a fire which burned in his tent, a band of chosen braves approached cautiously and peered through the curtains. They were on the point of rushing in to brain him, when their leader waved them back; then he motioned them to peer into the tent again.

This time they saw a huge rattlesnake crawling lazily over the missionary's feet. It had been attracted from its hole by the warmth of the fire, and Zinzendorf was too deeply absorbed in his writing to notice the danger that threatened him. "Seeing in this an evident token that their visitor was a favorite of the Great Spirit of whom he had spoken," the savages abandoned their murderous design, and ever afterward treated him with marked respect. The spot chosen by Count Zinzendorf for his encampment, and where the above incident occurred, is on the east side of the Christian Church in Plymouth, Wyoming, on the banks of a little rivulet. It is now covered by sheds and stables that befoul the stream with their drainage.

Not many years after Count Zinzendorf's missionary labors among the Indians of Wyoming, two bands of white settlers made their appearance in the valley and began a long and tedious contest for its possession. One consisted of

pioneers sent from New England by the Susquehanna Company; the other was composed of native Pennsylvanians. Both claimed to have received a royal grant to the region, and to have purchased their titles to it from the Iroquois. While they were disputing the question, hostilities broke out among their Indian neighbors.

The conflict, known in local history as the "Grasshopper War," was begun by children at play. One afternoon, during the hunting season, when the warriors were absent in the mountains, the women and children of the Shawanese tribe, whose village was on the west bank of the Susquehanna, crossed to the Delaware side of the river to gather wild fruits. They mingled with their

neighbors in a perfectly friendly manner until a large, bright-winged grasshopper arose from the ground and caught the eyes of the children. Then the little ones of both tribes joined in its pursuit.

All went merrily for a time, but when the insect was finally run to earth and captured, a quarrel broke out between the Shawanese and Delaware children for its possession. Hearing their angry exclamations, the women hastened to the scene, and took part in the dispute. Words were quickly followed by blows. The women flew at one another with clubs and knives, and the Shawanese were driven back to their village, leaving some of their number dead on the river bank.

When the warriors of the two tribes returned from the chase, and were informed of the quarrel begun by their women, they prepared for battle. A sanguinary conflict ensued. The Shawanese were defeated, and to escape annihilation sought refuge with friendly tribes in Ohio. The French and Indian war breaking out soon afterward, the first settlements at Wyoming were destroyed by the Delawares, who, fearing retribution, migrated westward, leaving the valley "an open field for the white men to fight out their respective claims."

The first claimants to return to the region were the Pennsylvanians. When pioneers of the Susquehanna Company appeared a second time in the valley, in 1769, they found it in possession of their rivals, who had divided the land into two manors, and warned off all intruders. But the New Englanders were not the kind of

men to abandon what they considered a just claim, and a wearisome struggle was begun that is known in the history of Wyoming as the First Pennamite War. At first fortune favored both sides by turns, but at last the Pennsylvanians were driven into a stockade at Nanticoke and forced to surrender, leaving the valley in quiet possession of the Yankees.

The latter immediately proceeded to organize a simple form of government. Townships were established and town meetings ordained in Hanover, Plymouth, Kingston, Wilkesbarre and Pittston. A free school was founded; military companies were formed, and Jacob Johnson, of Groton, Conn., was invited to preach the Gospel to the people. Stocks were built for the punishment of evil-doers, and a great elm-tree was selected in the Plymouth settlement for a whipping post. This historic tree was cut down recently, but its huge stump may still be seen on the principal street of the town.

In the meantime the Revolutionary War had

ment, yet were possessed of considerable property. Naturally they were exceedingly embittered by the loss of their lands, and eager for retaliation. So, making their way to Niagara, where Colonel John Butler had assembled a considerable force of British and Indians, they prevailed upon him to aid them in exterminating the Wyoming settlers and regaining the lands from which they had been expelled.

"The first intimation that an attack was to be made upon them," says a writer in the *New York Evening Post*, July 3d, 1897, "was received by the settlers early in the summer of 1778. At that time two companies of one hundred men each had gone to the war, and there were few able-bodied men available for the defense of the valley. At first but little alarm was felt; but when, toward the middle of June, more definite reports of the contemplated invasion were received, word was hastily sent to the Wyoming men in the Continental army, imploring them to hasten home to protect their families. They answered



QUEEN ESTHER'S ROCK.



STUMP OF WHIPPING-POST ELM AT PLYMOUTH.



CAMPBELL'S LEDGE.

broken out. When the tidings of Lexington and Bunker's Hill reached Wyoming, the settlers met in the different townships and resolved to adhere to the American cause. Of the men of the valley there were seventy or eighty who were suspected of not favoring the Revolution, and a committee was appointed to watch their proceedings. The "Committee of Inspection or Safety," as it was called, performed their duties in no very gentle manner. They caused the arrest of a considerable number of the suspected, and had them taken to Litchfield, Connecticut, for trial, where, as the charges against them were not clear, they were discharged. Others, suspected of entertaining Royalist principles, were warned to leave the valley, and there was awakened in them a desire for revenge which was before long to be satisfied.

Among those who had suffered at the hands of the committee were certain Wintermoots, Vangarders, Secords, and other families that had always been regarded as interlopers in the settle-

the summons at once, but most of them arrived too late. . . . .

"A realization of the nearness of the enemy came on the last day of June, when a party of Indian scouts attacked eight persons who were working in the fields near Pittston, killing four, and making all the others prisoners, excepting a boy who spread the alarm. The women and children were immediately gathered in the block house forts in each of the little hamlets. Those at Pittston took refuge in the fort there under the protection of Captain Blanchard and thirty men. Others hurried to Fort Wintermoot, on the opposite side of the river. Wilkesbarre and Plymouth residents assembled at the forts there, and the people of Kingston and Forty Fort took shelter in the latter place."

As the blockhouse and stockade at Forty Fort were the largest in the valley, the greater part of the Americans soon afterward mustered at that point, leaving only a few men to guard the remaining posts. All told there were two hundred



TOWN OF PLYMOUTH.

and thirty enrolled men, besides seventy old men and boys, who, at the utmost need, could bear arms. There was but one cannon in the valley; but, as there were no cannon-balls, this was only of service as an alarm gun. Colonel Zebulon Butler, an officer of the Continental army, then home on furlough, was appointed commander of this small force, and under him were Colonel Nathan Dennison, Colonel George Dorrance and Major John Grant, each in command of a division.\*

The enemy came down the Susquehanna in boats, and entered the valley through the gorge at Pittston, where the mountains divide to make a passage from the river. Their force consisted of about two hundred British provincials, and perhaps as many Tories, under the immediate command of Colonel John Butler—known as "Indian Butler," to distinguish him from Zebulon Butler, the American commander—and six or seven hundred Indians, led by the Seneca chief Giengwahtoh ("He that walks in smoke"). With them came Catharine Montour, an aged half-breed, better known as "Queen Esther," who exercised almost unbounded influence over the Indians. Fort Wintermoot, built by the suspected Tory family of that name, was given up to them at once; for, in fact, it had been built for their use rather than against them.

On the afternoon of the 2d of July, and on

\* The account of the battle which follows is compiled from Peck's "History of Wyoming," and from the article in the *New York Evening Post*, above referred to.

the morning of the 3d, meetings were held in Forty Fort to discuss the situation. Then the first great mistake was made. Colonels Butler and Dennison, the most experienced of the Americans, wished to remain upon the defensive. They argued that the enemy's force evidently was much superior in point of numbers to their own, and that it was wiser to wait for the reinforcements that were on the way to join them from the Continental army than to venture a battle then.

The mass of the defenders, however, were eager for an immediate encounter. They urged that the enemy, if unchecked, would capture the outlying forts, one by one, and massacre all who fell into their hands. They intimated, moreover, that Colonel Butler's reluctance to fight at once proceeded from cowardice rather than from reasonable caution, and this insinuation had more weight in prevailing upon the old veteran to act against his better judgment than all their arguments combined.

"I tell you," he cried, angrily, "that we are going into great danger; but I can go as far as any of you."

Between two and three o'clock on the afternoon of July 3d the men were led out of the fort to battle. Before one of the log huts within the stockade pails of water and a single bottle of rum had been provided for their refreshment. The rum was hardly tasted, but they drank of the water as they passed by. To more than half it was their last draught. Marching slowly up the valley the devoted band encountered the enemy drawn up in line of battle about half way between Forty Fort and Pittston. The ground between the opposing forces was nearly level, and covered with scrub oak four and five feet high.

As the Americans deployed for action Colonel Zebulon Butler bade them be of good cheer. "We have come out to fight," he said. "Stand fast the first shock, and the Indians will give way. Now, to your posts." Colonel Butler took command of the right wing, facing the British provincials and the Tories, and Colonels Denni-

son and Dorrance of the left wing, facing the Indians. The plan of attack was for the men to advance steadily at each fire.

The Americans opened fire first; advanced a few yards and fired again, the British responding. For a brief time the advantage was with the patriots. The British left fell slowly back, and then the Americans made their second great mistake. Instead of regarding the orderly retreat of the British with suspicion, they advanced boldly upon open ground, where they were completely exposed to a galling fire from the Indians, who lay in ambush on their right. The Americans, over-estimating their advantage, had pushed forward beyond the savages, who now swarmed out upon their flank and rear.

In the meantime the American left was terribly galled by the fire of the Indians. Colonel Dennison ordered his men to change their position. The order was misunderstood to be a command to retreat, and the entire wing fell into confusion. Men fell rapidly. Colonel Dorrance and nearly every captain along the line were killed. The Indians sprang from their coverts in overwhelming numbers, and rushed on the wavering ranks with fearful yells. Attacked in front, and flank and rear, the patriots gave way and scattered. Some formed in little groups, fighting bravely, others sought safety in flight.

Colonel Butler made a gallant attempt to hold the men, but it was in vain. In half an hour from the firing of the first shot all was lost. The fugitives, cut off from Forty Fort by the Indians in their rear, flung away their arms and fled panic-stricken toward the Susquehanna. Some swam over and escaped. Others were shot down, or taken prisoners and reserved for torture. It is estimated that one hundred and sixty were killed in the battle, and that about forty more were overtaken and massacred during the ensuing night. A granite shaft inscribed with their names has been erected over their place of burial in the present town of Forty Fort. On its front face is the following epitaph to their memory:

"Near this spot was fought, on the afternoon of the third of July, 1778,

#### THE BATTLE OF WYOMING.

In which a small band of patriotic Americans, chiefly the undisciplined, the youthful, and the aged, spared by inefficiency from the distant ranks of the Republic, led by Colonel Zebulon Butler and Colonel Nathan Dennison, with a courage that deserved success, fearlessly met and bravely fought a combined British, Tory and Indian force of thrice their number. Numerical superiority alone gave success to the invader, and widespread havoc, desolation and ruin marked his savage and bloody footsteps through the valley.

#### THIS MONUMENT

commemorative of these events; and in memory of the actors in them, has been erected

#### OVER THE BONES OF THE SLAIN

by their descendants and others who gratefully appreciate the services and sacrifices of their

#### PATRIOT ANCESTORS."

While I was visiting Wyoming last summer to collect the illustrations that accompany this article, I met several descendants of the heroes of the massacre, and heard from their lips many thrilling tales of the adventures that befell the survivors of the tragedy. One of these narratives relates to Colonel John Jenkins, one of the leading men among the settlers, who was taken prisoner during the battle, and reserved for the tortures with which the savages were wont to avenge their slain comrades. He was bound to the stake, and was about to be burned alive, when a chieftain, whom he had befriended years before, recognized him and interposed on his behalf.

When the Indians returned to Niagara they carried Colonel Jenkins off with them, and there



THE TOWN OF PITTSBURGH.

he remained until the close of the war. On returning to the valley when peace was restored, he settled upon the land once owned by the Wintermoot family, and erected the first frame house in Wyoming on the exact spot occupied by Fort Wintermoot before it was surrendered to the British and burned. The ruins of this fine old dwelling were pointed out to me by a Mrs. Myers, a lineal descendant of Colonel Jenkins. They stand on the west bank of the Susquehanna, not far south of West Pittston, and are surrounded by vestiges of the stockade that formerly inclosed the blockhouse fort.

Mrs. Myers told me that years after the Wyoming massacre, a stranger came to the house, which was then occupied by her grandmother, the widow of Colonel Jenkins, and made inquiries concerning the property once owned by the Wintermoots in that neighborhood. In the course of the conversation he asked her if she thought she could recognize one of that family if

During my stay in the little mining town of Wyoming I was hospitably entertained by David Davies, mine host of the Oak Tree Inn. Mr. Davies was formerly a miner, and, having saved a little money, opened his cozy tavern for the accommodation of his old comrades in the coalpits. His house is pleasantly situated, and a great oak tree that overshadows the porch serves as its sign. The taproom is adorned with many curiosities, collected in different parts of the world by Mr. Davies during his career as a miner, and back of it is a small meeting-room, furnished with chairs, tables and a piano, where the miners of the neighborhood gather on certain evenings of the week to enjoy themselves. I passed an entire day with Mr. Davies visiting the places of interest nearby.

Between the Oak Tree Inn and the Susquehanna is situated the most famous landmark in the Wyoming Valley—Queen Esther's Rock. The story connected with it is as follows:



SCHOONMAKER HOMESTEAD.



COLONEL DENNISON'S HOMESTEAD.



OAK TREE INN.

she should see him. The old lady put on her spectacles, scrutinized the stranger's face for a moment, and then retorted, sharply: "Why, you're a Wintermoot yourself." This proved to be the case. The stranger had come to put in a claim for the land his Tory ancestors had forfeited.

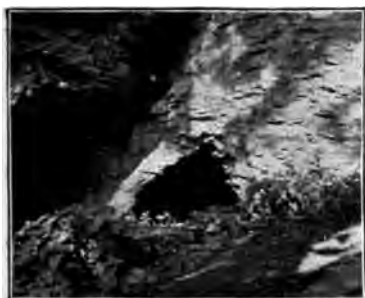
Where the Susquehanna enters Wyoming from the north an immense precipice marks the head of the valley. This is Dial Rock, or Campbell's Ledge. Many imagine that the latter designation has been applied to it out of compliment to the poet Campbell, who celebrated Wyoming's tragic story in verse; but it seems to have derived its name from a far humbler personage. There is a tradition that a settler named Campbell was pursued by a band of Indians to the edge of the precipice, and, finding escape impossible, rather than fall into their hands alive and endure the frightful tortures that he knew would await him, threw himself headlong into the abyss below.

Queen Esther had received a good education when a girl, and had acquired many of the habits of civilized people. She had mingled in the cultivated society of Philadelphia, and had impressed all her white friends with the apparent humanity of her disposition. In fact, not many months before the Wyoming massacre she had saved the lives of several people from the valley who had visited her town.

But a few days previous to the battle one of her sons had been killed in a skirmish with the settlers, and her grief at his loss had aroused all of the latent savage within her. On the night of the massacre she repaired to the stone that now bears her name, and ordered the prisoners to be brought into her presence. Sixteen of the wretched captives were produced. The old woman ordered her followers to place them one after another on the stone, and, seizing a club in her trembling hands, proceeded to dash out their brains.

Eleven of the number

had been slaugh-



ENTRANCE TO TOBY'S CAVE.



INTERIOR OF WASHINGTON MINE.



ENTRANCE TO WASHINGTON MINE.

tered. The next to be sacrificed would be Lebeus Hammond and Joseph Elliott. They managed to communicate with one another by a glance, and agreed to make a joint effort at escape. Both were men of powerful physique. As they were being led toward the rock they made a sudden exertion of their great strength; threw off the grasp of those who held them; struck down the savages who ran to their captors' assistance and bounded away. Both escaped, and were able to tell the fate of their companions. Queen Esther's Rock to-day is covered by a wrought-iron cage to protect it from the vandalism of relic hunters. A portion of it is of a reddish hue, and this discoloration is regarded by some as the ineffaceable stain of human blood. Around another similar stone—the site of which is not now known—nine mutilated bodies were found; but no one escaped to narrate the details of the tragedy there enacted.

In the flight from the battlefield many of the fugitives ran south as far as the settlement at Plymouth, and, finding their pursuers still close upon their heels, swam over to Monocasy Island, that divides the waters of the Susquehanna at that point. Hither they were followed and killed by their relentless foes. One of the patriots who sought refuge on the island was Henry Pencil, whose brother John was among the Tories. The latter discovered the fugitive hiding in a clump of willows. "So it is you," he said, aiming his gun at the young man's breast.

Henry begged his brother to spare his life,

promising to serve him to the end of his days. "All this sounds mighty well," replied the Tory, "but you are a damned rebel!" and, with these words, shot him through the heart. Even the Indians were struck with horror at this unnatural murder. It is related that when the Tories were finally driven from the valley, the fratricide repaired to Canada. There he was twice attacked by wolves and rescued by the Indians. On being attacked a third time by wolves, the Indians, who had come to regard him as stricken with a curse, left him to his fate, and he was torn in pieces by the beasts.

When news of the British victory reached the women and children, who had been left for safety in the fort at Wilkesbarre and other posts on the east side of the river, they were filled with the wildest apprehensions. Instant flight, before the Indians could reach them, seemed the only course left open. A gloomy and desolate swamp, whose only inhabitants were wild beasts and reptiles, lay between them and the nearest settlements on the Delaware, sixty miles distant.

Into the pathless wilderness they fled—singly, in groups, or in companies, as chance threw them together. Behind them the night was illumined by the glare of fires, where the savages were burning their homes, or slowly consuming their captive neighbors at the stake; before them were unknown dangers. Few had furnished themselves with provisions for the journey, and, before they had gone far, began to experience



MOUNT LOOKOUT BREAKER.



SCENE IN WYOMING VALLEY.



PRESENT TOWN OF WYOMING.



the severest pangs of hunger. In this extremity the courage and humanity of Matthias Hollenback saved many lives.

He had borne himself bravely in the battle, and had escaped the massacre by swimming the Susquehanna. Reaching Wilkesbarre in safety, he did not pause for rest, but hastened to meet the reinforcements that were on their way to the valley, hoping to get them into Forty Fort in time to prevent its capture by the enemy. In this he was unsuccessful; so, loading a horse with provisions, he pushed on after the starving fugitives who were making their way through the swamp. He had not gone far when he overtook a woman with her six children, seated upon the ground, weak from hunger and in despair. Supplying them with food, and bidding them take fresh courage, he hastened after others who were in equal need, and in this way enabled many, who would otherwise have perished by the way, to reach the Delaware settlements in safety. The swamp through which the fugitives passed is known to this day as "The Shades of Death."

On the second anniversary of the Declaration of Independence "Indian Butler" summoned the scattered forces of the patriots that had sought refuge in Forty Fort to surrender. The terms of the capitulation were soon arranged. The Americans were to give up their arms and stores, and to remain neutral during the war. The British, on their part, agreed to leave them in peaceful possession of their farms, and to exert their influence with the Indians to preserve their property from plunder. As regards the latter clause of the articles, the British command-

er had promised more than he could perform; for, although no lives were taken after the capitulation, the Indians scattered all over the valley, destroying everything which they could not carry off. A few houses that stood near the fort at Wilkesbarre were spared; but every other dwelling in the valley, with but one notable exception, was destroyed.

This house is still standing in the town of Forty Fort within a stone's throw of the battle monument. A person, looking through its front windows on the memorable afternoon of July 3d,

1778, could have witnessed all the varying phases of the battle then fought and of the massacre that followed. It was built by John Perkins, one of the earliest settlers in Wyoming, who was killed by the Indians near Plymouth, and is still known as the Perkins's Homestead.

A few weeks after the British and Indians had left the valley the fugitives began to return, in order to gather such of their crops as had escaped destruction and to rebuild their houses. But, during the remainder of the war, Wyoming was continually harassed by prowling

savages, and no man who went into the fields in the morning had any certainty of returning home alive at night.

A settler who remained in the valley during these troublous times was a worthy Quaker, named Jonathan Slocum, whose descendants are among the most prominent and wealthy citizens of Wilkesbarre. One of them, Mr. L. B. Hilliard, related to me the story of Frances Slocum, the settler's youngest daughter who was carried off by the Indians when a child, and afterward became a princess in the



MONUMENT TO THE HEROES OF THE WYOMING MASSACRE.

It is a tale that

has been frequently told, but I fancy it will bear repeating :

One November morning Jonathan Slocum went into the fields to work, leaving at home his wife, their four children, two lads whose father had been made a captive by the Indians, and a negro servant girl. He had not been gone long when three warriors of the Delaware tribe crept noiselessly up to the house, shot one of the lads and scalped him on the threshold. The settler's eldest daughter, who had witnessed the act, seized her infant brother in

her arms, and made her escape to the fort. The Indians then entered the house, and were about to make off with the two remaining children—a lame boy and little Frances—when the frantic mother interposed, imploring that the boy at least might be left behind.

"See," she cried, "he is lame! Oh, leave him with me, for he can do you no good!"

The savages released the cripple, but carried off the negro girl, the brother of the lad they had slain, and little Frances, who was then but five years old. A few weeks later Jonathan Slocum and his father-in-law were shot down while at work in the field. Years passed away; the mother grew old and feeble, but her heart never ceased to yearn for the child she had lost. Her sons grew up and prospered. They offered large rewards for tidings of their lost sister, but all in vain.

The mother had been long in her grave, and they had become gray and bent before the cloud of mystery which had so long hung over the fate of their sister was lifted. A traveler chanced, in 1835, to pass the night at an Indian village in Indiana. He was entertained in the largest wigwam, which was presided over by an old woman, called Maconaqua ("The Little Bear.") Something in her appearance convinced the traveler that she was not an Indian by birth. On winning her confidence she told him that her father was a white man, named Slocum, who



PERKINS'S HOMESTEAD.

lived on the banks of the Susquehanna; that she had been carried off by the Indians when she was a very small child, and that she had lived with them ever since. She had been treated with great kindness, and had married a chief who was now dead. By him she had two daughters, whom she dearly loved and with whom she hoped to live until her death. She expressed no desire to live again with the whites.

This story eventually found its way into a newspaper, a copy of which reached Wyoming. Inquiries were made, and it was found that this old Indian woman could be no other than the long-lost Frances Slocum. Her brothers set out at once to visit her. She received them at first with suspicion, but when she became convinced that they were really her brothers she treated them with every mark of affection and respect. One of her brothers had accidentally hammered off her finger nail when she was a child, and it had never grown since. As the Slocums had fixed upon this as a sure sign by which they could recognize their sister, the identification was complete.

But although she seemed overjoyed to see them, Maconaqua resolutely refused to return with her kinsfolk, even for a short visit. "I cannot go," she said. "I have always lived with the Indians; I am used to them; I wish to live and die with them. My husband and



CAVE-IN OF THE WYOMING MINE.

my boys are buried here, and I cannot leave them. I should not be happy with my white relatives. I am glad to see them, but I cannot go."

Some two years later one of the brothers visited her again, accompanied by his two daughters. Maconagua received them cordially, and offered her brother half her land if he would remain with her. She died in 1847, but not before her white relatives had succeeded in persuading her to sit for her portrait. This painting, executed in oil, now hangs in the dining-room of Mr. Hilliard's house, at No. 17 West River Street, Wilkesbarre. The remarkable story of Frances Slocum's kidnapping is told at length by Dr. Peck in his admirable history.

On the west bank of the Susquehanna, on the road leading from Plymouth to Kingston, is situated Toby's Cave, so named from an old half-breed Indian of the Revolutionary period, who made the place his stronghold. The entrance to the cavern is just large enough to admit the passage of a man's body, but inside it opens into a spacious chamber. Here Toby and his followers—who were friendly to the white settlers—are said to have concealed themselves when hard-pressed by hostile savages. There are two openings into the cavern—one in the face of a cliff overlooking the Susquehanna, and the other on the west side of the mass of rocks that form the cave. It is the latter opening that is represented in the accompanying illustration.

At the close of the Revolution the Wyoming settlers imagining that they were now about to enter upon a long period of repose, began to erect substantial mansions, a few of which are still remaining in the valley. Colonel Nathan

Dennison built the fine dwelling that stands—shaded by venerable trees—near the dividing line between the towns of Forty Fort and Wyoming, and the relative of Lieutenant Elijah Shoemaker, who was slain in the battle of July 3d, 1778, erected the farmhouse in Forty Fort is now pointed out as one of the landmarks of this historic region. Both houses are still in the possession of descendants of the two Revolutionary heroes.

But the people of Wyoming were not yet to enjoy the full possession of the home

which had cost them so much toil and blood.

The Pennsylvanians again laid claim to the valley, and, backed by judicial authority and military force, endeavored to dispossess the Englishmen. Another long and disheartening contest ensued, known as the Second Penna War, for the details of which I will refer the reader to Miner's History of Wyoming.

It is sufficient to state here that, after several engagements in which lives were lost—notably, the battle fought on the 18th of October, 1784, Colonel Dennison's house—a compromise was effected between the rival claimants, and the original settlers became secure in their homes.

The change of Wyoming from a pastoral to a mining country began early in the present century. In the fall of 1807 Abijah Smith, a boatman on the Susquehanna, for twenty dollars, and floated fifty tons of anthracite to Columbia, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, where it was put to the test as fuel. This was probably the first cargo of anthracite coal offered for sale in this or any other country, though it had occasionally been used in very small quantities before, general traffic was unknown before Abijah Smith began his operations.

The place from which this coal was taken was the old "outcrop" of the famous Washburn Mine at Plymouth, which is said to have been the first vein of anthracite coal opened in America, although some dispute this claim. It was mined from the surface with pick and shovel, the miners burrowing their way into the mountain side where the vein appeared, and

lowing its gradual dip into the bowels of the earth. At that time mining machinery was unknown in the Wyoming Valley. There were no shafts, no breakers, no steam and electrical appliances.

The work was done by hand, and without even the aid of drills and cartridges. Indeed, it was not until the demand for anthracite necessitated a more expeditious method of mining that John Flanagan was brought from Hartford, Conn., to instruct the miners in the use of gunpowder in their work. It is said that when Flanagan touched off his first blast in the Washington "outcrop" his fellow-laborers rushed out of the mine in terror, fully expecting the roof to collapse over their heads. When the coal had been broken in the mine, mule wagons were driven into the tunnels, the coal loaded into them, and then a long journey from the mountain to the river was begun over a steep, winding road. On reaching the Susquehanna the coal was dumped into arks and floated down stream to its destination.

It was not long, however, before it was discovered that Wyoming was one of the richest coal fields in Pennsylvania. Railroads were constructed and new methods of mining introduced. Shafts were sunk, and unsightly coal-breakers were erected in every part of the once-secluded region. Population poured in, little agricultural villages became thriving towns, and the Wyoming of history became the Wyoming of to-day. Yet even now the inhabitants of the valley are obliged to battle for their homes; to wage a continuous warfare with nature to get the means of sustenance. And this contest is not without its romances and tragedies.

In 1869, a year after the opening of the great Avondale Mine, at Plymouth, it was the scene of a terrible calamity. In those days the breakers, in which the coal is separated from the slate and sulphur, and crushed into different sizes for the market, were built over the shafts at the entrance to the mines. One hundred and ten miners were below in the different galleries, when the breaker of the Avondale caught fire, and the flames were sucked down the shaft into the bowels of the mine, setting all the slopes and galleries ablaze. All below ground perished. A law has since been passed by which it is made compulsory to place the breaker of a colliery at a safe distance from the shaft. In another mine, at Pittston, thirty miners were suffocated by a cave in of the roof about two years ago, and their bodies have never been recovered.

During my stay in Plymouth I was told of a

great misfortune that threatened the mining interests of Wyoming last April, and which, if it had not been averted in time, would have caused widespread suffering throughout the valley. From various causes the walls and roofs of the mines began to "squeeze" and collapse. It began in the Avondale and Nottingham Mines, and soon extended to other collieries.

There was a roaring in the lower galleries of the slopes. The big timbers sobbed and shivered, and here and there one cracked and burst into fragments beneath the sinking roof. The air gushed forth, driving the dreaded fire-damp before it. The miner in his distant chamber, "shooting" his stick of powder, would feel a damp breath caress his face. Then the spark of his "shot" would ignite the inflammable gas, which trailed, a luminous phantom, through the long galleries, driving the miners in terror before it.

The main shaft of the Avondale descends perpendicularly 275 feet. Slopes branch from the foot of this shaft to depths of 1,100 and 1,900 feet. A deep roaring sound, accompanied by occasional shocks, as of an earthquake, came from those lower regions, as here and there a wall sank beneath the crushing weight of slate and rock and coal. Huge blocks fell from the roofs of the galleries, and the miners retreated, extinguishing their lamps. The condition of affairs became so menacing that all hands were ordered above ground. Several other collieries ordered their workmen out on account of signs of danger in the galleries, and thousands of men were suddenly deprived of work.

Further up the valley, in the town of Wyoming, an event occurred which produced a panic among the inhabitants. At noonday, without the slightest warning, the post office and several adjoining buildings were seen to suddenly drop into the earth which yawned to receive them. People living near the scene of this extraordinary calamity became almost frantic with fear, and hastily left their houses which they momentarily expected to see go down into the gulf. Nor were their apprehensions lessened when miners came into the town in great excitement, and spread the news that the south tunnel of the Mount Lookout Colliery had fallen in, and that the galleries were filling with quicksand.

When the miners had recovered from the first shock produced by these events they applied themselves with commendable courage to prevent the damage from spreading. They had to contend with unknown and invisible forces—quicksand, flood and inflammable gases—but

they descended bravely into the dangerous mines and entered the combat like heroes. Gangs of experienced men busied themselves in strengthening the supports of the galleries; powerful pumps were run night and day to lower the water in the tunnels, and every known expe-

dient was applied to stem the tide of destruction. Success at last attended these efforts, and the mines were saved from abandonment; but is it not apparent that life in lovely Wyoming to-day is as hard a battle as it was in the days of our ancestors?



### "MERELY A PASSING PASSION."



**W**HEN a woman who has been pretty realizes that she is so no longer, she is apt to exaggerate her past charms. She is also apt to regard herself as singularly astute and honest, and to admire her own

sweet reasonableness in confessing it.

Lucy James was in some such mood, as she sat with her arms leaning on her dressing-table, looking at her own face in the glass. It was a thin face, and rather gray, the features well marked and refined, the eyes large and somber in expression. Abundant dark hair framed it—hair with a frivolous little ripple, singularly out of keeping with the sobriety of the rest.

There is one adjective which can be applied, by the elect, only to things to eat, and yet our ancestors would have thus qualified Lucy's face—her face was good. Six weeks ago it had been pretty as well, her cheeks pink, her eyes smiling.

Lucy had been jilted, and not over gently jilted. Her feelings were not complex, and she did not analyze them; but she was sensitive, and she felt pain quite as acutely as do more superior persons. Her father, Captain James, did not make things easier for her. He went about breathing fire and slaughter, and using nautical language against the man who had jilted her, so that the whole town of Bath was sorry for Lucy, and showed it. It is not surprising, therefore, that she lost her color, that her manner became shrinking, and her expression grew wan and sad.

Presently she stood up, and let down her hair. She was a tall girl, and now much too thin for her height. She shook the soft waves round her face, and looked in the glass again, sighing.

"My eyelashes and my hair are all that are left," she thought, sadly. Then she undressed, and read one of the little white books on her dressing-table, trying to believe that God must love her very dearly, inasmuch as He had

thought fit to chasten her so; and so to bed to lie wide-eyed and wakeful, thinking of that earthly love who had loved her so little.

Clarence Webster, the man in question, was an artist, and a fairly successful one. He had studied in Paris and Vienna, was thoroughly modern in manner, and had come to be looked upon as quite a rising young man. He looked upon himself as already risen. He was given to looking upon himself a good deal, from every point of view, and in every possible light. An ardent disciple of the great doctrine of self-development, he lived up to his beliefs with the help of some of his Bohemian friends.

His mother, a widow and an invalid, lived in Bath, and from time to time he spent some weeks with her, for he loved her and treated her prejudices tenderly. Moreover, he was fond of violent contrasts, considering rightly that they add a piquancy to life. He looked upon Bath as the product of an effete Philistinism, but its comfortable and Early Victorian respectability was restful after the glare and racket of Paris.

The scent of lavender is refreshing after too much *patchouli*, and it is sometimes pleasant to come across furniture to which cigarette ash would seem a desecration. Besides, he met Lucy, and she interested him. Her appearance satisfied his artistic tastes, while her simplicity and well-ordered life attracted him, as being the very antithesis of the lives he had recently been studying. He prided himself on his psychological acumen, and told Lucy that he read her "like an open book." Lucy was nothing loth to be so read, and when the reader and the human document are young, and the time is spring, that agreeable form of lunacy, called "falling in love," is almost sure to follow.

"I am too worn out, too world-weary to give you a love worthy of your own, my Lucy," Clarence would say, puckering up his forehead, as he gazed into Lucy's eyes—his own were large and blue and prominent.

"The love you give me is enough for me; I ask nothing more, or better, of Fate!" was Lucy's

invariable rejoinder. Then she would complacently tell herself that he idealized her, that she was in no way really fitted to be the mate of such a high-minded genius, but— And so they were really very happy, in a quiet commonplace sort of way, until Mrs. Van Schorer came to Bath.

Mrs. Van Schorer said she was English, but her appearance and her temperament belied her. She was small and decidedly plump, with that graceful, undulating walk that suggests more southern climes. Her eyes were dark and inscrutable; her hair, heavy and straight, and black. She wore it parted in the middle, in Madonna bands, and the result was quaint and uncommon. Her complexion was pale, her mouth big, and her teeth magnificent. She was nearly always dressed in black. Women called her ugly and fat. Men, whom she interested, called her "*une belle-laide, ronde et gracieuse.*"

Mr. Van Schorer lived in the Transvaal, with occasional visits to Paris; Mrs. Van Schorer lived in Paris, with occasional visits to England. She was artistic, and frequented the studios, and in one of these Clarence had met her two years before.

She asked him to her house—a charming *entresol* in the Champs Elysées—and she found him impressionable, and, for all his youthful cynicism, curiously fresh. So she proceeded to "form" him. He fell hopelessly in love with her, and to her own great surprise she fell in love with him. With Mr. Van Schorer she was on friendly terms; but she was quite indifferent to him, believing him to be equally indifferent to herself.

Both she and Clarence regarded conventions with extreme scorn. They lived in Paris, where no one criticised them, and they were careful not to excite criticism.

An average Englishwoman would have described Mrs. Van Schorer as "a new woman," in which, as in many other cases, the average Englishwoman would have been quite wrong. Mrs. Van Schorer was of a type as old as the lady celebrated by Joshua, whose habitation was upon the city wall. Like that same lady, she had many amiable qualities, and some great ones. She was not in the least "new," she was as old as femininity itself. To be sure, she had learned the jargon of a decadent philosophy. She talked glibly and cleverly enough of the injustice of existing marriage laws, and how those who defied them, facing contumely and insult in their time, were the martyrs, whose bodies quenched the fires of persecution for future gen-

erations. But, deep down in her own heart, she smiled her own inscrutable, tolerant smile, knowing full well that the welfare of future generations had nothing whatever to do with it; but that to get what one wants in this world is the aim of all sensible and healthily constituted mortals. In all these mysteries, however, she instructed Clarence with due seriousness and care. To profit by her teaching did Clarence seriously incline, and for a year and a day he found it all profoundly interesting.

Then he reflected that people weary at unequal rates, and, finding an atmosphere of cigarette smoke and cheap cynicism somewhat enervating, he went home to his mother. He carried her off to Arran for a month. There he lived out of doors, and the cobwebs were blown out of his brain by the salt west wind.

That winter he did not return to Paris, he worked in London; whither Mrs. Van Schorer came also. He saw a good deal of her, and she was content to be *bonne camarade*, seeming to acquiesce in his somewhat pompously expressed decision that for them friendship was possible and politic; anything more than friendship, irrelevant and unwise.

In the following spring he got engaged to Lucy. Shortly afterward, hearing that Mr. Van Schorer was dead, he wrote to condole with his friend on her bereavement. He had never met Mr. Van Schorer, and, under the circumstances, the letter was a difficult one to write. He did not mention his engagement.

One day, as he walked with Lucy up one of the hilly streets of Bath, he noticed a lady coming down on the opposite side. She was dressed in black, and she did not walk as women walk in Bath. Clarence felt his heart beat, and the blood quickened in his veins. Bath was very dull, and for a long time he had lived a life of virtuous vacuity.

When they came abreast of the lady she stopped, and Clarence left Lucy, with a hurried "Excuse me," and darted across the road, where she saw him shaking hands and talking excitedly with the unknown, whom she was pleased to designate as "a little fat woman."

Why is it that to the slim woman plumpness is so distasteful? Why should slimness be synonymous with refinement, and a gracious rotundity be accounted vulgar? Surely, the stout are not so hard upon their skinny sisters? They usually talk with comic melancholy of their own adipose tissue, and frankly admire the trim and tailor-made among their women friends.



Clarence soon came hurrying up the hill after Lucy, who had strolled on ahead.

"She is an old artist friend of mine," he explained, but he did not volunteer an introduction or ask Lucy to call upon her. He was absent and preoccupied during the rest of their walk; and when the captain pressed him to return to dinner he excused himself on the plea of having important letters to write. Lucy did not believe in those letters.

Mrs. Van Schorer had taken furnished apartments in the best part of Bath, and at nine o'clock that evening she lay on the sofa of the "first floor drawing-room," smoking a cigarette. Her pale cheeks were a little flushed, and her big, soft eyes shone with subdued radiance.

The room was characteristically untidy; strewn with books and papers, and half-finished sketches. There were no flowers, but a syphon of soda, with cognac and tumblers, adorned the table.

Presently Clarence came in. They did not greet one another, but Mrs. Van Schorer held out her hand to him, and he carried it to his lips.

She was, as usual, dressed in black, her white neck and shoulders bare, and absolutely unadorned. She had a curious little habit of slipping one shoulder out of her gown. Her "large, lovely arms" gleamed white under her flowing sleeves of shimmering chiffon. Clarence looked at her admiringly, but with a sense of impending evil. He felt he was to be hypnotized; but he had no power to resist. Some atmospheres are irresistible. He sat down at some distance from her.

Mrs. Van Schorer looked at him long and earnestly; then she said, simply, "Don't you think you are making a mistake?"

"We all of us make mistakes, otherwise life would be intolerable." Clarence tried to speak airily, and succeeded ill.

"When you know a mistake to be remediable, don't you think it is cowardly, and worse, to persist in it?"

As she spoke, she leant forward and held out her hands to him; the chiffon sleeves slipped back as she lifted her arms, showing their naked loveliness.

"Clarence, why do you marry this ridiculous girl? Have you forgotten, Clarence?"

Her voice was very musical, with a pathetic little break in it; a touch of some foreign accent gave a subtle distinction to her English.

Clarence Webster looked at the bewildering bundle of desire on the sofa. He crossed the

room and knelt down beside it, for the time being, the odor of patchouli quite overpowered the scent of lavender.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Van Schorer returned to town the next day, whither she was speedily followed by Clarence. That had happened which made it impossible he could go back to Lucy; and, in his rage at himself, he wrote, with perhaps unnecessary brutality, to tell her that all must be at an end between them. He had the decency not to offer to be her friend.

Lucy read between the lines, and submitted to the inevitable. Had she had the courage and the unconventionality to follow Clarence to London and insist upon an interview, all might have been different. But she had neither the one nor the other, and, for Lucy James, life was as gray as her face, and could only be written with a small "l."

Clarence did not marry Mrs. Van Schorer, as she had certainly intended him to do. She has since gone out to the Transvaal to look after her very considerable property there. He rented a studio in West Kensington, and, spending a good deal of time in the analysis of his own somewhat complex emotions, found that he could not paint quite so well as he did.

Time is a keen bargainer, and takes care to get good value for his wares. For everything he gives us he takes something away, and Clarence came to the conclusion that development is a succession of suicides.

\* \* \* \* \*

One afternoon, toward Christmas, just as it was growing dusk and as he sat smoking by the studio fire, and wondering why he had ever been born, there was a knock at the outer door—a fluttering, uncertain sort of knock, like that of a child.

He crossed the little passage and opened the door; the gas on the staircase was not lit, but in the semi-darkness he recognized the outline of the tall, girlish figure standing there.

"Lucy!" he cried, incredulously. "Lucy! You!"

The girl was trembling and could not speak. He led her in and put her in an armchair; then she held out a letter to him, saying, timidly: "Will you read it, and tell me if it is true? It was forwarded to me from home this morning. I am staying in Vere Street with Uncle Henry."

Clarence turned on the light, and silently took the letter. Lucy leant back in her chair, grasping the arms to stay her trembling hands. He noticed how thin she was, and pale, and for a

minute everything was blurred by the tears that came into his eyes.

The letter, in a handwriting he knew well, bore an African postmark, and began, abruptly, thus :

"It has struck me lately that it is not fair that you should be punished for my fault. I noticed you that day in Bath, and you are the sort of girl who will take life hard. You probably love Clarence Webster ; it has been a grief to you to lose him ; there is no necessity. Such love as he is capable of you have had, and can have again if you wish it. What he felt for me was merely a passing passion, which does not, in any

way, affect his feeling for you. You probably think it all very terrible and shocking ; you are only a girl, probably a tender and foolish one, who knows nothing of life. If, when you get this, you still care for him, tell him what I have said, and try to believe that I bear you no sort of ill-will,

"VICTORIA VAN SCHORER."

The letter fluttered from his hand, and he went and knelt by Lucy.

"Can you forgive me, my dear, my dear?"

For answer Lucy put her arms about his neck.

"I have been so miserable !" she said.



"NEAR SOME FINE COOL SPRING."

## CANOE CRUISING AND THE CRUISING CANOE.

By COMMODORE F. R. WEBB.

**T**HE exact origin of the canoe is lost in the hazy mists of antiquity, but it is generally considered to be of American origin ; in which event it was doubtless discovered by Columbus simultaneously with that other noted discovery of his—the New World—when the savages swarmed alongside his ships in their peculiar boats called canoes ; and the early explorers and historians have freely described, in language quaint and spelling phonetic, the peculiar appearance of this light and graceful craft, and its primitive construction ; whether hollowed out of a poplar log by fire and ax, as they are still constructed and used on the rivers of the Middle Western States, or delicately fashioned out of birch bark and floating like a leaf on the water.

It is safe to assert, however, that, while he may have fashioned his frail craft with the most exquisite delicacy from the fragile bark of the birch, and guided it with unerring skill down the seething rapids of his native mountain

streams, and paddled as silently as the fleeting shadows across the mirror-like surfaces of the lakes and bays of his native haunts, the noble red man in his most poetic dreams did not conceive of the modern sailing canoe, with its big wing-like sails of varied design, its sliding seat, its centerboard, drop-rudder and other complexities. Indeed, the sailing canoe, as it stands in its perfection of to-day, is of quite modern origin, and its proper handling may well be classed as one of the fine arts.

That the sport is a manly and fascinating one the numerous regattas of the various canoe clubs throughout the country, the large and enthusiastic annual meets of the American and Western Canoe Associations, with their exciting races for handsome trophies, and the able, interesting and well-illustrated magazine articles which have appeared from time to time, will fully affirm.

Canoeing in its different forms offers a wide range of possibilities, from a short paddle of a few hours or an afternoon's sail on lake or river



"A FEW IDYLIC DAYS AND NIGHTS IN CAMP."

to racing for a prize in an American Canoe Association regatta, or a voyage of hundreds of miles down some beautiful swift stream, or under sail along the coast of sea or lake.

One of the most delightful possibilities of the canoe, however—one that has been very little written about, and the one above all others for which it is pre-eminently fitted—is its adaptability for long camping trips or cruises, made with the paddle alone, in which the canoeist, beginning high up some narrow, rapid stream, perchance but a boat's length or so in width, or even launching his canoe in the very springs or pools where the stream takes its rise, traces it down its ever widening and deepening course, through varying lights and shades, and charming, idyllic bits of scenery for days and weeks; making a landing, as night approaches, by some cold spring welling forth from the bank, or near some picturesque old farmhouse, where supplies in the shape of butter, milk and eggs may be procured; where he draws his canoe ashore, and from its stores cooks a savory supper over the glowing coals, or, better still, on the little sheet-iron camp-stove; and, after the evening pipe and quiet chat with the companions of the cruise around the bright little blaze of a camp-fire, turns in to spend the night in the comfortable nest of blankets in the cockpit of the canoe under the shelter of the cozy little tent.

Nerve, skill and address are brought into play to safely run the boiling, rock-studded rapids—a sport in its way as exhilarating and exciting as coasting a hill on a bicycle or flying before a stiff wind in a sailboat, and with the added spice of personal risk, for the least error in judgment or the first false turn or stroke of a paddle may involve disaster more or less serious, while the

quieter reaches of the stream are restful and reposeful in their idyllic beauty as they faithfully give back the overhanging trees, lofty bluffs and floating clouds in their mirror-like surfaces.

A canoe camp may be made on ground where any other form of camp is impracticable, as the canoeist erects his tent over his canoe and sleeps in it; consequently, while a nice, level, turfy camp-ground is as acceptable to the canoeist as to less favored campers, a camp may be made when necessary on a rocky point or sand-bar, or against the side of a steep bank, or anywhere that a canoe can find lodgment; and I have even slept in my canoe afloat, safely moored to the shore with bow and stern painters.

If the large rivers, coasts and lakes of America afford the finest waters in the world for the sailing canoe—as they assuredly do—the innumerable streams, small and large, that abound in every State in the Union furnish no less attractive waters for the inland cruiser; and of every variety, from the still, sluggish, cypress lined bayous of the South, and the tranquil, pastoral streams of the Middle and Western States to the bold, swift mountain streams that abound all along the Appalachian ranges of the East and the great mountain systems of the West.

The range of country through which the canoeist may cruise, with its attendant varieties of scenery and climate, is as varied as his choice of streams. He may drop down a quiet pastoral stream lined with towering white-trunked sycamores and gracefully drooping willows, where his eye rests on well-tilled fields of waving grain, and fenced pasture lands, where the cattle are seen grazing, or perchance standing flank deep in the water in some shady nook, gazing at him in mild-eyed wonder as they stand swishing their

sides with wet tails and contemplatively chewing their cud. He will drift by noble forests and thrifty-looking farmhouses. The stream will be spanned by frequent picturesque bridges and followed by well-traveled roads. He will paddle through still, lake-like expanses to picturesque, dusty old mills, whose drowsy hum mingles with the musical drone of the water as it lazily tumbles over the dam, over which he will portage his canoe by the simple expedient of sliding it head-first into the water below, if there be sufficient depth; or perchance, if the dam is not too high, and if there is a sufficient flow of water over it, and he possesses the requisite nerve, he takes a flying leap and jumps it. He will drift gently past sleepy little villages, whose inhabitants will gaze after him with a mild curiosity; and past populous towns and busy cities, where the screech of locomotive and factory whistles, the din of bells and the clang of hammers will assail his ears and speed him past to quieter and more reposeful reaches.

Or, if he be of a more adventurous turn of mind, he may shoot swiftly down some rapid, rock-studded mountain stream, where the bold, precipitous cliffs and lofty bluffs shoulder the river right and left as it frets and chafes over the rocky ledges at their bases, and the mountains rear their massive peaks and domes aloft to the clouds to right and left of him, adding majesty and impressiveness to the wild scenery; where

the only signs of civilization are the occasional cabins of the mountaineers perched on the flanks and shoulders of the mountain spurs and foothills, while here and there a bridge near some primitive, straggling hamlet traces its slender iron filaments against the great green background of mountain and bluff; or perchance a railroad takes advantage of the gaps in the mountains worn by the stream, and encroaches on its banks after the manner of railroads, which push everywhere; and the scream of the engine whistle quivers upon the startled air, and echoes and reverberates among the wild fastnesses, disturbing the solemn repose and stillness, erstwhile broken only by the murmuring plaint of the river rippling among the rocks, or the hoarse roar of the rapids and falls as the stream dashes headlong in whitened surges over the reefs and ledges; with the rustling of the leaves, tossed and tumbled by the breeze, the twitter of birds and the far-off cry of the fish-hawk—sounds more in keeping with the wild, impressive scenery.

The Connecticut, the Upper Hudson, the Delaware, the

Juniata, the Susquehanna, the Potomac, the Shenandoah, the James, and many similar streams have been cruised and written about in the columns of the various journals devoted to out of door sports; while the canoeist's paddle has also been dipped in the Alleghany, the Muskingum, the Kanawha, the Miami, the Ohio, the Wabash, the Tippecanoe, the Wiscon-



"AT THE APPROACH OF NIGHT."



"HE TAKES A FLYING LEAP AND JUMPS IT."  
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"IN WHITENED SURGES."

sin and numerous other streams of the same character, which afford quite as interesting, if less exciting, waters; and the great Father of Waters himself has tempted more than one hardy cruiser to trace out the mystery of his birth, and follow his shallow, brook-like course down to where he attains manhood's stature,



PATCHING THE CANOE.

survey of the country through which he is journeying. He lands at picturesque, mossy-roofed old farmhouses for a drink of cool water from the bottom of a deep well; into whose reflective depths he lowers the green, dripping bucket by means of the primitive sweep, and bargains for supplies with the inmates of the



A GOOD SPOT FOR A RAINY DAY.



A SUNNY SUPPER.

and meets civilization in the shape of mills, factories and steam-boats.

The true cruiser is never in a hurry. He takes life easily as he drifts leisurely down his chosen stream, indifferent as to whether his day's run be five or twenty-five miles; and avoids all attempt at "making time"—that bane of all true sport—even to the extent of shortening the objective point of his cruise, if time be limited. He lies by on some shady bank during the heat of the day, where he enjoys his midday repast, and spends two or three delightfully lazy hours with book and pipe, or in the enjoyment of a refreshing siesta. He pokes the investigating nose of his canoe into the retired little nooks and creeks and shady coves, which put into or out of the stream, as he drifts along. He climbs lofty bluffs and gets a comprehensive



THE RAILROAD THROUGH THE GAP IN THE MOUNTAIN.

house; rewarded sometimes with a glance from a pair of bright, shy eyes, and a fleeting glimpse of a pretty face. He strolls contemplatively through the grass-grown streets of retired little villages, nestled here and there in out-of-the-way bends of the river; left behind by the railroad and forgotten by the rest of the world;

or with critical and approving eye he jostles his way along the crowded sidewalks and busy streets of thriving towns and prosperous cities.

He finds a beautiful spot near some fine, cold spring welling out of the river bank, whose waters spread like a sheet of varnish over golden sands, as they ripple their way into the river, and spends a few idyllic days and nights idly and restfully in camp, than which no episode of the cruise will be remembered in after days with greater pleasure. If he be an humble follower

of Isaak Walton he will have ample opportunity in which to pursue his favorite sport. At every camp or lunch place he may make a few casts, some of which are sure to be rewarded with a rise; while a collar of flies at the end of 50 feet or so of line, trailed over the stern of the moving canoe, where the water is not too quick; or a phantom minnow cast from side to side, and slowly drawn in through the water, will tempt more than one gamey bass during the day's cruise. A day or so in camp at some likely fishing place will also be apt to be full of reward to the angler.

In short, canoeing is not a rapid sport, like bicycling, or riding or driving, but is a quiet, lazy, dreamy sort of existence, where just to drop quietly down the stream, or linger reposefully on grassy banks under shady trees, and listen

fortable mattress, tent, etc., has departed almost as far from the primitive birch and dugout of the aborigines as has the sailing canoe, although the open Canadian canoe, which is modeled closely after the craft of the Indian, is quite popular, and is much used for cruising.

The cruising canoe in its perfection, however, carries but one person and his stores and equipments. It must be light and small, so as to be easily handled and controlled in swift water as

well as easily portaged over or around mill-dams, falls and impassable rapids, and easily drawn ashore for the night's camp and launched again next morning for the day's cruise; therefore it is seldom over 14 feet in length and from 26 to 30 inches beam. It must be of light draught and quick to turn with the paddle, which is of the double-



A ROCK-STUDDED MOUNTAIN STREAM.



"THE BOILING ROCK-STUDDED RAPIDS."



"THE HOARSE ROAR OF THE RAPIDS."

to the musical plash of the water, the shimmer of the leaves and the twitter of the birds seems all there is of life for the time being—albeit plentifully interspersed with sport of the most exciting character, if the river be full of rapids and falls.

The modern cruising canoe, with its decks, its hatches, its double-bladed paddle, its com-



THE QUIETER REACHES OF THE STREAM.

bladed variety, some 7 or 8 feet long, and is wielded by the canoeist from a seat a little aft of amidships of his craft—facing forward, of course; therefore it has a broad, flat floor, a broad, flat keel of but little depth, and is well rounded away at both bow and stern, the two ends being alike. No provision is made for centerboard, rudder or





"BY SOME COLD SPRING."

sail, which, indeed, are but useless encumbrances.

The bottom must be well protected from sharp rocks and reefs, with which it must inevitably come in sharp and frequent contact; hence it is protected by an oak keel, three inches broad and one-half an inch deep, with from two to five bilge keels of oak or pine, an inch wide and a quarter of an inch thick, on each side of the keel.

While open canoes are much in vogue for cruising, still some protection from the weather as well as from the rough water of the rapids is demanded, both for the canoeist and his stores; hence the canoe is usually and preferably decked. Plenty of room, however, is demanded, both for sleeping and stowage purposes; hence the cockpit should be large and roomy, being amply covered by tightly fitting hatches, which will effectually exclude rain and seas. A cockpit of 8 feet in length by 20 inches wide amidships will be found most comfortable and satisfactory, as it practically combines the advantages of the open canoe with the security and protection of the decked craft.

Next to the canoe itself the most important feature of the cruiser's outfit is his tent. Various forms of canoe tents are in use, from the simple shelter afforded by a rubber sheet thrown over a paddle, to

the cozy, compact little tent known as the Mohican tent, which is, beyond a doubt, the most comfortable and effective canoe shelter yet devised. This is a square-topped, oblong tent, long enough to cover the entire open cockpit, and the width of the canoe in breadth, and about 3 feet high. The top is about half as wide, and 2 or 3 feet shorter than the bottom. A light line is rove into each end

of the top, and the tent is erected by lashing these lines to the masts of a sailing canoe; but our cruising canoes are not provided with masts, so the tent is supported on light pine standards a little higher than the tent, one at each end, the feet of which spread apart like the points of a pair of compasses, and rest on the gunwales of the canoe, while the lines, which pass over the tops of the standards, are made fast to the painter rings at bow and stern of the canoe.

The tent is secured all round at the bottom to screw-eyes under the gunwales or fenders. This method is quick, simple and secure, and no storm short of a hurricane can tear the tent from its fastenings. This tent is usually made of awning cloth of some pretty striped pattern, blue and white preferred, with the top of white duck. The top is usually oiled, but no waterproofing



"ON GRASSY BANK."



A CAPSIZE.



GETTING OVER AN OBSTRUCTION.

other than the mildew-proof process usually used at the sailmaker's, where the awning goods and duck are procured, is necessary for the sides and ends of the tent. No form of camp is more picturesque and attractive than a canoe camp where this style of tent is used, and I know of no form of tent which affords as much solid comfort in all kinds of weather.

A light dining fly of awning cloth adds but little weight and bulk to the cruising outfit, and affords an excellent assembling place for the party on a rainy day, when its convenience for loafing purposes is inestimable.

The sleeping outfit of the canoeist varies according to his tastes and ideas of comfort. A rubber sheet and a pair of blankets are indispensable, while a compact folding hair mattress, about five feet long and a foot and a half wide, is a luxury which, once indulged in, will never be discarded. It serves as a seat by day, and is not in the way, while its weight is inconsiderable. Both mattress and blankets are carried in oiled bags of light duck or heavy drilling. An air-pillow is also a luxury which will be appreciated by the canoeist who once uses it. It may be slipped inside of the mattress bag in packing, and its weight and bulk will not be felt.

No form of out-of-door traveling or camping offers better protection from the weather on a rainy day, either ashore or afloat, than does the cruising outfit. With hatches tightly closed, apron drawn well up over his breast, and the corners tucked in aft; and an oiled

muslin or rubber cape, or short coat, coming well down in front and behind, over the apron and end of the aft hatch—the whole outfit crowned with a heavy sou'wester hat—the cruiser may continue his cruise in defiance of the heaviest rains; or may lie by, up under the bank or floating idly in the still water under the dripping trees, until the storm passes over, for if there are rapids or falls to run it is not safe to attempt them with the rain beating on the water, as the surface indications are thereby obscured, and the canoeist is liable to strike the rocks, with the imminent risk of scoring a capsize; and, aside from the actual peril of such a mishap, hampered as he is by his apron and rubber coat, a capsize at all times has its disadvantages, particularly so in rainy weather.

On a rainy day in camp the cruiser may hobnob sociably with his comrades beneath the shelter of the fly, or may seek the seclusion of his tent. Some of the pleasantest afternoons and evenings I have ever spent on a cruise have been passed in the delicious coziness of my snug



CRUISING PARTY AFLOAT.

little cabin—lying flat on my back in my warm nest of blankets with book and pipe, or in a restful, half-waking doze, lulled by the drowsy patter of the rain on my canvas roof.

A chapter might easily be written descriptive of the rest of the cruiser's outfit. The camp-stove—a sheet-iron box—about a foot and a half long, a foot wide and half as deep; the mess chest, a light wooden box of about the same dimensions, covered with oiled canvas, which contains small supplies of coffee, sugar, butter, lard, salt, pepper, etc., packed in small, square tin boxes; the cooking utensils, which are so planned and constructed that the different articles all nest together, and are contained in a large tin pail; which, in turn, in company with the coal-oil can, two joints of three-inch stove-pipe, tin cups, soap box and divers and sundry other useful articles, are carried in the stove; which, inverted, becomes a handy box for this purpose.

By no means least among the many advantages of cruising is the very moderate expense involved. Exclusive of the first cost of the outfit, my cruises cost me on an average of but little if anything over a dollar a day, and this—when the cruise does not take me over two hundred miles distant from home—includes my railroad fare and freight on my canoe back home at the end of the cruise, as well as transportation to the starting point when the cruise was begun. The first cost of the outfit varies, according to the taste and means of the prospec-

tive canoeist. The canoe itself with its fittings will cost from \$50.00 to \$150.00. If the canoeist is of a mechanical turn of mind he may construct his own canoe and tent at an outlay not exceeding the cost of the materials. A good deal of prejudice exists in some quarters against the canvas canoe; but, properly designed and constructed, it is entirely trustworthy, and, like the pneumatic bicycle tire, will stand a surprising deal of hard usage, and a good serviceable canvas canoe is within the reach of any man who possesses a fair supply of carpenter's tools, together with the requisite ability to use them. In the course of my canoing experience I have constructed and used several of these canoes, and the average cost of each has ranged from \$12.00 to \$15.00. While I have occasionally scored a puncture, I have never yet had one to fail me, although I have knocked and banged my canoes about in the falls and rapids of our mountain streams in a manner which would have assuredly wrecked a cedar boat of the same weight. If torn or punctured the canvas is quickly and easily repaired by plastering a canvas patch over the wound by means of a composition of boiling resin and grease, which hardens quickly, when the patch is impervious to water and sticks like a postage stamp.

That cruising is a fascinating sport is affirmed by the fact that but few who take it up ever abandon it, and it may be truly said of it that there is no form of outdoor sport which surpasses it.



IN CAMP.

## MAUDE CONWAY'S BROTHER.

### CHAPTER I.



OME of the guests were sitting in the parlor, and of course they were grumbling, as they sometimes will when two or three are gathered together.

"That new waiter is terrible," little Miss Monk was saying. "He snatches one's plate away before one can swallow the last mouthful. And, then, did you notice the vegetables yesterday—dreadful, weren't they? I call it disgraceful not to give us new potatoes this time of year!"

Miss Monk was a regular boarding-house lady. She flitted from one such home to another as the season changed. When she visited a new resort she made a tour of inspection of all the other boarding-houses, and weighed their respective merits with critical severity. It was an occupation which never failed to interest, and she was looked upon by others of her class as an authority of considerable weight.

"But," demurred a stout, good-natured-looking woman, who had a home of her own, and had only come for a little change, "do you know how dear they are still? You really can hardly expect Miss Brown to supply them yet; her terms are so very moderate."

"They had them at Seaweed House yesterday," was the sharp reply. "Miss Coleclough told me so, and she pays less than I do."

Here the door opened and the ladies paused in their chat to see who was coming in, because it might be Miss Brown herself. But no; it was not that long-suffering woman. It was only a slender girl dressed in deep mourning, and with a book in her hand. She smiled and nodded at the little group, and then stepped through the long window on to the balcony which ran along the front of the house. Before the conversation had resumed its flow she was followed by a tall man, who likewise vanished through the lace curtains. The little party of gossips looked significantly at each other and nodded wise heads.

"That's a case," whispered one.

"Quite evident," said Miss Monk. "Of course she is very pretty, but don't you think it is rather odd that she is here quite alone, and nobody seems to know who she is? This brother, too, whom she talks about—he is a long time appearing"

But Maude Conway was a favorite among the boarders, and nobody seemed inclined to follow Miss Monk's lead on that subject, so they relapsed into the discussion of the waiter's want of polish.

Meanwhile, outside on the balcony, Maude Conway and her companion were conversing in low tones. Below them lay the garden, and beyond was the pier which formed one side of the entrance to the harbor curved out into the blue ruffled waters of the bay, and further still there was a vista of white cliffs shining faintly in the afternoon sunlight. Brown sails and white sails bent and courtesied in the breeze; the gulls poised themselves, circling and screaming; a bustling little steam-tug puffed noisily away with a couple of barges from the harbor dredger. All was full of sunshine, light and color, but the two on the balcony did not heed it much, and only saw it vaguely through a vail of passionate personal interests.

"You are very rash, Mr. Raymond," the girl was saying, "you know nothing of me."

"I know you through and through," he replied, eagerly. As he sat a little behind her he looked down on the soft brownness of her hair and caught the beautiful curve of her side face. Her eyes—they were hazel, large and wistful—were fixed on that stretch of ruffled blue sea, which one moment was indigo, then streaked with emerald green, and now brilliant as lapis-lazuli. "Do you think," he went on, after a moment's pause, "that you can deceive anyone with such a face as yours?"

"Is it such a tell-tale?" she said, glancing at him for an instant, with something that resembled alarm in her eyes. "But, then—even if you think you know me, how about other things? I may have very bad relations."

"Is that all?" he rejoined. "What does it matter about relations? I want you! If your relations were—were—"

He paused, as if trying to think of the most terrible hypothesis in the world.

The girl had been fanning herself slowly with an Indian straw fan, but at his words the movement stopped an instant and then went on a little irregularly. For a moment her breath stopped also, but her companion did not notice it. nor did he see that her naturally pale cheeks were grown whiter.

"If," he went on, passionately, "you told me that I was utterly disagreeable to you I would go away, but—but——"

"Hush," she said, putting up her hand as if to shield herself from his protestations. "Oh, if we must finish this! There is no question about liking or disliking. I shall never marry. I have a very different life cut out for me. I entreat you to—to believe what I say: that there are circumstances in—my—life which make such a thing impossible."

"I don't believe it," he said, sturdily. "You are allowing yourself to be carried away by some Quixotic notion. Whatever the obstacles may be, if you will only trust me I feel sure I can overcome them. I see that you have had heavy sorrows; well, let me share them. Let me try to help you! Do you not understand that I would do anything to serve you? I would die for you!"

"Would you tell a lie for me?" she said, suddenly, turning as she spoke, and looking him full in the eyes with the strangest, saddest gaze.

He was so surprised that he almost gasped.

"Tell a lie?" he faltered, staring at her, his face falling, changing. "You could—not wish that, I am sure!"

He paused in utter confusion.

"Ah," she said, rising to her feet with a little laugh, half bitter, half amused. "You see how soon your 'anything' limits itself. Well, I must go now. I have promised to drive with dear old Miss Fadel. By-the-way, some of the others are suggesting an expedition to-morrow to the Swannery. Do you think it will rain?"

Raymond looked keenly round the horizon; he knew something of the weather on that coast.

"No, I do not think it will rain, but we may have a fog."

"A fog?" There was a quick tone in her voice which struck him. "Do you really think there will be a fog?"

"Why, do you imagine it is a rare event?" he said, half smiling. "Have you never seen a sea fog?"

"Not often," she answered; but she flushed slightly, and there was a little contraction of the brows as if she were annoyed at herself for having betrayed an interest which might seem childish. "But it will be no use to go to the Swannery if it is so, and just now I do not care to be long away, as my brother may come any minute, and I should be vexed to be absent when he arrives."

"But won't he write?"

"Oh, no," she answered, hurriedly, "he

never writes; he—he hates it so. I never know when he is coming till he arrives."

She passed into the house, and after a minute or two Raymond went away also and strolled down to the pier, where he stood staring down at the swaying waters, crossed and recrossed with tiny ripples as the incoming tide caught the harbor flow.

## CHAPTER II.

RAYMOND proved a true weather prophet. The next morning the world was lost in a white, vaporous fog, which rose and fell, and wavered, and deepened, making all indistinct and illusory. It lay in heavy wreaths across the harbor, and wrapped the island in a dense white veil, through which now and then some object loomed mysteriously for a moment, then was lost again.

There was no question of going to the Swannery. Maude came down early, so early that there were only one or two of the guests at the breakfast-table, and then she slipped away quietly. A few minutes later she was hastening to the station, a gray dust cloak over her black dress, and soon was sitting alone in a train for the island. But it seemed a little curious, if anyone had noticed it, that though she was alone she had taken two return tickets.

There were no sightseers this morning, only a few business folk; soldiers returning from leave to their quarters; women with parcels and baskets. In her shabby cloak Maude slipped unnoticed among them, and toiled up the hill, past the quarries and into the little gray town where she stopped at the door of one of the little houses, which had a somewhat trimmer and brighter look than its neighbors. There was a crimson geranium in blossom in the window, and two pots of ferns between the lace and curtains that shielded the little apartment from the gaze of the passers-by.

Her knock was answered by a quiet-looking, middle-aged woman, and the girl passed unquestioned into the little parlor, the woman following as soon as she had closed the door.

"Will it be to-day, Priscilla?" Maude spoke in low, unsteady tones. "Oh, do you think the fog is thick enough to-day?"

The woman peered out of the window. Just then it was impossible to see across the street, but a moment later a light breath of air sent the vapor swirling aside for an instant.

"The fog is thick enough, Miss Maude," she answered, slowly; "but it ain't only the fog. There are other things, you see, to hinder or help—lots of things."

"You think he quite understands where the house is?"

"As far as it was possible to send him word. I am sure Jack has done his best, besides, he remembers the place a bit. Dear, dear! we little thought in those years that we would ever be planning this. And he knows about the geranium and the ferns, though to my mind it's more likely that he'll come across the field at the back. But I have kept them plants, though I have had to spend a lot of money on them."

"Oh, never mind the money, Priscilla. I have plenty now. Ah, if I had only had it sooner!"

"I don't see what more you could have done than was done, miss, even if your cousin had died before the trial."

"I could have had better lawyers to defend him," answered the girl, impatiently. "The man we had was such a blunderer. And that fellow who gave false evidence—it was the Hattericks who bribed him. I could have made it worth his while to speak the truth. Of course it was Allan Hatterick who took the money, and not my poor Rob."

The woman nodded slowly.

"Yes," she said, "of course it was Mr. Allan had the money. He was always clever, far cleverer than Master Rob. If I didn't feel certain of that, I'd have no hand in this job. Let him that does the wrong be punished, says I, be he the highest or lowest in the land."

Priscilla paused a moment, as if meditating on this statement of opinion; then she added, in a different tone:

"But you had better have a bit of luncheon, Miss Maude, you left early."

She went away as she spoke, and returned carrying a small tray in her hand.

"I've brought you a sandwich, miss. I got a half ham, so as to have something allers ready in the house. And I bought a bottle of claret, just the same as you used to have."

The girl's eyes filled with sudden tears as Priscilla's homely words recalled a vivid picture of the quiet, old home with its peaceful pleasures, and many economies, where this good faithful woman had been their only servant. That home was broken up now forever. The mother dead, the brother worse than dead, as many thought, and she left alone in the midst of a hard and callous world, where her very name brought cold looks or curious inquiries. "Sister of that wretched young man who robbed the bank, and has got five years' penal servitude, is she? Ah, poor thing!" And then friends and

neighbors went by on the other side. Now wealth had come, and with it a change of name; quite unexpected wealth, through the death of an almost unknown cousin, and there had sprung up a purpose in Maude Conway's mind as to the first use to make of it.

To please Priscilla she ate a little of the sandwich and drank a glass of wine, and then the two sat silent, the maid with her knitting, Maude too nervous and excited to do anything but listen, as if her soul was in her ears. At every sound in the street she started and peered cautiously from behind the white curtains which veiled the window. But it was always some casual passer-by, who did not stop at Beulah Cottage. Then a clock struck twelve.

"It cannot be now!"

The words were hardly out of Priscilla's mouth when a sound was heard in the back room which opened on to a tiny strip of garden, beyond which was a desolate stretch of bare, arid land. The two women sprang to their feet and rushed thither, and there, just inside the half-glass door, stood a man, wild-eyed, panting, dressed in rough, coarse clothes, with strange stripes upon them.

"Rob, Rob!" The girl flung her arms round his neck. "Oh, Rob, my darling, you have done it!"

"Yes," he gasped, his words coming between panting sobs, witnesses both of swift running and intense excitement. "Yes, all right, Maudie—thanks to you."

"Hark!" cried Priscilla, as the dull sound of a gun struck through the heavy air. "They have found out. Hurry, hurry upstairs and change your clothes. Run up with him, Miss Maude, and get them out. I'll bring some hot water, quick, quick!"

The girl flew upstairs, followed by the man, with long nervous strides. She pulled open a closet and tossed out a gray knickerbocker suit on to the bed. From a cupboard she produced a wig and a false moustache. Before she had everything ready, tie, shirt, collar, gaiters, Priscilla was up with a can of hot water. Then the two women went down, and Priscilla hurriedly spread the table for luncheon.

"You are my young lady and gentleman come to see me." She explained her plan as she swiftly arranged knives and plates. "I have been telling the neighbors a lot about you, and they won't be surprised a bit. But now I am going outside. Don't you see how excited everyone is getting? If I don't go out they will wonder and fancy things, perhaps."



In the street little knots of people were gathering, talking and pointing. A sudden excitement had thrilled the gray, drear, stony place. Priscilla, stepping outside, found herself at once in the midst of such a group, and Maude by the window could hear the conversation.

"What is it?" asked Priscilla of a neighbor, a stout, elderly woman. "Has anything happened, Mrs. Loftus?"

"Didn't you hear the gun?" was the excited reply. "There's one of 'em got loose!"

"Sakes alive! What, one of the prisoners?" exclaimed Priscilla, becoming excited also. "Why, you don't say so? But sure he'll never get off. Yes, I heard the gun, but I never thought what it meant, for I was that busy getting lunch, 'cos my young lady and her brother, them as I used to live with, you know, have come over to see me. Lor! I must go in and tell them."

Priscilla ran in, and after a minute or so ran out again, followed by Maude and by a tall man in gray knickerbockers and bicycle jacket. He wore spectacles, and had short, dark curly hair, and a long, drooping moustache. He lounged against the doorpost with his hands in his pockets, listening, with a half-amused air, as his sister and Priscilla asked a hundred questions of the bystanders.

"Here be two of the guards!" cried the women in the street, as two men in uniform came along asking questions, and pausing here and there to enter a house. As they reached Beulah Cottage the gentleman accosted them.

"Hallo!" he said, carelessly, "lost one of your fellows, eh?"

"Yes, sir," answered one of the men, civilly. "A man hooked it in the fog—fearful dense this morning."

"Any chance for him, poor fellow?" asked the stranger, with a laugh.

The man shook his head.

"He'll be clever if he gets away. This is an island, this is!"

"Yes, and he'll be caught by his clothes, won't he?" the gentleman went on.

"Guess he has another suit somewhere," grumbled the man.

"Some one was sayin' just now," interrupted Priscilla, "that they saw a man runnin' like mad toward Smithfield. P'r'aps he's hid among the trees there!"

"We'll soon catch him if he is," said the guards, as they went off.

The tall gentleman gazed after them with a peculiar expression in his gray eyes. One of

them happened to be the warder who had locked him into his cell every night for the last six months.

"A man seems to be chiefly known by his clothes," he murmured to himself, as he turned into the house and sat down to partake of that half ham which Priscilla had always ready.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was quite an excitement among the guests when Maude Conway appeared at dinner-time and introduced her brother. Little Miss Monk was almost disappointed, for she had nearly decided that the brother was a myth—a masculine Mrs. Harris.

"Why, where did you meet?" she said, sharply.

"At the station," said Maude, tranquilly. "Rob wanted to surprise me, so he had not written. But it was lucky I saw him, for I was going to see an old servant of ours who lives over at the island, so Rob went with me; Priscilla was so delighted to see him! And do you know," she went on, after an almost imperceptible pause, "there was such an excitement over there! One of the prisoners has escaped!"

"Ah! I heard so just now," said Raymond. "They are sending search parties through the town."

"Oh, I hope they won't send one here!" cried Miss Daly. Miss Daly was a vivacious young person of uncertain age—a sort of elderly girl, in fact. "Miss Brown, suppose they want to search the house!"

"They are welcome as far as I am concerned," replied Miss Brown, tranquilly; "I am not one to have a convict on the premises. I suppose you did not see anything of the runaway, Mr. Conway?"

For a moment the gentleman addressed did not answer; he did not seem to hear till his sister touched his elbow. It flashed through Raymond's mind that the stranger had not quite recognized his own name; he dismissed the idea the moment after as absurd, but an instinctive feeling of distrust of the newcomer was more difficult to shake off.

"We—oh, no!" the stranger answered, quickly. "The mist was so thick, there was no seeing anything; but Priscilla—that is our old servant, you know—fancied she saw some one running."

"I wonder if he will get off?" said Miss Brown.

"It is hardly probable," said Raymond, "unless he has accomplices, and clever ones. His clothes would betray him at once."

"But they do escape sometimes," cried the

elderly girl. "Don't you know the story all the people tell about the man who got away and sent his clothes to the warden by mail, with his compliments and thanks, and that he had no further use for them."

"That man had a sense of humor," laughed Conway. "But one of the guards I spoke to did not seem to think the poor fellow had much chance."

"Do you know this part of the world at all, Mr. Conway?" said the elderly girl who sat next him, much to her satisfaction. Miss Daly preferred the society of men greatly to that of her own sex, of whom she found a tedious monotony at the boarding-houses she frequented.

"Not very well," he replied. "We were here one summer when we were all children. By the way, I see you have steamers running from here to the city."

"Yes, they go every night."

"I was saying to my sister that we must run up to the city for a week, and then come back. I am longing for a sea-trip."

"I am going up to town on Thursday," struck in Raymond, "and shall be glad to have company. Won't you take the trip then?"

The brother and sister glanced at each other; there was interrogation in Conway's eyes, then a flash of agreement. He replied, with civil thanks, that such an arrangement would be very agreeable to them.

### CHAPTER III.

"I THINK, sir, you must come with me."

Robert and Maude were standing on the deck of the steamer *Ibis* as she lay at the dock. It was night, but the lamps cast here and there brilliant circles of light, making the surrounding darkness all the more intense. Men were hurrying to and fro; late passengers were coming on board, and trunks were being transferred to the foredeck.

Robert Conway turned as he heard the voice and felt the tap on his shoulder. By an immense effort he kept his self-control, notwithstanding the frightful pang which shot through his heart. And Maude, seeing his calmness, was calm also.

"Come with you?" he repeated, turning a face of quiet astonishment on the speaker, "what do you mean? Come with you where?"

"Oh, I think you know," said the man, with a slight smile. "You may as well come along quietly; I'm sure I ain't mistaken."

"What is the matter?" said Maude, stepping nearer. "What does the man want, dear?"

"I haven't an idea," replied Robert, calmly.

"He says he wants me to go with him, and that I know where. I think he must be an escaped lunatic. Whoever do you take me for, my man?"

The official seemed a little staggered. He stared at the brother and sister.

"Who do I take you for?" he repeated. "Why, for that fellow as escaped from the prison the other day."

Robert Conway burst into a laugh.

"Oh, that is it, is it?" he remarked, coolly. "By Jove, this is a start. I say, Raymond, are you there?"

"Yes," answered a voice, and Raymond came toward them, "what is it?"

"Come here, there is a good fellow," went on Conway. "Here is a case of mistaken identity. This man here thinks I am an escaped convict. Just tell him, will you, that I have been staying at the boarding-house with my sister. Perhaps that will convince him he is wrong without more fuss."

Raymond came forward into the light of the lamp which illumined the bit of deck where the three stood. Conway was carelessly laughing, the man standing half irresolute, half perplexed; Maude was very pale, and her eyes were shining feverishly as she looked with a strange glance straight at Raymond. There was something of anguish, something of passionate appeal in her look, though he was too startled, too confused for the moment to be able to analyze it.

"Oh, you are making a mistake," he said, quickly, to the man. "I know this gentleman. He and his sister have been staying in Sandmouth, at the same boarding-house as I have—Miss Brown's—you know Miss Brown, I am sure. My name is Raymond," he went on; "my brother, Colonel Raymond, was in command here last month."

The man was evidently shaken in his belief. He knew Raymond quite well by sight, and was aware of his relationship to the commander of the battery.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said; "but—but he is so uncommon like. But, of course, if he has been at Miss Brown's with the young lady, he can't have been at the prison. They have been there some time, have they, sir?"

"Oh, yes; some weeks," answered Raymond, forgetting for the moment that it was only Maude who had been there so long. He was just going to add "at least," when a sudden movement on Maude's part knocked over a stool which stood near and drowned the beginning of the qualifying sentence.

"Then, of course, I've been mistaken," said the man, looking again at Conway. "Why, yes, I see—no! I'm sure I beg your pardon, sir. I see now that you ain't near so like No. 44 as I thought; but it is curious how that fellow has got away."

A bell rang loudly; some one was shouting out a warning that the steamer was on the point of starting. The detective hurried off, and the vessel moved slowly through the waters of the harbor, breaking the long quivering lines of reflections from the lamps into a thousand sparklets, and then, in a few moments, they were steaming away into the darkness.

Maude had sat down, dropped down as if almost too weak to stand, as soon as the detective had left them; now she was gazing steadily at the heaving waters. She did not speak, but her brother began talking excitedly to Raymond.

"Well, that is an experience," he said, with a nervous laugh. "I'm sure I'm awfully obliged to you, Raymond. Without your testimony I might have found it troublesome to get rid of that fellow. What an unfortunate thing to resemble No. 44!"

"Very," replied Raymond, briefly. He glanced at Maude, and he saw that she was crying silently, bitterly; he himself moved to the side of the vessel and gazed down also at the dark waters. He was feeling strangely uncomfortable as he realized that without intending it he had told an untruth. He recollected vividly that it was Miss Conway, and not her brother, who had been staying at Miss Brown's, and that the man had only appeared just at the very time that the excitement about the escaped convict had occurred. And, then, Maude's own words about telling a lie, her look just now, her interruption of his explanation, her present tears. A horrible idea was gaining possession of his mind, and it seemed almost to suffocate him; it was as if some cold hand had grasped his heart and held it ruthlessly in its constricting fingers. Just then, to his relief, a sailor came up.

"The lady had better go down below," he said; "it's going to be rough and bitter cold."

"Yes, yes," cried her brother, "you had better come down, Maudie." He took her by the arm. "Come along, dear."

Maude rose; she put out her hand silently to Raymond, who held it a moment with a close pressure; then, without a word, she went with her brother.

The voyage was both cold and rough, but Raymond stayed on the deck all night. After

they landed he saw nothing of his friends till the evening *table d'hôte*, when Maude appeared, looking very pale and languid, and went to her room immediately afterward. Her brother likewise disappeared. Next day the waiter brought him a note. It ran:

"We are going on to Boston. I will write to you from there to this hotel. With thanks too deep for words, yours most gratefully,  
MAUDE."

Raymond remained at the hotel waiting for that letter, though he knew beforehand what it would probably contain. It came at last one day, just as he was going out for a stroll, and, recognizing the handwriting, he put it in his pocket and did not open it till he had reached a solitary part of the cliffs where he would not be interrupted. It had no address, and it began abruptly:

"I fear by this time you must have guessed all the deceit that we practised upon you; but read this before you judge me altogether worthless. I led you involuntarily to tell an untruth, and I know you can never forgive me; but oh, he is innocent, he is innocent, or, believe me, I would never have aided him to escape. They said he took the money; he never did! It was a false friend who robbed the bank and threw the blame cleverly on him. You have asked me many times if I could not love you. I will answer you now. Yes, I love you with all my heart; far too well—oh, yes, far too well—to let you waste and spoil your life by joining it with one who must ever remain under the dark shade of shame and dishonor. I shall never see you again! Think of me as kindly as you can—as of one who loved you and is dead!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Raymond read the letter twice, and then folded it up deliberately and put it carefully in his pocketbook. Then he sat still, gazing blankly at the glorious vista of sea and sky spread out before him. He was not surprised by the intelligence that the letter brought, for it seemed to him that as soon as he had seen Maude's tears that night on the steamer he had known the truth. But now the thought that she was really lost to him forever took definite shape, and suddenly the anguish caught him; and, throwing himself face downward on the scented turf, he fought through the darkest hour of his life. He loved this girl with that love which comes once in a lifetime and is not repeated, though it may be replaced by a sentiment which serves fairly the purposes of that harsh later existence from whence the glory and the dream are shorn away. And she was lost to him. He knew her words were true, and that indeed he must think of her as of one whom he had loved and who had died. Yet, perhaps, had she been really dead, it would have been easier to endure.

# THE RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS OF AMERICA.

## HISTORY, PROGRESS AND METHODS OF THE VARIOUS CHURCHES.

### X.—THE ROMAN CATHOLICS.

By A. P. DOYLE.

THE history of Roman Catholicism in our western world began the day when the keel of the *Santa Maria* of Columbus grated on the beach of San Salvador. As the admiral stepped ashore he intoned the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*. His little party were all Catholics; had held Catholic services every day they were on the trackless deep; had been present at the Mass and received Communion the day they started; had been gathered together under Catholic auspices, through the assistance of a Catholic monk, by means of the pledged jewels of a Catholic sovereign,

and through the impelling motive of gaining new souls to Christ in the Catholic Church. A monk, a mariner and a mother—these three, symbolic of Faith, Hope and Charity—wrested the unknown land from the bosom of the ocean and opened a new continent where the

highest providential designs of God were to be wrought out. The art of printing had been discovered fifty years before, and many other of the great instruments which produced our modern civilization had come into vogue. Martin Luther was then but a little German lad learning the Catechism he was later on to repudiate.

When Columbus returned to Europe he brought with him six of the natives. These dusky savages, when they were duly instructed, were bap-

tized into the Church, Queen Isabella standing as their godmother. These were the first native American Catholics. These six Catholics of 1498 have become the 10,000,000 of 1898. In order to carry out his primary purpose of preaching the Gospel of Christ to the untutored savage, Columbus on his second voyage brought with him a company of priests. These missionaries on landing built a rude log chapel, gathered about them the savages, and thus was begun that great missionary movement which brought the light of Christianity to millions of the abo-

rigines who roamed the trackless forest, and hunted on the broad prairies, and paddled their bark canoes up and down the rivers of North and South America.

Other discoverers followed Columbus during the sixteenth century. These, too, were Catholics. While their voyage of dis-

covery was in some instances a search for the Golden Fleece, yet they invariably brought with them missionaries, and wherever they landed their first act was to erect the cross—the symbol of salvation. The Cabots planted the cross on Cape Cod one hundred and twenty years before the Puritans landed on Plymouth Rock. Champlain, who, as Bancroft says, “considered the salvation of one soul more important than the conquest of an empire,” opened the northwest



ST. XAVIER DEL BAC.  
BUILT BY THE EARLY MISSIONARIES IN ARIZONA.

NOTE.—Previous papers in this series treated of the Baptists, in the December number; the Presbyterians, in the January number; the Methodists, in February; the Congregationalists, in March; the Episcopalians, in April; the Reformed Church in America, in May; the Disciples of Christ, in June; the Society of Friends, in July; and the Jews in the United States, in August.

to civilization. Cortez conquered Mexico, and introduced Catholicism among the Montezumas. De Soto plunged into the forests on the south and blessed the countries about the Mississippi; while La Salle, brilliant, restless and daring, went around the other way through the Great Lakes, across Illinois and completed the circle.

The first great religious establishment was planted at St. Augustine, in Florida, in 1665; before that, however, in 1528, Bishop Juarez with some priests had gone through the southern tier of States. The monastery of St. Helena, in St. Augustine, became the great center of missionary effort, and out from it went apostles to continue the work of evangelization. Texas and New Mexico found missionaries in the Franciscan Fathers as early as 1544, and not many years had gone by before the whole region of the southwest was redeemed from the darkness of barbarism.

The story of the planting of the Catholic Church in the south, in the west and north-west reads like a wonderful romance. Before the English had established a single settlement in Virginia or New England, many of the roving savage tribes had been gathered into villages, taught the arts of husbandry as well as to read and to write, while the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount were instilled into their hearts. The men who undertook this great work, according to Parkman and Bancroft, were courageous souls who left all for God's sake, plunged into the wilderness and buried themselves in the trackless forest, and became all things to all men

that they might gain them to Christ. Their heroic endeavors were rewarded with a large measure of success.

In the meantime, however, fierce religious dissensions broke out in Europe, and nation was set over against nation on account of the religious as well as political enmities. In England Roman Catholicism was legally proscribed. Con-

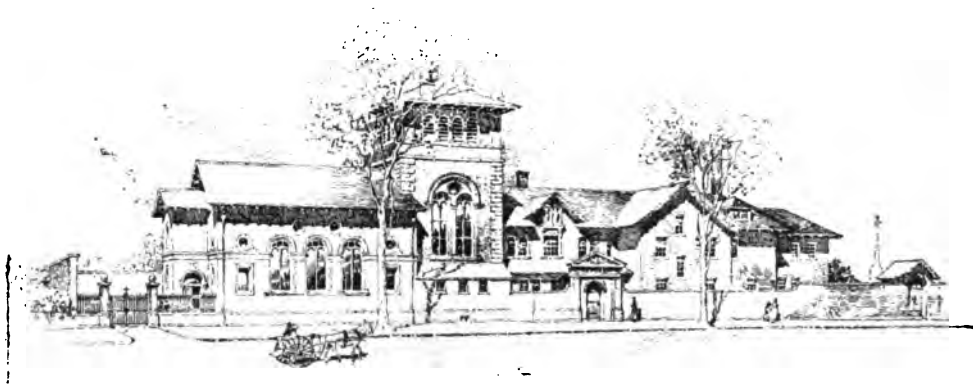
demnatory laws were enacted against the creed of Alfred the Great. Cruel persecution raged, church properties were confiscated, and men were not permitted to serve God according to the dictates of their conscience. On the Continent, too, the same religious bitterness prevailed. Unfortunately for the Catholic Church in America the fight that began in Europe was fought out in this country. National bickerings were transferred to the virginal soil of this land. The Anglo-

Saxon race got the mastery, and the previous century's missionary work, with all its civilizing influence among the Indians, went down before the spirit of political aggrandizement and religious dissension as the long grass before the fierce prairie fire. The Anglo-Saxons were no longer Catholic, except in the Maryland settlements.

In 1634 the *Ark* and the *Dove* brought Catholic settlers to the Maryland colony, and with them came Father White and Father Altham. It was in this colony on the banks of the Potomac that the principles of civil and religious freedom which have become the distinguishing mark of all that the American Commonwealth stands for were first enunciated, and this while



VERY REV. J. T. HECKER.  
FOUNDER OF THE PAULISTS.



CARMEHITE CONVENT, BOSTON.  
NEW HOME OF CONTEMPLATIVES.

Roger Williams was driven out by the Puritans of New England because he was a Baptist, and laws were enacted threatening personal violence to Quakers. Davis,\* a painstaking and accurate Protestant historian, says: "Let not the Protestant historian of America give grudgingly. Let him testify with a warm heart and pay with gladness the tribute so richly due to the memory of our early (Catholic) forefathers. Let their deeds be enshrined in our hearts and their names be repeated in our households. . . . In an age

of credulity, like true men with heroic hearts they fought the first great battle of religious liberty, and their fame, without reference to their faith, is now the inheritance not only of Maryland, but also of America." Bancroft† says: "Upon the 27th of March, 1634, the Catholics took quiet possession of the little place, and religious liberty obtained a home—its only home in the wide world—at the humble village which bore the name of St. Mary's." And again he says: "The Roman Catholics who were opposed by the laws of England were sure to find a peaceful asylum in the great harbors of the Chesapeake, and there, too, Protestants were sheltered from Protestant intolerance."

In 1649, fifteen years after the establishment of the Catholic colony in "the land of the sanctuary," the General Assembly enacted the *Toleration Act*, whose principal clause was:

"Whereas, the enforcing of conscience in matters of religion hath frequently fallen out to be of dangerous consequence in those commonwealths where it

\* "Day Star of American Freedom," Davis.

† "History of the United States" I. 247.



GROUP OF PROFESSORS AT THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY—FIRST YEAR.

had been practised, and for the more quiet and peaceable government of the province, and the better to preserve mutual love and unity amongst the inhabitants; therefore be it enacted that no person or persons whatsoever within this province or the islands, ports, harbors, creeks or havens thereunto belonging, professing to believe in Jesus Christ, shall from henceforth be any ways troubled or molested or discountenanced for or in respect of his or her religion, nor in the free exercise thereof, within this province or the islands thereunto belonging, nor in any way compelled to the belief or exercise of any other religion against his or her consent."

It was not many years before this law was reversed because the Catholics lost the ascendancy, and during the succeeding century the spirit which created this law struggled hard for existence because religious persecution was so rampant in the mother country. Still, religious liberty, the fairest plant of American soil, thrived, impressing itself upon the American mind and twining itself about the American heart until it became enshrined in the organic law of the land—the American Constitution.



LA SALLE.





CATHOLIC FOUNDLING ASYLUM, NEW YORK.

What was done in Maryland was duplicated in New York. Thomas Dongan, an Irish Catholic, was made Governor in 1683. He summoned the first Legislative Assembly\* that ever sat in the State of New York. Its first act was a charter of liberties declaring that "No person or persons which profess faith in God by Jesus Christ shall at any times be molested or punished or disquieted in any ways, but that all and every such person or persons may from time to time and at all times freely have and fully enjoy his or their judgments or consciences in matters of religion throughout all its province." This Dongan Charter, even to the present day, has constituted the *fons et origo* of the municipal laws, privileges and franchises of New York City. When the Revolution of 1688 occurred, and William of Orange ascended the English throne, this spirit of toleration was reversed, and for nearly one hundred years Catholics were persecuted, a price put on their heads, and, indeed, one

poor fellow, John Ury, because he was suspected of being a Catholic priest, though good authority says in reality he was not, was hanged.

This state of legal proscription throughout New York and New England did not permit Catholicism to even so much as take root; and if Catholics there were, they were isolated and intimidated; and, to as late a period as the Revolutionary War, they might be numbered on the fingers of one's hands. In Pennsylvania it was somewhat different. The "City of Brotherly Love" opened its doors to the persecuted, and Catholics were allowed to live; and, comparatively

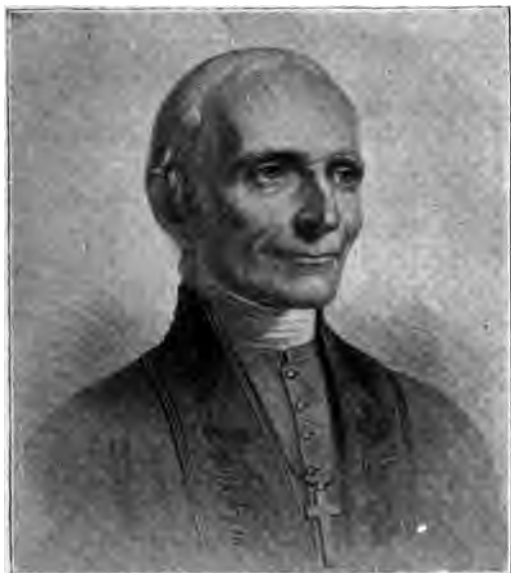
speaking, they did multiply so that at the beginning of the revolt against English rule in all the territory under the jurisdiction of the Thirteen Colonies, there were about twenty-five priests with about twenty-five thousand Catholic souls. As an organized body, however, the Church did not exist. It had no bishop, no churches, no colleges. Baltimore was visited by a priest once a month. New York Catholics had to go to Philadelphia to receive the sacraments; and in most of the Colonies to be a priest was to



MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, NEAR EMMETTSBURG, MD.

ALMA MATER OF ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN, BISHOP HUGHES, AND OTHER PROMINENT CATHOLICS

\* "Documentary History of New York."



RIGHT REV. GABRIEL SIMON BRUTÉ,  
PIONEER BISHOP IN KENTUCKY.

be a felon and subject one's self to life imprisonment or decapitation.

But with the Declaration of Independence there came a new era for Roman Catholicism. It became necessary to unite every available force against the unjust rule of England; hence the spirit of conciliation was shown to the Catholics. The Continental Congress adopted the Toleration Act enacted a century gone in the Catholic colony of Maryland, and proclaimed the broadest religious liberties. For the first time for many generations could and did Catholics come from their hiding places and openly profess their faith.

As one may suppose, they had no love for the cruel, persecuting mother country, and they eagerly gave all they had to the cause of the patriots. When Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, signed the Declaration of Independence, Ben Franklin remarked: "There go millions." They gave talent and ability. Commodore John Barry, a devout Catholic, was the "Father of the American Navy"; Stephen Moylan and many other Catholics were Washington's trusted generals; and among the rank and file of the Revolutionary Army the numerous Catholics could not forget the storied wrongs of two hundred years, and they gave to the conflict that sacred wrath which knew no defeat, and which led the American forces on to final victory. Among them were found no Tories, no deserters and no traitors. To a man they stood for liberty and freedom, and they did so led by their Church and their clergy. They felt in so doing their strugglings

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were not only for their beloved land, but for their Church as well. They found their first sympathy in Catholic Ireland, their best advocate among European nations in Catholic Spain, their greatest succor in Catholic France, their best helpers in Catholic Poland; and that the outcome of the battle for freedom was a triumphant success, not a little of the glory of it belongs to the Catholics and the Catholic Church.

Once the ban was lifted, and the Constitution declared that Congress had no ability to make any law respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, the nascent Church began to flourish with wonderful vigor. Dr. John Carroll was appointed by the Pope the first Superior of the young American Church, and later on, in 1790, he was consecrated bishop. His diocese was the United States—the whole country east of the Mississippi except Florida. When he started out he found but scattered flocks, disorganized and demoralized; but, with great administrative sagacity, he gathered them together, inspired the despairing with new courage, went out after the lost, using the few priests he had with practical wisdom, he soon infused order where there was confusion, imparted strength where there was weakness, and, with only slender resources, estab-



MOST REV. SEBASTIAN MARTINELLI,  
APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE  
UNITED STATES.



MOST REV. P. J. RYAN,  
ARCHBISHOP OF PHILADELPHIA.

lished the beginnings of future growths. The storm of the French Revolution which burst over France and exiled many of her devoted priests, proved a blessing to the struggling Church in America. It sent to our shores some of the most zealous missionaries the Church has known. Flaget and David in Kentucky, Cheverus in Boston, Dubois in New York, Dubourg in New Orleans and Maréchal in Baltimore were raised to the episcopate, and became the trusted lieutenants of Carroll in governing their flocks. Demetrius Gallitzin, a Russian prince, came to study our political system, but stayed to consecrate his life's energies in the priesthood, and in 1799 he planted the Church on the summit of the Alleghanies, then the very frontier of civilization. In 1803 the first place of religious worship was dedicated in the city of Boston. Some years before that John Thayer, an eminent Congregationalist minister, a man of deep learning, was reconciled to the old Mother Church, was ordained priest, and returned to Boston to

do effective missionary work among his former co-religionists.

The growth of the Church was of marvelous rapidity as a comparison of the following figures will show : In 1800 there were but 40 priests ; in 1830 the number increased to 232 ; in 1850 to 1,800 ; in 1898 to 10,911. In 1800 the Catholic population was 100,000 ; to-day it is over 10,000,000. In 1800 there were but 25 churches ; to-day there are 9,570. The value of Church property, as given by census reports in 1850, was \$9,256,758 ; in 1860 was \$26,774,119, a ratio of increase of 189 per cent., while the aggregate wealth of the country increased only 125 per cent. In 1870 it was \$60,985,565. In 1890 the value of Catholic Church property had risen to \$118,069,746. A comparison with other churches shows that in 1850 the wealth of the Baptists, Episcopalians, Methodists and Presbyterians was greater than that of the Catholics, but in 1870 the Catholics had taken second place, while to-day they lead all the other churches in material wealth.

While this external growth indicated by numerical strength and worldly wealth is very re-



REV. DEMETRIUS GALLITZIN,  
RUSSIAN PRINCE WHO SETTLED A COLONY AT LORETO, PA.

markable, the internal growth indicated by evidences of maturing organization, as well as by signs of increasing spirituality is none the less remarkable. The first flowering of her inner life is the vocations to the religious orders in which men and women leave the lower ranks of the ordinary Christians and consecrate themselves in poverty, chastity and obedience to the perfect life, following the higher call of Christ when He said to the rich young ruler who had kept the Commandments from his youth up, "If thou wilt be perfect go sell what thou hast, give to the poor and come and follow me."—St. Matthew xix., 21.

In 1790 there was but one convent with less than ten religious; in 1898 there are over 5,000 convents with 47,685 religious. This army of men and women devote themselves without hope of worldly gain to the alleviation of the ills of humanity, in the hospitals, by the sick bed, in the tenements of the poor, in the slums among the depraved, in the asylums caring for the orphans, and among the aged who have been stranded on the shore waiting the merciful hand of death to release the spirit for its upward flight. They spend and are spent in the close schoolroom instructing the young and leading them up the rugged heights of virtue, and I re-



REV. A. P. DOYLE.

peat it again, without one cent of salary, contenting themselves with meagre fare, with short hours of sleep on a hard bed, and long hours of prayer and devotion to the sick and the poor and the wretched, because they know and are convinced that their reward will be very great in heaven. Many of these religious communities are offshoots of Orders that have already been established in the old country, but many others are indigenous to the American soil, having been established by devoted souls who are "to the manner born," and some of whom were baptized and reared in Protestantism. Noteworthy among the American communities of men are the Paulist Fathers, who were founded by five converts, and among the women the Sisters of Charity founded by Mother Seton, also a convert.

While this nineteenth century has been all the world over one of great triumph for the "Old Mother Church" of Christendom, as may be seen by contrasting the peaceful close of this century with the dying agonies of the eighteenth century, typified by the groans and writhings of the French Revolution: still the young giant of the west—the Church in the United States—has distanced them all. The young American Church has gone forth by leaps and bounds, "leaping upon the mountains, skipping over the hills," until from Maine to Cali-

MOST REV. M. A. CORRIGAN,  
ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.



MOTHER CATHERINE,  
"SACRIA WHITE BUFFALO," INDIAN PRINCESS.

fornia there is scarcely a town which has not felt the genial glow of her presence, or a city that has not been the better for having her within its gates. It is in the great cities where her choicest work is done. Where the grind of daily life is a contention against poverty, vice and degradation, some angel visitant from the other world must come to comfort and console. America has had one great purpose—the eager grasping for wealth; and in the attainment of this purpose, as the huge throng rushes on, many are crushed; still others are cast by the wayside, and others still are brought into a life for whom existence is but a damning fate. So everywhere we look we see the pinched face of want, and everywhere we turn there is stretched out to us the withered hand of misery. Thinking men say that there are tremendous problems for us to solve if we would preserve ourselves a great nation, and not the least of these are the problems created by the grasping avarice for wealth. The Catholic Church has been, and is to-day, pre-eminently the Church of the common, plain people of the land. In the teeming cities it has placed its strongholds, and its coercing, restraining, uplifting and spiritualizing power among the masses of our population is a tremendous

to urge on the masses of men to higher and better things.

When the question came of how to deal with the Knights of Labor, a gigantic organization, that might have paralyzed the industries of the country if it had been controlled by conscienceless demagogues, the Church grasped the situation, and while it recognized the fact that labor had its duties, it affirmed also that it had its sacred rights; and one of these was to organize to protect itself. Had it done otherwise the wage-earners of the country would have been crowded into a position of antagonism to law and order, resulting in most disastrous consequences to themselves and to the stability of government.

The pathway of the Catholic Church unto its present position has not been without its difficulties. During the last fifty years its work has been principally the reception of the vast crowd of emigrants who have come to this land of liberty to make a home for themselves. To organize this motley throng of widely diverging nationalities into parishes, to follow them out on to the wide prairies, to bring them the blessings of religion, to gather their children into schools, to console the sick and the needy, has

civilizing force. Every Catholic pulpit in the land is a battery belching forth hot shot against anarchy, insubordination and lawlessness. Every Catholic Church is a most powerful engine inculcating reverence for authority, obedience to law and the sacredness of the rights of property. No one who has seen the manner in which Catholicism has identified itself with the cause of struggling and suffering humanity can doubt that it has been and ever will be the saving factor in our American life. The Catholic priesthood has understood that its duty lay not exclusively within the sanctuary, but out among the people, in the highways and byways, down in the dark mines as well as by the hot forge, in the dusty lane, as well as up the creaky stairs of the unwholesome tenement, in order to lift up the fallen, to wipe away the tears of sorrow, and to seek out individuals and

been a colossal task. And hard as it has been the difficulties have been intensified by reason of the fact that with the sturdier classes there have come a vast horde of the depraved and the lawless. We cannot blink our eyes to the fact that European nations have used the vast acreage of this country as a dumping ground for their undesirable classes. To beat these into shape, to mold the finer statue out of such rude material, to develop the higher type of civil and spiritual manhood out of such degradation required a force stronger than the policeman's club and keener than the most cunningly devised law. It needed a Church that was of the people and by the people, and for the people, and among the people—a Church that by spiritual law could coerce when needed, even by the bed of death or by the open grave.

The Catholic Church has grappled with the demons of degradation in our social order. When it found the liquor traffic, a ravisher of the people's hearts as well as of their purse, it boldly hurled its thunderbolts against its strongholds. While it encouraged the practice of total abstinence by commending the Father Mathew movement until to-day it has a membership of 80,000, it denounced the saloon as a disreputable business, and in the Plenary Councils of Baltimore it threatened the direst spiritual penalties against saloonkeepers who foster intemperance, who sell to women and children, and who profane the sanctities of the Lord's Day.

The Catholic Church, too, has stood for the saving of the Sunday. When greed for gain and open irreligion would have trampled down our most sacred institutions, and taken from the poor man the day of rest and recreation so necessary to him in his life of toil, the Catholic Church contributed its tremendous influence for its saving. So, too, when the divorce abomination threatened to assail the home, to tear from the hearth the Christian wife and mother and to disrupt the family, the Catholic Church has said,

and with all her increasing influence does say: "What God has joined together let not man put asunder."

More than all this, in these days of crumbling creeds, when the religious world outside her fold is in a state of flux, her solid, rock-ribbed framework of dogmatic teaching has done not a little to save all Christian truth from the negations of irreligion and atheism. While the Church has stood as a bulwark against the oncoming tide of unbelief, and has never yielded one jot or tittle of the teaching handed down to her through the centuries, yet, in matters of policy, she has conformed herself to the spirit of the time and of the nation in which she has lived. She has been content to accept the fundamental principle of American polity—the separation of the State from the Church. She wants no interference from the civil order, and the only union with the State she would countenance is the one whereby she would do her best to make her children law-abiding citizens. For this purpose, and with this end in view, she has created a system of schools in which she is educating, without one penny of expense to the State, 1,000,000 of children with an annual cost

of \$15,000,000. Not that she would derogate one jot or tittle from the effectiveness of our magnificent American public school system, but she would add to it the element that will develop conscience, increase respect for law, make people more honest, give them a higher respect for the sanctity of the oath, and inculcate in their hearts a keener sense of the obligations of man to man. This parochial school system is now thoroughly organized, reaching from the kindergarten up through the various grades of primary and high schools into the colleges, until it finds its



MOTHER SETON,  
FOUNDER OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

crown and completion in the Catholic University of America at Washington.

With the increasing influx of foreign peoples, whose language and customs are alien to our American life, it is generally conceded by even



the enemies of Rome that the Catholic Church will do more than any other one thing in the States to humanize and Christianize and fashion them into fit and capable citizens of the land of their adoption. And in case of anarchy and revolution the influence of Roman Catholicism will be healthily conservative and on the side of legitimate authority. There is no influence so capable of restraining the wild impulses and curbing the unruly passions of these foreign-born people as the Church which rules them through their religious instincts. The seething mass of Slavs and Bohemians and Italians and Hungarians, and all the other races of Eastern Europe, are bound together only by ecclesiastical ties, and under the influence of the sweet and persuading spirit of the Catholic Church in this country, not two generations will have passed before the children of these people will be the best American citizens we have.

There are men who see danger in the lack of cohesive power in our great nation, country-wide in its reach, and at best only loose-jointed in its organization. The last civil war was between the North and the South; the next, it is said, will be between the East and the West. The Catholic Church, embracing as it does all nationalities, and existing as it does among all classes of people, and pervading as it does all ranks of society, will be the cement that will hold together the various parts which are politically at best but loosely jointed. Her strong and marvelously knitted together organization will serve to unify and make firm our civic well-being.

But enough. I have sketched as best I may the wonderful growth of the Catholic Church in America, from nothing a century ago to ten millions of to-day. I have not contented myself with mere facts of veritable history, but have also discussed the influence of her methods and her principles on our political commonwealth. To-day she is an intellectual and social force that is to be counted with. She stands for unalloyed religion and spirituality—for those deeper forces which do so much to shape our ends,

rough hew them as we will. We may be blinded by our material prosperity; the towering houses may shut the glimpse of the sky out of our lives, and we may be dazzled by their majestic proportions and forget that they are the temples of Mammon which, for the first time in the history of the world, look down on the crosses which crown the spires of the temples of God. Still the facts are the same. What we will be in the future depends very largely on those quiet, silent forces whose workings are not accompanied by the blare of trumpets but in whose operation our future as a nation is inextricably bound up.

Roman Catholicism stands for that intellectual freedom and fine spirituality which are effective in dissipating the mists of error, and in driving the foul spirits of darkness and superstition back to oblivion. As a nation there is allotted to us the task of solving the problem of self-government. The Catholic Church teaches that the man who conquers himself is greater than he who taketh cities. Catholic teaching places within a man the intelligent and enlightened conscience as his master, before which every power must bend; and it makes the conscience the aboriginal vicar of Christ. Only those who do not know Rome say that she is a huge, overshadowing, intellectual and spiritual despotism which slays all independent life and produces only etiolated weaklings. The facts are, no system of doctrinal teaching refers so much dignity and elevation to human nature. According to the Catholic system human nature is not totally depraved, but is capable of the highest perfection, and is free with the freedom of the children of God.

Romanism and Republicanism are not radically opposed, but are twin sisters, born of the same mother at the same time. In the history of the world each has fostered the other, both have been united against the same enemies—barbarism and slavery; both have been inspired with the same purpose—the elevation of mankind; and each in its own sphere is the highest expression of perfection.





## ART IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

**T**HE Roman Catholic Church embraces within its fold more nationalities and more diverse classes of human beings than any other religious organization. Every

portion and ornamental detail few interiors are so satisfying to the artistic sense as this. The high and side altars, the walls themselves and the columns within the church are good examples of the artistic use of different marbles, while the baptistery in the lower church is also noteworthy on account of the handsome "Cork" red marble font, with a chased bronze cover surmounted by an angel figure sculptured in white marble, which forms the central object of attraction in the side chapel.

church edifice of the denomination is itself, in a measure, a living example of that fact. In the least pretentious you will find the rich and cultured parishioner, and in the richest and most gorgeous you will find the poor and illiterate. Thus it naturally follows that the art of the Church is as varied as its membership. In every Catholic edifice one may see, at least, an imposing high altar which may have cost a fabulous sum, and may possibly bear close inspection; but two feet away one's gaze may be arrested by a plaster statue blazing with the hottest colors of the palette in impossible combinations.

Arranged in definite order along the walls of every Catholic church interior are the "Stations of the Cross," where innumerable prayers and petitions are offered. In churches not overburdened with wealth, cheap oleographs in gilded frames do duty for the stations, while in those better able to bear the cost may be seen paintings in oil or casts in high relief; but rarely do we see any such work of art as would be hung on the line in the Academy exhibition, or be acceptable to the Metropolitan Museum of

Art. In the opinion of the writer the most imposing church interior belonging to the Catholic faith in this country is that of St. Francis Xavier's, in New York City. In architectural pro-

One of the richest art productions recently erected is the memorial pulpit to the late Father Fransioli, in the Roman Catholic Church of St. Peter's, Brooklyn. It is worthy of attention, not only from its personal aspect as a memorial in honor of a good and well-loved priest, but also as a work of art in marble and metal. The illustration of this pulpit gives a fair idea of its artistic worth, but little of the beauty of design and color. The most delicate marbles known to the sculptor form the base and columns and reach up to the upper ledge of the pulpit. Against this is placed a trelliswork of bronze, with clustered columns at right angles in the five recesses, sculptured figures in bronze of the Saviour and the four Evangelists stand.

In that most forbidding-looking building of the Paulist Fathers in New York City not much of ecclesiastical art might be expected, and yet within the church are objects which would attract the attention of the least artistic soul. One of them, the window which faces the avenue, is the work of a professional artist; and, while built simply upon a geometrical design, is worth seeing on account of its



SCULPTURED PANEL, "GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE," SIDE ALTAR, ST. AGNES'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, NEW YORK.  
DESIGNED BY CHARLES R. LAMB. EXECUTED BY J. & R. LAMB.

glorious color. The other object alluded to is an organ case, which was pieced together by Father Superior Deshon, with the help of a carpenter, out of the ruins of a discarded altar. The rev-



THE "FRANSIOLI" MEMORIAL PULPIT, ST. PETER'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, BROOKLYN.  
EXECUTED BY J. & R. LAMB, NEW YORK. DESIGNED BY CHARLES R. LAMB.

erend father is proud of his work, as he may well be.

Of St. Patrick's Cathedral little can be said except about the exterior, and that is familiar to most readers of this magazine. Ask an American artist to give his opinion of the cathedral, and you will receive invariably some expression of contempt, and for the reason that most of the interior work was executed abroad, not by artists of repute but largely by tradespeople. Consequently there is a lively sense of injustice in the art circles of America.

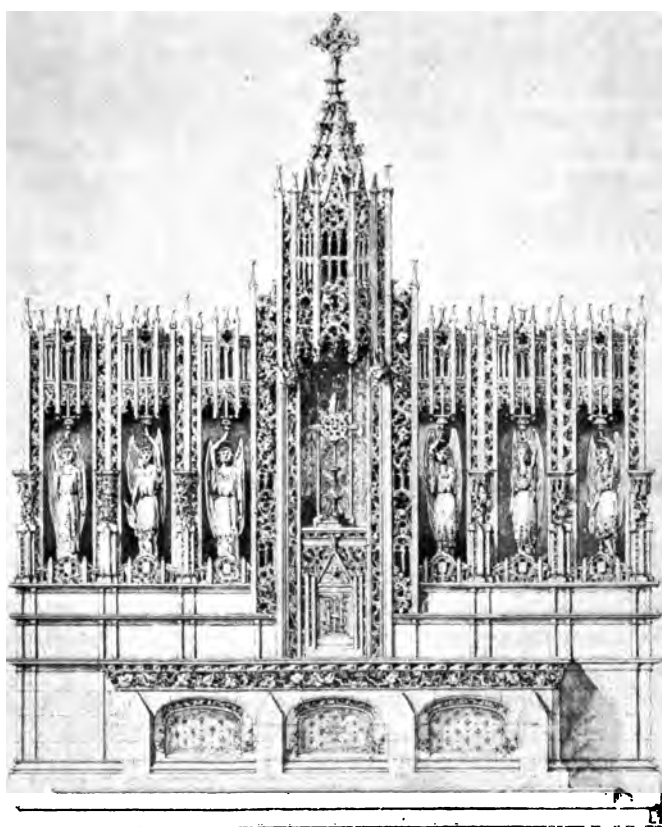
The illustration given here of the Garden of Gethsemane was carved in marble for the Church of St. Agnes, in East Forty-third Street, New York, and now forms the front of one of the chapel altars. The beauty of this design will be apparent to every reader.

The few examples of religious art mentioned here but faintly indicate the status of the Catholic Church among the denominations from an art point of view. Gorgeous altars, much gilt and tinsel are the rule rather than the exception. Should the entire subject be summed up in the

words of a well-known priest who was consulted in the matter, "Adjacent to most of our churches is a Catholic store where you may see statues of the Blessed Saviour painted crimson and gold, with a pierced heart stuck in an impossible position in the centre of the breast: our standard of ecclesiastical art is on a par with that, and I regret to say we encourage it" To the laity and student in religious art, it has always seemed one of the mysteries of our nineteenth century development, that the Roman Catholic Church, the Mother Church of the Arts Religious, so to speak, the Church for which all the great work of the Renaissance was executed, should be the greatest backslider in regard to artistic questions to-day. It is self-evident that

at the present writing, in this country at least, the best art work is not to be found within her churches. That is not to say that she does not possess many notable works of art, but neither in their number, nor in their environments, can they be compared with equivalent works of art in other churches, where, in many cases, through the more artistic setting, the value of the gift or memorial is enhanced.

Should not we hope that a new Renaissance shall be looked for, and through her latent power this Church once more return to those days when her artists were the leaders of the world, and the commissions executed under her instruction the artistic masterpieces for all time?



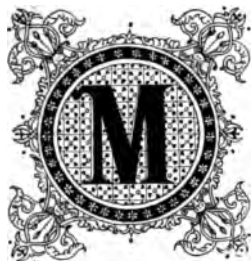
DESIGN FOR HIGH ALTAR, ST. AGNES'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, NEW YORK.

DESIGNED BY CHARLES R. LAMB



## WHICH WON CUBA?

By GENEVIEVE L. BROWNE.



Y DEAR HORTENSE— You have wondered at my long silence if you have thought of me at all. You are disappointed that one who professed to be so sincerely interested, who admired you so deeply, should seem to have dropped from your life so unexplainably. I can almost frame your very words: 'Men are incapable of sustaining an association for any length of time upon a basis of absolute unselfishness, where they reap no material gain. If they are moved to admiration of an object, they immediately desire to possess it, and so lose the very benefit which their souls most ardently crave. To love truly means to liberate.'

"There, you cannot accuse me of having a poor memory. When you receive this letter you will know that my love has freed its object, that I have striven to attain an ideal that you could respect with little hope of compensation. You could not 'admire a man whose spirit was not big enough to sweep aside all obstacles between itself and justice, who was unable to act disinterestedly, to fight for a cause on its own merits regardless of personal consequences.'

"Then you added it was useless to try to substitute the new for the conventional mode of thought in a narrow forehead. Perhaps we narrow heads remember those thrusts more than we should. My very desire to disprove the infallibility of your judgment upon human nature, to vindicate myself, may have caused the writing of this letter. I can hear you say, 'Oh, he will not mind dying if he can first humble me in my own estimation.'

"Hortense, Hortense, you do not know how your complex character, your ready wit, your rapid conclusions have confused my slow English brain and driven me to painful self-analysis. But when I have been most vexed, most defeated in my efforts to understand you, your true character has ever shone out like the moon leaping from misty clouds after showers on a summer night, and I have laid all that is best in my nature at your shrine.

"This word may never reach you, for I am in a dangerous position. To tell you where I am, and under what circumstances, will lay me liable

to exposure, for my letter may fall into the hands of enemies.

"And then I doubt if I wish to tell you; for, while you may endorse my course within your heart, you may cut me with sarcasm; you may call me 'Quixotic'; and, after all the sacrifices I have made, I could not endure this.

"No, no—forgive me, my dear. I fear I am doing you an injustice. Help me to understand you, to believe with you in the power of thought. I will confess all mentally, and you will believe and justify me, spreading your spirit about my heart to protect it from the bullets that may seek it. This is presumption, but a man will be true to himself—at least, when the danger of death is upon him."

\* \* \* \* \*

He felt he should not have written the letter so; it was a bid for her approval, even though it might seem not to be. She would detect the fact, and he felt she would have admired him more had he displayed a spirit of independence. Too late; it was now in the hands of the messenger, together with documents of importance to General Shafter.

He seated himself on the stump of a tree to wipe the perspiration from his face and meditate upon the perversity of women in general and this one in particular.

With smarting eyes he gazed about the wasted landscape which had once been luxurious farmlands. Oh, the pity of it! And Nature revenged herself by filling the air with noxious, poisonous vapors, which even now hung in transparent yellow films over the distant hills.

Rapidly he reviewed the dangerous expedition that had first carried him out of the bay at Charleston, the pursuit by a Spanish vessel, the wreck, the rescue by the *Three Friends*, the landing in the dark with muffled oars. He should never forget that night when, met by a little band of Cubans, they rushed the supplies up the foothills into the mountains, running noiselessly as one man, crouching and drawing great loads, not daring to communicate even in whispers. He had conducted many expeditions since then. Now that the blockade of Santiago Harbor was complete and the Cuban army within a few miles of the city, General Shafter had stationed him at a point where he served as a means of communication between the Cuban

and American forces now on Cuban soil. Shafter had answered Miles's objection to landing the army before a decisive naval battle, by mustering such a horde of well trained, well equipped men, that its work, in conjunction with that of the fleet could have but one result.

Spanish spies were prowling about, and the internuncio fully realized the danger of his position. But his personal safety was a matter of less concern to him than the fact that the delay in the movements of the army permitted the strengthening of Santiago's defenses, and secret negotiations between Austria and Spain threatened to forever stifle the cry of "Cuba Libre." These reflections disquieted him, and his thoughts returned to Hortense, the broad-browed, sensitive creature, whose warmth of nature was veiled by an exquisite, chaste delicacy, most alluring to him. He could not understand her interest in him. He was a sallow-faced, black-browed, muscular little Englishman. But the sincerity of his eyes, the something of heroism in the lines of his face and figure, and yes—though she would have denied it—his magnetism of personality and speech had won a sweet, tantalizing esteem from her.

The shadow of a voluptuous feminine figure fell upon him and darkened the photograph in his hand. He started up with a feeling of apprehension, scanning the sun-steeped distance before acknowledging the presence of her who had cast it. He hoped for an ultimatum from his commander—any moment might bring a message.

The Andalusian seemed annoyed. Every undulation of her form, unrestrained in its beauty, was suddenly stilled as her eyes fell upon the photograph.

"She is not as beautiful as I, but I never saw that expression in his eyes for me, even that night."

A painful rush of desire possessed her to seize his soul and tear it open, to understand that deep look of protecting tenderness, of passion controlled by reverence, of love that could only touch the inner being, so exquisite that it almost approached fear. In that moment she suffered the anguish of defeat, and the wild-beast instinct to rend what she could not master and possess quivered in her almond eyes and glowing bosom which trembled beneath its gauzy covering.

It seemed she stood there demanding an explanation from him. But he could not take the sacred name of the woman he loved on his lips, and only glanced silently at his companion.

During the few days he had been obliged to

remain under her father's roof, waiting for advices from the coast, she had followed him about to minister to his comfort. She had played on her guitar, and sung to him in the ardent Southern moonlight. Her warm breath and low, delicious accents had stirred in him a nameless longing one night. Perhaps it was the loneliness of his situation. He did not know how it happened, but as the thrill of her voice died away he found her hand clasped in his on his knee, and she was nestled very closely to his side. He said little. She seemed happy.

When he arose to go his arm half circled her waist. The warmth of her tense young form, the eagerness of her upturned face, bound, then broke the spell. He regained his self-possession, and bade her a polite, "Buenos noches, señorita." She paled and trembled, and he was sorry. The emotions of the Cuban women, easily aroused and difficult to restrain, expressed themselves with an innocence and natural simplicity that shocked him at times, although he understood that human beings, as well as plants and animals, are creatures of their surroundings, of precedent and heredity. He, therefore, felt himself to blame that he should have protected this girl from herself, as she trembled on the verge of her full womanhood. But he did not understand how in such a nature lurked the possibility of becoming, through ignorance of its own forces, an engine of destruction when thwarted.

After that he had become coldly courteous—it was the only alternative—and she was sick and exasperated by his indifference.

In his best Spanish he offered her his seat, drawing his hat low over his pallid brow to shield it from the scorching heat of the sun as well as from her searching gaze.

"I have bad news for you!" and a gleam shot from beneath her heavy lids.

He looked at her intently with a heavy frown. He felt his first instinct of distrust for her.

"It must be bad, you are so agitated. Are we in danger?"

"You will be led out before sunset and shot. You must fly at once."

She leaned close to him, with her hands clasped on his arm.

"Follow me," and she led him to the house. In the darkened room he dropped in a chair, exhausted by anxiety and fever, which severely tried his endurance.

"Señor, we are *pacíficos*, my father and I. If the Spanish spies were to find out what had done we should die. They suspect



presence in this vicinity. They will search this house."

"How do you know?"

She waved aside his question.

"I tell you now of your danger. I know you will go away, and I shall not see you again."

And she stood before him looking piteously into his face.

Shocked into a sense of his own danger and the threatened failure of his projects, he completely forgot her presence until a sigh from her recalled him, and he realized that she had jeopardized her own safety.

"How can I thank you and your father for your great kindness to me, and the risk you have run? For your own sweet personal interest, believe me, I am too deeply grateful for words. I—when I leave—"

He took her hands, words failing him. She trembled, an intense flush leaping to her brow.

"You must take me with you—I shall not be safe here. Besides, I can be satisfied with nothing less; nothing less than you, your love! Your eyes burning into mine, your strong arms about me, your lips— Ah, it would be the red sunset that spreads itself in a glorious frenzy over the western skies! You shall not go alone!"

His hands dropped, cold and unresponsive.

"Señorita, I am sorry. It was thoughtlessness on my part. I drew near to you because you are a human creature, and I was so alone. Do not trust yourself. It can only be a passing fancy. You would regret binding your life to mine. Do not take yourself so seriously."

"I love you."

"Listen to me—to reason," he resumed, with a kindness that stung her, and stirred up a deadly fire almost beyond her control. "You could not leave your father alone—blind, too! I will gladly remove both of you to a place of safety. But to leave him! is this your idea of duty—of humanity?"

"Duty!" Her face, a moment ago a dream of sensuous beauty, became distorted with merciless fury, for she could not understand that his words meant more than a desire to elude her. "Leave duty to the round-eyed, cold-blooded creature you so admire. She might be able to eke out her existence on this unsavory dish, but a Spanish woman—never! Her passion exalts or burns everything in her path. The señor may die. He shall never return to the chip of marble!"

He stared at her, scarcely comprehending her outburst of felinity. A great repulsion seized

him. He could not realize that his betrayal gleamed in her angry, treacherous eyes.

"So this is señorita's way of extending hospitality and generosity," he said, sternly. "I regret exceedingly to have to wound a woman, but she should not lay herself liable by such advances. Permit me to depart with respect and gratitude toward you. I should be sorry to lose that."

She flung herself in his way.

"It is too late."

They stood face to face, reading in each other's eyes no disposition to yield. There were footsteps and heavy voices in the entrance. She bent toward him.

"Kiss me! Take me in your arms! Your horse stands outside the window."

He stepped back in cold disgust. What happened afterward only seemed as a dream, until he found himself bound and kneeling on the baked surface of the soil. The door had been burst open, he had been seized, and one of the Spaniards had attempted to carry off the señorita. He struck the man and sent him reeling, but a blow from his captors blinded him. He realized the end was near.

Hortense's picture was against his heart. He began to wonder if his thoughts would reach her now, if she would know of his danger. It would be a good test.

The sun was almost at the end of its journey down the sky. Fever was steaming up from the hollows and ravines.

A few isolated palmettos lifted their royal heads to catch the receding light, even as he lifted his, realizing how good, how precious was life.

A sense of strangeness came over him. How had it all come about? Could it be true he was on Cuban ground—that he was facing death for her? What had been gained? Was the service worth the sacrifice?

He felt for a moment Hortense's eyes upon him, questioning his wisdom with her ever-ready philosophy, and a galling sense of humiliation and mistake seized him. Then a flush of shame covered his ashen brow. No; theories to the wind. It was worth one's hope in paradise to live and die as a man at the post of an espoused duty.

"Let us have this over quickly," said the leader, in an undertone. "This is the man we have been seeking for almost three years, with a price upon his head. Every breath he draws is dangerous. It means orders and honors for us in Madrid. And perhaps we shall be allowed to depart from this cursed country."

"He has done his last service for Cuba libre." And he who was destined to end the life of the king of filibusters examined his revolver.

"The gentleman's a fool not to have purchased his salvation," said the one he had

The Spaniard dropped the photograph back to its place in amazement.

"Gag him; we must work in silence," said the leader.

"One, two, three—fire!"

A film passed over the Englishman's eyes; it



"A BLOW FROM HIS CAPTORS BLINDED HIM. HE REALIZED THE END WAS NEAR."

truck. "If I had had his opportunity—but he little wildcat escaped me on his horse; and he is fond of the fair creature, too—see?" and he held up Hortense's picture with a mock courtesy.

"Silence!" cried the victim, furiously. "Don't go too far!"

seemed to resolve itself into a woman's form, and the strong, deep eyes of Hortense looked into his. A white hand pressed over his heart so tight that a pang shot through him. His head dropped forward.

\* \* \* \* \*

A floating hospital lay well out from the har-

bor, protected by great battleships, during the bombardment.

A military mast had been torn away from one of the foremost aggressors, dashing most of the men in the fighting-top to death. It was the first serious injury sustained by the fleet. Missiles were hissing and exploding in every direction. The waters were seething with them, and the firing was so constant that ships and shore were almost enveloped in dense clouds of smoke pierced by fires of concussions. Morro was holding her own nobly; but catastrophe hovered over the doomed city. The menacing sound of guns was coming nearer and nearer from another direction, closing her as in a vise.

Linares sought to conceal his fears from those about him. But all understood. Garcia would not have attempted the attack had not another general, who mingled the Stars and Stripes with the lone constellation of Cuba, reinforced the inspired liberator of his country.

Two women bent over an officer from the injured ship, both wearing the red insignia that had brought them to the Southern waters.

"He is easy now. See, he is sleeping," whispered one.

"That is marvelous. Hortense, you must be a natural healer. I thought there was no hope—that he must surely die."

"Natural humbug!" murmured Hortense. But her white lips and limp hands betrayed the fact that she had given out her young vitality and that she was magnetically exhausted. And then she suffered every pang of those she tended. Usage would never blunt her sensibilities.

She threw her hands straight up above her head, and stood thus for two or three minutes.

"Why are you doing that?" asked her companion.

Hortense sighed and dropped her arms.

"I don't know, only it makes me feel better."

"And you look better. The color is coming into your face again. What an odd ring, and how heavy! Why do you wear it?"

Hortense laughed softly.

"I am a perpetual source of curiosity to you. And I don't see why. Am I unlike other girls? Well, the ring was placed on my finger by one who wished—there, now; don't look silly. He only wished it there, that every time he faced temptation or danger, I might know it and help him; for I said I could if I had anything belonging to him about me."

"Do you believe——"

"Don't ask me what I believe. I do not know. I learn things from within as the In-

dians do. You see, it opens. It has his picture."

The whispered conversation ceased as Hortense's companion leaned over the face of the Englishman.

"It is black; I can scarcely see it!"

Quick as a flash Hortense seized it and slipped it on her finger. A sudden cry burst from her lips as she threw out her hand. She fell to the floor as if shot. The ring was shattered.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And after all I have told you," she said, as they sat on the long veranda of a hotel beside the sea, "you cannot understand that I saved you?"

"The sun was in the Spaniard's eyes. He missed fire—that was all," he replied, evasively.

"But my photograph was mutilated; and that, you said, was over your—your——"

"Heart," he said, with a smile.

"Besides," she continued, hurriedly, with a little frown, "besides, it happened at the exact moment that I threw out my hand and seemed to faint. And your ring——"

"Stray bullets are apt to be flying around anywhere during a battle, my dear. Poor little hand!"

He raised it, and would have kissed the scar had he not feared displeasing her.

"Oh, well," she said, withdrawing it and turning away, "it is a matter of indifference to me whether you believe what I say or not. But I saw you in your moment of peril, and placed my hand over your heart."

She stopped suddenly and bit her lips, as if regretting her words.

He was startled. He had not told her of his own mental experience the moment before Shafter's advance guard had arrived and picked him up dead, as was at first believed.

"Then," he said, in an undertone, "you cared?" And his fingers again closed over her little palm.

"Why shouldn't I?" she replied, restlessly, but not withdrawing her hand this time. "I saved a soldier, although I sacrificed a nurse."

"You are vexed that you were not able to help capture Santiago," he said, suppressing a smile. "But there was a grim justice in the situation. We needed all who were able to fight."

"Did I not help capture Santiago?" she interrupted, with a slight intonation of irony. "Do you remember your letter? Was your remark a truce, or are you men all alike, fearing to lose prestige by giving a woman the credit she deserves? I am sorry you did not accept the opportunity of escape offered by the girl in Cuba."

Perhaps the obligation would have been more acceptable to you."

"Hortense, do you mean it?"

"Mean it? Why, of course. You know I wouldn't for the world——"

She arose hurriedly, preparing to go. But he drew her back, almost roughly. It was a venture, but if he let her go now he knew all would be lost. If he must meet defeat it should be as a soldier. He looked into her eyes. The color flew to her cheeks. He caught her close in his arms and bent back her head. With his lips almost touching hers, he said :

"Little girl, you once told me the only way to win battles was to bolt into the enemy's camp before he had time to prepare defenses. Cuba would have been free long ago had our Government been as wise as you. I am convinced it is the only way to capture a woman who thinks. Come, lay down your arms!"

The wind fluttered her laces and ribbons over the sleeves of his uniform. The air was sweet with the odor of flowers mingled with the intoxicating elixir of the sea. The waves were coaxing at the feet of the sandy beach. Their lips touched.



## THE MIRROR.

BY MINNA IRVING.

**B**EHIND a lumber of battered boxes  
And books denuded of half their leaves,  
Up in the garret a quaint old mirror  
Stands in a corner under the eaves.  
The gilded scrolls of the frame are tarnished,  
A pallid film is over the glass,  
And ghostly glimmers and spectral shadows  
Across its surface are seen to pass.

Dorothy curled her hair before it  
More than a hundred years ago,  
Laced her bodice and crossed her kerchief,  
Frost of lace on a breast of snow;  
And under its folds she hid a letter  
(A strange perfume in its pages still)  
That at early dawn, ere the folks were stirring,  
A gray dove brought to her window-sill.

That summer night to the moated manor  
The rich and the great and the lovely came  
Her wine to drink and her troth to honor;  
But her cheek was bright with a restless flame,  
She left her mother and left her lover,  
Whose jewel shone on her finger white,  
And away by the secret stair she flitted,  
And over the moat in the moon's pale light.

The squire he sought her in hall and garden  
At the first faint notes of the violins,  
Above the fall of the fountain calling:  
"Oh, Dorothy come, for the dance begins!"  
He looked in vain through the boxwood alleys  
For the gleam of her robe of silvery blue;  
The dreaming roses and dewy lilies  
Kept close in their hearts the things they knew.

But a graybeard over his ale belated  
Across the meadows hurrying home  
Beheld a steed in the moon go by him  
With an eye of fire and a flank of foam.  
His harness rang with the gold upon it  
As over the bracken on he flew,  
And his rider clasped in his arms a lady  
In a dress brocaded with silver-blue.

But still they say on a moonlit even,  
When the mice come out on the garret floor,  
Her form is seen in the misty mirror  
In the blue brocade that she donned of yore.  
Again she hides in her breast the letter  
From the foreign lover with whom she fled,  
And again she smiles as she curls the tresses--  
The golden tresses about her head.





AN OLD COUNTRY INN.

## THE IRISH PEOPLE AT HOME.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

**I**N the Ireland which Mr. Helmick depicts, the Ireland of Carleton and Banim, the able-bodied tramp, as we know him, scarcely existed. Wayfaring men were of a far gentler type. There were the sturdy beggars, who were as much the pensioners of the farmhouses as pre-Reformation beggars in England were of the monasteries; there were the peddlers with their packs, stuffed not only with gay prints and ribbons, combs and stationery, shoe-laces and spools, but also with the ballad-literature which was learnt by heart and passed from hand to hand; there was an occasional "poor scholar," as you shall see him in Carleton, a lad questing for the help which was to enable him to study for the priesthood; likewise the hedge-schoolmaster was a peripatetic, as he would have loved to call himself, traveling from one farmhouse to another, royally entertained and listened to as an oracle, because of his learning. Alack! the white workhouse walls gathered them all in—all "the jolly beggars" and harm-

less wayfarers who entered a house with the lovely greeting "God save all here!" or passed a fellow-wayfarer with no heathen time of day or view of the weather, but with "God save you kindly!"—a greeting in vogue even when I was a child, a score of years ago. Still in remote country places the little old inns survive, such as we see in Mr. Helmick's drawing. Round such fires of peat, amid brown walls and rafters, laboring men still meet to "cosher" or gossip, when they are off work; the turf-smoke, sharp and penetrating, keeps them warm, and sails off to the low skies bluer than any smoke ever was before or since. The good woman of the house will come and listen, with arms akimbo, to the discussion, be it on pigs or politics, and will have her say thereon; while her juvenile handmaiden, shoeless and short-petticoated, serves the customers with their brimming porter. This old man would be something of an oracle. He has probably thought over the problems younger men at the fire are dogmatically settling; as he

presses down the tobacco in his pipe he is listening quietly, and will presently leave his bench or form—"furrum," the Irish peasant calls it—for a stool at the fire and a share in the discussion. In an Irish hostelry of this kind there is none of the arranged hilarity of an English village tap—no clubs or friendly brothers, for your Irish certainly do not band themselves—but one will drop in and another, and there will be grave discussions, and perhaps the younger men, if there be a good whistler aboard, may start a solemn-faced and graceful jig, head up, hands in pocket, pipe between teeth. Story-telling? Oh, no! I fear all our stories and songs are dead in the workhouses. At least, so says an eminent folk-lorist of my acquaintance, who has been gathering sparsely in handfuls, where forty years ago he would have gathered in bushels.

The furniture of Irish cabins is of the poorest description. A dresser, a table, some coarse crockery, a Holy Family, in the gaudy tints the Irish love with Eastern fervor, a couple of stools, and the ever-useful "furrum." I have heard that at wakes, when a long row of people occupy this primitive seat, the etiquette is to say to your next neighbor—Mrs. Murphy, it might be—as you drink, "Your health, Mrs. Murphy, and all down the furrum," which is a neat way of including many in the courtesy.

The gentleman who is going to dine off a herring, in Mr. Helmick's drawing, has a somewhat crazy chair, however. That great hook is to swing a pot of potatoes for the pig, who no doubt has in his sty, as a pig's master said once, "every convenience

a pig could ax." The herrings hanging up show this Irishman to be in a rather luxurious way of living: for one has heard of a meal of "potatoes and point," which means that the feasters on potatoes had a herring in the midst of the board, which they touched with the potatoes, so as to give the latter a flavor. Herrings were accounted in those old times a very wholesome meal, for, being salty, "they kept you warm all day drinking water." The hung-up fiddle proves our epicurean a desirable fellow at weddings and dances: alack! the good old dances that were so frequent indoors and out-of-doors before we came out of the famine of '48 a moody people with a fear of the workhouse and a discontent for America. Do you notice the pitchers in this drawing? They are all over the South of Ireland; and, carried by a woman with the shawl



AN IRISH EPICURE.



drawn over forehead and chin, leaving only the eyes visible, they are like the jar Rebecca carried when she went to the well. They all shawl themselves in this Oriental fashion down South, even the tiniest wisps of girls going so veiled and mysterious. The great cloaks are only on the older women—those noble cloaks with the hood for the head in case of rain; in a County Cork chapel you shall not see a bonneted head among the older women. However, those cloaks cost great sums, and were heirlooms as well as possessions for a lifetime; and as a bright young woman in a Youghal shop explained to me, when I regretted their gradual passing-away, the people are poorer now, and the shawls or the tawdry bits of jackets cost so little. She was a young woman, one of a family of eleven reared on a farm eight miles away, and, as she said, proudly, "the only one that ever went foreign." She was an independent young woman, and meant to shift for herself through life. "She'd never save her money to buy an old show of a widower, an' that was all was going in Youghal, an' *they* lookin' for a fortune." "No," she said, in reply to our astonishment, "people never married for love in Youghal, though she'd heard they did foreign, in Dublin or Cork. She never heard of but one marriage for love in Youghal, and that was before her time, and ended bad."

Matchmaking is usually either the occasion of or the prelude to a dance—an opportunity delightfully seized by the people to whom dancing seems to come by nature. If the important negotiations are conducted at the dance itself, the fathers retire to a table plentifully supplied with pipes and tobacco in a shady corner where the heels of the dancers will not brush them or the gaze of the spectators follow them. Here, with the elaborate politeness of the Irish peasant, they are apparently as secure from observation as if mountain walls rose between; but among the old men and women seated about the fireplace or on the high-backed settle—both sexes smoking, alas!—there is an agony of sympathetic interest. Not a gesture escapes notice, and when brows are wrinkled or fists clenched, telling that the negotiations concluded as to house and gear have stuck fast in the mountain sheep or the Kerry cattle, there is a murmur almost like a moan, showing the suspense of the onlookers. The young people are busier—some under the yellow moon doing their own courting, for there are always revolutionary natures that will not brook a matchmaking; others watching the dancing, where the great moment

of interest is when the couple whose fate is in question take the floor. The girls are dressed in gay-colored prints, blue and gold, perhaps, with scarlet handkerchiefs and petticoats, and stout shoes, if they affect what Mr. Helmick's heroine does not, and warm, home-knitted stockings. The kitchen is large and lofty, with low windows and doors and a wide, open hearth, whereon the turf-fire roars. The walls and rafters are blackened with the peat-smoke, and the whole atmosphere saturated with its most penetrating and clinging smell. Up in the black roof, where the uncovered thatch, which has forgotten its age of gold, looks through, there are sleepy hens that now and then, disturbed in their dreams, utter a drowsy shriek of remonstrance; in the wide chimney there are, if the people are well-to-do, hanks of onions and a flitch of bacon; the turf lies on the earthen hearth without any intervention of a grate, and on either side of it are generous seats of banked and cemented clay, where the urchins bask in winter evenings listening to the tales of their elders, till their mottled shins show, as the peasants say, the map of Ireland printed upon them. The furniture is of the simplest: a dresser with gorgeous crockery—there used to be jugs of a certain coppery hue and sheen, which one does not see nowadays; a settle-bed, a seat by day which, opening upon hinges, makes a bed by night (in some of the old houses I have seen a press-bed—press, *anglicé* cupboard—which turned up on end into the wall, its two doors folding over it by day; in one such, a late sleeper of tender years was turned up by accident and found himself standing on his head); sometimes in a corner a great four-post bed with patchwork quilt, wherein scarlet predominates, and scarlet and white curtains; the whole lacking the ordered neatness of an English peasant's cottage, but picturesque to a degree, with dancing flame and Rembrandt-esque masses of shadow, and high lights on occasional spots of color. The farmer's kitchen is much the same, but on a larger and better scale. It is the chosen home of the family, though there is a dreadful institution known as the best parlor, with flowery paper and horseshair chairs, framed samplers, and paper flowers for decoration, and in the unused grate an abominable screen, with magenta roses sprinkled over an arabesqued ground of white and inky-green—quite irresistible when brought to the door by Autolycus, "the higgler," *i. e.*, peddler; but the blue-moldy atmosphere of the sanctum tells of how little it is used.

The farmer is, after all, only a superior peas-

ant ; his story has been told, and his life painted by Banim, Carleton and Charles Kickham, but we in Ireland have had as yet no Jane Austen to paint our middle-classes, the shopkeepers and extreme conservatism. This may seem, in light of recent years, a hard saying, but I think it is entirely true. A revolution is the *bouleversement* of all things, and though in the Irish land war,



THE WAYWARD DAUGHTER.

traders of the towns. No doubt there is here a rich field untilled, waiting for some one to enter into possession. One quality which has not been sufficiently noted belongs, I am sure, to Irish men and women of all degrees, and that is an no doubt, the old affection and reverence of the Irish masses for the classes seem to have gone under for ever, I think it is only for a time. It is scarcely in an Irishman's nature to become the leveling Republican which an English work



MATCHMAKING.

ing man may be ; at least, not in the old land and amid the old conditions. But the conservatism of the Celt has a certain spirituality in it, inasmuch as it reverences other things besides birth. For education, for talent of any kind, it has an unbounded respect and sympathy ; yet even here the inherent conservatism will show itself amusingly. To a friend of mine whose talent had gained for her the friendship of people in a much higher sphere than her own, a poor neighbor said : " Well, thin, 'tis I was proud to hear of you 'atin' your dinner at the castle, as good as the best of them. But, thin, sure, her ladyship was always *that* humble "—a speech which my friend received, as it was intended, in excellent part.

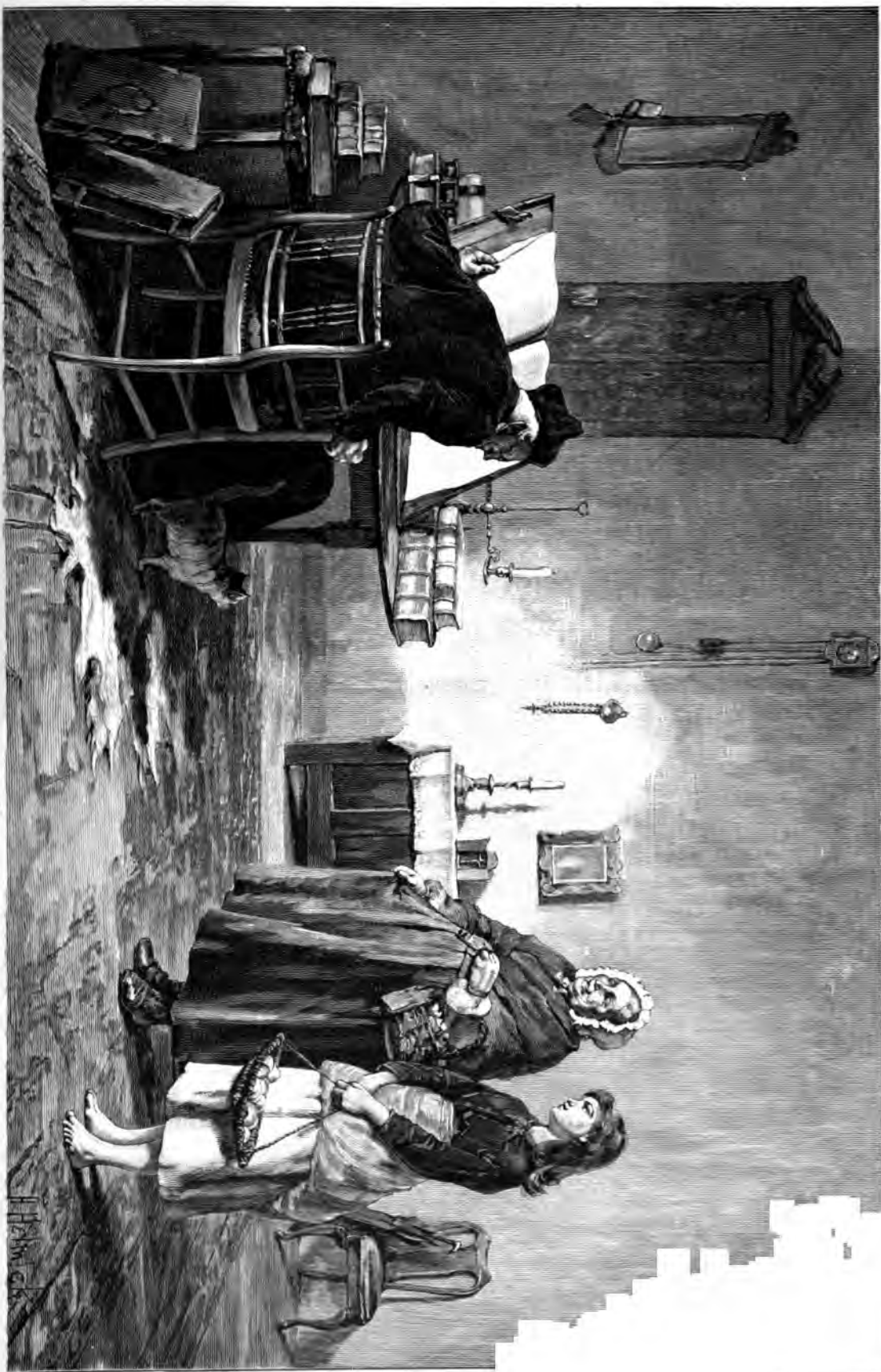
The conservatism of the Irish may be counted as threefold — religion, birth and high mental qualities. For other things, such as beauty and bravery, they have great admiration. I have placed religion here as the first thing to which the conservative instincts of the first Irish nature cause it to cleave passionately ; how fervent and loyal that attachment has been we know, and it is one which does not lose its power. Every-

where in Ireland, although the big house may be closed, and the magnate, who in England would be a squire (I must say here that since the Encumbered Estates Act there has been little in the Irish villages of the beneficent influence which an English squire usually exercises), be at war with his people, the influence of the priest is unimpaired and unimpairable. That it is entirely for good no one can doubt. The old-fashioned priest who often wielded the strong hand,

"Checking the crazy ones,  
Coaxing unaisy ones,  
Helping the lazy ones  
On wid the stick,"

has still some few representatives, but the race is fast dying out, not, however, because this most pliant of flocks would resent any arbitrariness on the part of the faithful shepherd, rough though he be.

The Irish priests of to-day are largely sprung from the farming class. It is an exquisite distinction to have a priest in the family, and many a prayer is said, and many a hope formed, when some little gentle boy of a family will



A PRESENT FOR HIS REVERENCE.

separate himself from his rough-and-tumble brothers and sisters, in a recollectedness and piety which mark him out as the Church's own. There is no sacrifice too hard so that this favored one may get the preliminary schooling and the necessary outfit for the ecclesiastical college. Happy and honored people are the father and mother of an Irish priest; the proudest day of their lives that on which his first Mass is said. Though he may grow above his people's mental stature by his education, the priest, in sympathy and affection, is entirely one with the class he springs from; happily so, for if it were otherwise his lot would be far lonelier than that of the cultured and refined English parson, who finds himself ruling some parish where there is not one soul which can reach to his mind's level. The priest's life, too, is of the busiest; it has no room for loneliness. His flock is a very large one, and alas! a very poor one, and he is the one person absolutely impartial, absolutely bound to hear and comfort, and to help. So it is that his doorstep is seldom without an applicant for an interview with him. He is the lawyer—an unlitigious one—of his village, and the almoner of charities, which generally come from his own purse, for it must be remembered that the few resident gentry in Ireland are nearly always Protestant. There is usually a portly and comfortable person, the priest's housekeeper, who, when he has eased the mind, and perhaps put something in the empty purse, is ready with her own ministrations of food and warmth for the poor visitor; a much-looked-up-to person she usually is, and the one purchaser the village possesses of such small stock as eggs and poultry—very kindly, too, though a little condescending. The priest's house is very splendid in the eyes of his people—the mixture of learning and art, the big books in unknown tongues, and the colored prints or engraving of sacred subjects gratifying the blind instincts of the people for knowledge and color form. He is the great person at weddings and christenings, jovial and hearty to a degree.

The rector and the priest occasionally fraternize, though not always, but there are instances of warm and generous friendship between the two, natural enough to expect when they may be the only two educated men in the parish. There is an old story of a Connaught priest having lent his flock to his friend the rector on an occasion when the latter was visited by a representative of the Irish Church Missions, and had nothing to show for the handsome subsidy he enjoyed from their funds. Father Pat himself,

the story says, conducted his whole acquiescent flock to the rector's church, and enjoyed from the organ loft the praise the commission bestowed upon the zealous worker who had snatched such a goodly number of brands from the burning. The story is quite conceivable, and is at all events *ben trovato*.

Mr. Helmick's priest is as benevolent-looking, with his white locks, as a French *curé*. The occasion is one for benevolence, for he is receiving an affectionate offering from this pretty colleen, one of the lambs of his flock: whether the giver or the recipient is the prouder and more pleased it would be hard to say. He is, no doubt, a well-beloved person in his own parish—one to whom, as he goes down the puddled street, the women dip and the men touch their hats; the children leave off playing shop with bits of broken crockery to await his smile or his kindly touch on the head; and even the village dogs, comprehending his reverence's position, let him pass without a bark.

The parish priest is not very often political. He leaves all that to his younger and more energetic curates; and when he is forced to take a leading position, his influence is nearly always thrown in the conservative scale—conservative, be it understood, not at all in the sense in which the word is usually applied to politics, but in the direction of cautiousness and going slowly. He is generally an old man (the priests in Ireland do not get their promotion early), and he has seen so much over which he shakes his white head sorrowfully, since the days when he, too, was young and hot-headed and hot-hearted. His love for his flock is a very tender and enduring thing. He knows them through and through. I have often thought that the tenderness of a Catholic priest over the human hearts and souls whose height and whose depth he has sounded must be a surpassing tenderness, and no doubt it is. His faith, too, in human nature—how real and beautiful! I remember an old Irish priest whose whole life had been devoted to the spiritual care of soldiers—a wild and reckless flock indeed, but to him like dear children. "The poor fellows! the poor fellows!" he would say, with lingering tenderness; "they are so good! they are so good!" Then he would sally out cheerfully for his evening constitutional, armed with a stout staff to enforce, if needful, his fatherly authority in turning back any of his sheep whom he might find straying into the public-houses of the garrison town where we were.

John Banim, an Irish novelist, who wrote a





THE VILLAGE DANCING MASTER.



few poems (too few, but exquisitely fit), has painted the Irish priest in verse that must be undying :

" Loyal and brave to you,  
Soggarth aroon !\*  
Yet be no slave to you,  
Soggarth aroon !  
Nor out of fear to you,  
Stand up so near to you,  
Och ! out of fear to *you*,  
Soggarth aroon !

" Who in the winter's night,  
Soggarth aroon !  
When the cold blast did bite,  
Soggarth aroon !  
Came to my cabin door,  
And on my earthen floor  
Knelt by me, sick and poor,  
Soggarth aroon !

" Who on the marriage-day,  
Soggarth aroon !  
Made the poor cabin gay,  
Soggarth aroon !  
And did both laugh and sing,  
Making our hearts to ring,  
At the poor christening,  
Soggarth aroon !

" Who as friend only met,  
Soggarth aroon !  
Never did flout me yet,  
Soggarth aroon !  
And when my heart was dim,  
Gave, while his eye did brim,  
What I should give to him,  
Soggarth aroon !"

The squireen, or small squire—in Ireland the affixing of "een" makes the diminutive of everything—is a person occupying a position in life midway between a gentleman and a farmer. He is not always a popular person in Ireland. Suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between the people and the gentry, he is likely to receive but scant toleration from either, and he is not numerous enough of himself to make a class. There is a little of Tony Lumpkin about the name and the figure, and the inn-kitchens he frequents are such as that of the "Three Jolly Pigeons," in which, reminiscent of merry old days at Mullingar, Goldsmith placed the revels of that famous person and his boon-companions.

The solitary reveler is an unusual sight in Ireland, where the people drink and get drunk as much for the company's sake as for the sake of the whisky. If the Irishman gets drunk he does it in the most uncomfortable fashion, pouring his red-hot whisky down his throat in a draughty and dirty shop, defiled with the mud

\* Priest dear !

of the street and the saliva of the smokers, fireless and grateless and exposed through its open door to all inclemencies of weather. It is not in the public-houses the Irish village parliaments are conducted ; on week-days the forge is the rendezvous, and all then with leisure on hand adjourn to the sooty benches, and smoke their pipes and discuss political and social events, while the red firelight gleams on white teeth and excited faces, and the blacksmith looms large at his anvil.

Within the last two or three years the old games of football and hurling have been revived, for the first time since the heart of the country received almost its death-blow in the famine of '48 and the resulting exodus. The agricultural laborers, who were fast becoming as stolid as their brothers of Norfolk, have taken eagerly to this new outlet from their narrow lives, and now on summer evenings the air rings with the shouts of the football players, and on Sundays Mick or Paddy in his green and white jersey, his clean hands and face and trim hair, going off to kick in a football match, is a different creature from the hopeless and slouching Mick or Paddy whom one knew a few years ago ; for surely one of the first elements of civilization is to teach a human creature to use the higher faculties of enjoyment. I have heard it instanced as one of the most pitiful signs of a workhouse child's degradation that it does not know how to play ; that, grown to boy or girl, it will seek nothing but supineness, being so much lower than the free creature of the pavement, which raises its ragged skirts and dances with instinctive rhythm and grace to the music of a stray fiddler.

Happily our people are learning once more to play ; let us hope that in their turn the dances at the crossroads in summer time, which were such an innocent and happy feature of the good old times in Ireland, will be revived, since the Gaelic pastimes only affect the boys, and the girls, too, must learn to play. In all the pastimes of the Irish people there is this element of safety—that religion comes before all ; that the priest is the president of the hurling club and the distributor of the coveted prizes, as he is the towering figure at dances and festivals of all kind. In every act of the people this is evident, whether it is the greeting, "God save all here !" with which they enter a house, and the hearty "God save you kindly !" passed from one wayfarer to another, or the deep and steadfast religious feeling which makes crosses and suffering acceptable to them as being "the will of God."

## AS A LAST RESORT.

By J. FREDERIC THORNE.



HELLO thar, Lon! what's yer hurry? 'Light an' come in an' hev somethin'."

"Can't, Dan; I must git back t' th' little woman."

"Aw, come on; she kin wait."

"No, she can't. She's sick, an' I've jest bin down t' Doc's fer this med'cine."

"Ye got time fer jest one drink. Come on; 't won't take more 'n a minute."

"Wal, jest one, then. But you 'll hev t' let me go then, fer I've come ten mile, an' it's a good fifteen more home, an' th' little woman's waitin'."

\* \* \* \* \*

The early morning was raw and chilly, and a misty rain sifted down which seemed to penetrate into the very marrow of one's bones. The sodden clouds, the soaked prairie, the house and out-buildings, all earth, wore the same dull-gray hue, while the distant line of hills seemed but a deeper shading of the same gloom-inspiring, shroud-suggesting color monotone.

Everything spoke of sorrow, sadness and pain. The lone pony which was tethered outside of "Dan's Hotel," stood fetlock-deep in a pool of water, with head hung dejectedly down, tail between his legs, and a general air of desertion, while the water dripped from the soaked saddle-cloth and ran in tiny rivulets down his flanks.

Animals, like the women in Clayton County, depended on the kindness and whims of their common master, man.

Lon Marston opened his eyes, stretched himself, yawned, and gazed up at the smoke-blackened rafters of the shanty. Still half-asleep, he mentally traced the outlines of a grinning face in the soot from the smoky lamps, that never, by any chance, were cleaned, and but seldom trimmed. The look on the impish face, connected with the dregs of his dreams, bothered him, and raising his head, with an oath at the pain caused that, at times, useful member, he gazed around the room.

The rough table and overturned chairs; the once evenly-spread sand on the floor, now suggesting a storm-tormented sea; the broken glasses and bottles scattered about; his belt and pistoled holsters lying in the middle of the floor; and

over in the corner the form of Dan, from whom were issuing stentorian snores—all passed in review before his leaden eyes.

For a moment or two he could not remember what had happened or where he was. Then his memory quickened and he rose to his feet, stumbling with unsteady legs and catching at the table for support.

Plunging his hand into his coat-pocket he quickly withdrew it again, with a mingled oath and groan as he looked at the blood on it and realized that the bottle he had traveled so far to get was broken, and with its precious contents now making a sickly mess in his pocket.

And the little woman? What had she thought, as she lay suffering and counting the minutes until his return? Had she guessed the truth? Did she think of him lying on the floor of that saloon all night through, stupidly drunk, insensible to everything about him and her needs as well? Or had her woman's charity made excuses, against her own reasoning, for the hundredth time?

His brain, not yet free from the fumes of the vile liquor he had drunk, still moved sluggishly, and he gazed aimlessly at the blood as it oozed from the cut on his finger.

He could think of nothing to do, at the moment, but swear, and with a fluency and variety born of long practice he cursed himself and Dan, the whisky, bottle, medicine, chairs, bar, table, everything in sight and out of it, going back carefully over the list to be sure he had missed nothing, and finally winding up with Dan again.

Then, as if suddenly remembering that if it had not been for the insistence of that now peacefully slumbering individual this would not have occurred, he strode across the room and swinging back his foot, brought the toe of his heavy boot in violent contact with that gentleman's ribs.

"Git up, ye miserable coyote! 'til I lick 'nough sense inter yer hide t' mind yer own business hereafter!"

As Dan rose to his feet, profanely protesting against the rude awakening, Lon's mood changed, and sinking into the one upright chair he stared moodily at the toe of his boot, paying no heed to the threats of bodily violence with which Dan was menacing him. One, two, three minutes

passed with no change in his attitude; then, rising, he picked up his belt and holsters, buckled them around his waist, and, with a set look in his eyes, strode toward the door.

"Whar ye goin' ? Le's hev 'n eye-opener," said Dan, huskily, as he interposed himself between Lon and the door.

The now thoroughly sobered man did not swerve an inch. His arm drew back, and then his fist was planted squarely between Dan's reddened eyes.

Stepping over the form of the insensible man he passed out of the door, untied his horse, and springing on its back drove the spurs in deeply, and was soon lost in the misty clouds of rain.

"What? You don't mean to say that you gave her the whole bottle?"

"No; I broke it. I want another, quick!"

"That's too bad, to have to come so far back again. How did it happen?"

"Never mind. Let me hev it again."

"Well, you needn't get huffy with me about it. It wasn't my fault, was it?"

"Look-a-here, Doc, I ain't a-feelin' like talkin'. I want 'nother bottle o' that med'cine, an' I want it quick."

"I——"

"I said 'quick'—did ye understand?" said Lon, as his hand moved toward the butt of one of his revolvers.

"Doc" shrugged his shoulders, and, muttering something about "might be a little more civil, then," he went to prepare the desired medicine.

Lon stood with one hand on the pommel of his saddle, holding the bridle of his panting horse, his foot in the stirrup ready to be off the instant he secured the medicine.

Except for his eyes his face was devoid of all expression; they, as he stared off into space, had a look in them that spoke of dull pain, regret and self-condemnation. He always was sorry after one of these debauches, and made many unfulfilled promises to himself and Kate that it should be the last. But this time, as he thought of her sick and alone, his repentance was more acute.

He paid no heed to the drenching rain, though three steps would have placed him under the shelter of the doctor's porch; or, if he thought of it at all, it was to take a certain pleasure in his discomfort as being some slight penance. Rain or sunshine, discomfort or ease, all were alike to him until he could get that bottle and know that his carelessness had not been criminal neglect.

Weakened by the night's debauch, his brain gave way to his imagination until his worst fears seemed actualities, and he groaned at the pictures he conjured.

He could see himself dashing up to the door of the cabin, his horse's mouth white with froth and sides red with blood from cruelly driven spurs, himself almost falling in his haste to dismount. He already feels the agony of suspense as he flings the door open and rushes to the bed to find his wife lying——

"Well, here it is. Have you gone to sleep? I've been standing here for——"

Lon snatched the bottle from the doctor, threw a handful of loose change on the ground, and, as the doctor said, "turned himself into a blue streak."

McMasters, whom he passed on the trail, said that he had come to town to find out what had happened. "Fer," said he, "I never seed no man hittin' th' groun' thataway 'less th' sher'ff was arter him; er a tenderfoot was treatin', an' he was afeard he wouldn't git thar 'fore th' guy wuz busted."

Lon passed several men whom he knew, but paid small heed to their salutations, and still less to their lurid remarks on his discourtesy. Bent over his horse's neck, he plied the quirt with untiring arm, and drove in the spurs until the poor animal was going at a frenzied speed from sheer agony.

Mile after mile he sped, pleading, cursing, urging the pony to redouble his efforts.

But even a broncho has limits of endurance, composed of whalebone and piano-wire though he be, and there were five miles yet to go when he commenced to slacken his pace. With an oath, Lon drove in the spurs their full length, the pony gave one mighty leap, somersaulted, and lay dead.

Lon, trained horseman, was unhurt, and one look telling him that he must now depend on his own legs, he drew off his heavy boots, and started to run at a speed which nearly equaled that once made by the now dead horse.

There was no need of quirt or spur to urge him on. His thoughts supplied both a hundred-fold.

A hundred yards, and unbuckling his belt as he ran, he lightened himself of the weight of his revolvers. His hat had gone long since.

The last half mile and the still falling rain dashed into the face of a man who was running, with untrimmed hair flying, bloodshot eyes into which the rain and sweat ran unheeded, feet which left a red imprint on the yel-

low prairie. With arms presse tightly against his heaving sides, breathing in long, rattling gasps, he strained every muscle to keep up the killing pace he had set; a man half insane from fearful imagination and suspense and superhuman exertion.

Fifty yards yet to go, and one can almost see the mental spur driven home as he dashes straight at the door.

It gives way before the impact of his body, and he pitches head-long into the room with a hoarse, agonized shout of:

"Am I too late?"

As he receives no answer he lies still for a moment, fearing to see the realization of his worst fears in the stiff form lying so quietly on the bed.

With a shudder of premonition he raises himself on one elbow, but with his face turned away from the bed.

Slowly, reluctantly, his face, full of dread and agony, turns.

Then, with an exclamation of astonishment, forgetful of exhausted nature, he springs to his feet, and, steadying himself by a chair, gazes at the bed.

It is empty.

From the foot his eyes travel, dazed, toward the head.

What is that on the pillow?

He gazes at it a moment, and then, crossing the room, unpins the piece of neatly folded paper.

Spreading it out, he reads:

"DEAR LON: This time you have stayed too long. I have found some one else who will take care of me."

"KATE."

For a full minute, after he had finished reading the lines the second time, he stood staring at the paper, until the words danced before his eyes in a confused blurr.

He turned his head and looked around the room as if he expected to find that she had hidden herself somewhere, forgetting the impossibility, in that simply furnished apartment, of concealment for a human being.

His brain was in a whirl. The change of emotions was too sudden for him to realize fully just what the note meant—too great for him to be able to think.



"LON STOOD WITH ONE HAND ON THE POMMEL OF HIS SADDLE—HIS FOOT IN THE STIRRUP."

Suddenly he saw what he believed to be an elucidation of the note.

Stooping, he picked up a revolver which was lying on the floor at the foot of the bed.

He examined it carefully, and as he did so his brain cleared, the lines of his face deepened, his features hardened, and in his eyes there grew an unholy glitter.

He recognized the weapon—an unusually fine one for that region—and knew its owner.

He smiled, and thanked the devil for the chance which had given him this clue.

So the rejected suitor had become the accepted one! Her sickness had been a ruse to get him out of the way. Their plans had been carefully laid. While he, too late, was sweating blood and straining muscles to bring relief, they had been riding away, laughing at the dull fool who had been so easily duped. They thought he would not know who the "some one" was, and yet had been careless enough, or too much taken up with each other and their flight, to notice even the sound of the falling of a heavy revolver.

He laughed.

For things of small moment he found swearing

a relief. This was too serious, and a time for action, not curses.

A convulsive shudder ran through his body ; he rose, and going outside, filled the tin basin and dashed the water over his face again and again.

He took off the remnant of his socks, bathed his sore and cut feet, and entered the cabin again.

Going to the cheap bureau which he had had sent, as a luxury, all the way from Chicago, the only one in the county and the object of many an envious glance from the women, and sneering remarks from their husbands when they had been importuned to buy one also, he opened the lower drawer and selected a clean pair from the neatly folded pile of socks which Kate had always kept in order for him. As he did so he forgot, for the moment, what had happened, and caught himself thinking what a good wife Kate was. Only for a moment, though, for with an oath he slammed the drawer shut, and, sitting on the floor, jerked the socks on, tearing one nearly in half and swearing at the unoffending garment as if it had been the cause of his trouble ; then he hunted up an old pair of boots and pulled them on.

After his one burst of profanity he moved about calmly, methodically, removing as far as possible the evidences of the fearful strain he had undergone.

Then, coolly, as if he had been going away for a short trip, he collected everything that had been his before that day when he had installed Kate, his bride, in that plain but comfortable little home.

Passing the looking-glass he stopped before the little tintype of her smiling face. He stared at it a moment, and then his hand went out as if he would have taken it down.

He drew back before his fingers touched it, sighed, picked up the little bundle he had made and set it outside the door.

Re-entering, he took the can of kerosene and poured its contents over the floor, bed, table and chairs, struck a match and stooping, applied the little flame to the oil-soaked bedclothes.

He walked fully a mile before he looked back at the flaring heap which had been his home, then his head dropped again and he walked on.

Coming to where he had thrown down his belt and holsters, he picked them up and buckled them, their accustomed weight making him feel a little more like his former self.

Further on he came in sight of the stiff, brown heap which had been Dick ; Dick, who

had been faithful ; Dick, the friend who had killed for the sake of the faithless.

Then the tears which had not flown the first he had shed since, a boy, he lay by the deathbed of his mother, the one who had enshrined him in her heart at others, overcame him. He threw him the wet grass beside the dead horse, and its head in his arms, laid his face against sobbed like a child.

"Doc" Henderson stood leaning against the bar of "Dan's Hotel," with an empty glass in his hand, prescribing for a pair of very bad eyes which the proprietor of that hostel played, when the door opened and Lon came in.

Throwing a saddle, bridle and a bunch of hay in one corner as he approached the bar, and "Howdy, Doc?" called for some of Dan's brand, making no reference to and not intending to notice the aforesaid pair of bad optics.

Dan appeared disposed to refuse and demand an explanation ; but business was brisk and he set out the bottle and glass.

"D'ye expect me t' drink alone? Yours and Doc's?"

Again Dan hesitated a moment ; but the maxim presenting itself to his mind, he spoke in his turn.

"How's the wife?" asked Doc.

"Kate? Oh, she's all right. Was up and I got thar. She's gone away on a visit."

"Gone away? Why, I thought——"

"So did I. But what's the use o' that? Let's hev another. Set 'em up ag'in, Dan, the-way, I guess as how I'll take that little o' yours, arter all."

Two days later Dan and Doc were discussing the non-appearance of Lon for the past eight hours, when McMasters wandered in after a "Don't keer 'f I do" in reply to an invitation, said :

"Say, d'ye know Lon's house wuz clean t' th' ground?"

"No! When?"

"Durned 'f I know when er how, but I know it this mornin', an' ther wasn't nothin' but a heap o' ashes left. Fust thing I thought o' was to danged chist o' drawers they called 'em.' Ef 'twan't for thet nice wife o' I wouldn't 'a' keered 'f it had happened to her. I hain't an' never did hev any use fer the highfulutin' notions."

"He didn't say nothin' t' me about it, he t' you, Doc?" asked Dan.

"Nope."

"Guess he's gone arter his wife. He wuz orse stuck on her than any man I ever seed, n' married over three year, too!"

"Wall, it's darn cur'us. I s'pose she's gone see her folks an' Lon arter her."

He took from his belt the richly mounted revolver and examined it carefully.

An odd conceit had come to him. He would kill them with the man's own weapon.

The cartridges which her lover had intended, possibly, for him, Lon, should he have returned



"LEAN DOWN, DEAR, I WANT TO KISS YOU."

Lon certainly was "arter her," but he did not think that she had "gone t' see her folks."

As he rode his newly purchased mare over the prairie, which was already assuming again its usual parched condition under the rays of the fierce summer sun, he thought very differently.

too soon, would send their bullets into her false heart.

As the mare climbed a slight rise in the ground Lon caught sight of his point of destination. A little house, set by a clump of trees.

It was ten miles off, but Lon's teeth came to-



gether with a snap. He tightened his belt and looked again at the revolver and his own.

Then a knotty point to be decided suggested itself to his brain.

Should he use his own weapons first, or the other one?

There might be a fight before the range became short, and he did not want to waste those precious bullets. They, alone, must be the messengers of his righteous wrath. And yet, if he did not use his own first, a chance shot might defeat his whim. He had thought of it so much that he would almost have been willing to have them escape him rather than that those particular pieces of lead should fail of the mission to which he had consecrated them.

By the time he had viewed this question in all its aspects, arguing each phase to himself with all the earnestness of a young lawyer on his first case, and had finally decided to allow the God who ruled over men, sometimes called "Chance," decide it, he was within half a mile of the house.

Surely, if they were there, they must have seen him coming. Could they think he would not follow them?

Maybe they had not come here, after all.

He dismounted, and hobbling the mare, strode toward the house.

Still no sign of either of them.

He began to be nervous. Not from any failing of his spirit, but for fear he was to be balked, if only for the time being.

Now he is within ten feet of the little window.

Another moment, and his face is pressed against it and he looks in.

He sees his wife lying asleep on the bed in the corner, but no sign of the man to whom the revolver belonged.

Lon wonders where he is.

He will be back, though; and meanwhile—

Lon's hand is clenching the butt of a revolver—the revolver—and slowly it is being drawn from his belt.

It is free now.

He draws a deep breath, and raising it, levels it at the space of white breast that is showing between the opened gown of the sleeping woman.

She moves restlessly, turns her face toward the window, and smiles in her sleep.

God! No! he cannot do it—he cannot!

That sweet mouth and dear white breast have been the altars of his devotion. He cannot profane them—not now, anyway.

The man first; then—

He is about to lower the threatening weapon when his arms are seized from behind and forced

far back, a knee is placed in the small of his back, and he is thrown down, while the other man growls in his ear:

"Ye fool! what are ye doin'?"

In a moment all of Lon's fierceness and murderous purpose have returned. He does not answer articulately, but, with a snarl of rage and hate, wrenches himself free of the other's grasp and clutches at his throat.

They are at too close quarters for weapons to be used, and, with arms and legs interlocked, they roll and tumble on the ground, now Lon on top, now the other. They have no breath to waste on words as they dig their heels into the earth and strive for the mastery.

Lon, weakened by the strain of yesterday and the loss of sleep since, feels his strength going. He tries to reach one of his revolvers—any one now, for this is no time for whims—when the other man pulls away for a moment, and the next has his fingers around Lon's throat, one knee on his chest, and the other holding down the arm and hand with which Lon was trying to reach his holster.

With another tightening of the choking fingers, and an added pressure on the knees, to make sure of his victory, the other man waits a moment to catch his breath, and then says:

"Now, what's th' meanin' o' all this? Ye needn't answer. I guess I know. Ye're just 'bout fool 'nough t' be jealous. Don't ye know I've been married nigh on to six months, an' thet I brung yer wife over hyar so's she could be looked out fer by my wife an' me, an' not hev t' depend on a fellow as gets drunk when he goes fer med'cine? 'F ye don't, ye'd orter. Now get up an' act like a man with just a mite o' sense, even if he hain't got it, an' come in an' see th' best wife a man ever had, barrin' one, who's mine."

"But, Kate," said Lon, "why didn't ye say so, 'stead o' leavin' a note like that? Ye might 'a' known what I'd think."

"Might I? Well, Lon dear, if you have lived with me for over three years and do not trust me any more than that, perhaps to go was the best thing I could have done. Anyway, dear, you needed a lesson. A man who thinks more of whisky than he does of his sick wife deserves to lose her, which you haven't. Lean down, dear, I want to kiss you. I am very sorry you had such a hard time, and you won't stay away from me again, will you, dear?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"No, doc. Jest as much 'bliged, but you'll hev t' 'scuse me. I've had my med'cine."

# FOR the BOYS and GIRLS



## AN AMERICAN PRINCESS.\*

By EVELYN RAYMOND.

### CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

THE old man was approaching over the plain, and, seeing no nearer chance of gaining information, Patience suggested going to meet him there. Long Mark wheeled Ichabod into line, and they passed away from the miserable village.

"Does it seem possible that one so beautiful and proud as Tulita could have sprung from such a source?" exclaimed Patience, as they rode away.

"There *has* been a white crow now and then!" answered Long Mark, sententiously.

When they came up to old Ramon the girl saluted him cordially. "We have come to see Tulita, Ramon the Wise. May we do so?"

"That is as she wills."

There was a deep gloom upon the old chief's face, but Patience was not to be deterred by this.

"Will you tell me where she is?"

"In the mountains among the braves!" responded the other, with anger and contempt.

"What is she doing there? Which mountain?"

"She has been burying her dead. She is now haranguing the youths. She, a *squaw*! and they *men*, or should be!"

"She must, indeed, have greatly offended you that you should speak like that. You have always seemed to hold Tulita in highest respect. But I'm sure she means you nothing but good, and with your leave I'll seek her there. Will you not kindly point the way?"

He did so without showing sign of pleasure in the action, but he did, indeed, feel such. He hoped many things from the intercourse of Tulita with this rich man's daughter, but the things

he hoped all tended to material benefit. So did Tulita's hopes, if by quite a nobler way.

They found the girl where he had indicated, seated among a group of Indians, old and young, but all equally interested in the talk of the girl they each acknowledged as their princess. She was trying to incite them to action, peaceable and industrious—to make them promise to abjure the "fire water," which had wrought Ouleon's downfall, and to look forward and toil for a time when they should cease to be the scorn of their white neighbors and become their envy.

As Patience and Long Mark drew near, the contrast they presented to the men about her pointed Tulita's eloquent language with a fitting moral, and if Patience had so planned it she could not have come to the Indian maid at a more opportune moment.

She heard and understood, from its finish, all the nature of Tulita's speech, and springing lightly from Blanco's back she held out her hands to that other girl, so like and yet so wholly unlike herself.

"The picture you draw is good, Tulita, my friend. Come with me. Live with me for a time and learn all that is to be learned. Afterward you and I together will make your picture real for all these, your own and my adopted brothers. Will you come?"

Tulita cast one earnest glance upon the other's face. Then she turned to the braves:

"You have all heard her. The white man's language is plain in your ears. She has called you brothers. Shall I go with her and learn of her how to keep the flocks and raise the crops that our people may have always food?"

\* Begun in the October number.

"Go in peace, our princess. There is peace between us. We have said it!"

"But you, my brothers, will you do as I have asked you already? Will you hunt the game and till the fields, as you have knowledge, until I come? And when I come shall it be to find the tribe of Ouleon the Eagle Feather lying lower than he lies this day? or resting high above the valley of want and pain and—sin?"

One, a man older than the rest, rose from the circle about the place and prostrated himself before her.

"Go in peace, Princess de la Vega. I, the oldest brave among them, will keep them to their pledge."

"Farewell, for a time, my brothers."

"Farewell."

Without another word Tulita sprang upon the back of a broncho standing near, and guided the animal close to Blanco's side.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### EASTWARD, HO!

MRS. RUTGER's sense of the fitness of things received a slight shock when Patience and Long Mark came riding home that day, bringing Tulita with them, and the heiress of Santa Paula quietly remarked: "I have brought me a sister, Cousin Hortense. I hope you will welcome her, and love her as you do me."

The lady had fancied she was most cordially interested in the "Indian question," with a leaning toward affection for the much-discussed red man, yet when her young relative put a similar predilection into actual practice it was, as Long Mark expressed it, "A black horse of quite another color."

"Certainly," she replied to Patience, but there had been more of confusion than warmth in her manner. Tulita in her buckskin attire, riding over the plains, seemed to the Easterner quite the "correct thing," but the same Tulita, in the same garments, seated opposite herself at table, gave her a very uncomfortable feeling—almost as if she herself were a part of some great "Wild West Show."

However, Tulita, with her native directness, solved this difficulty speedily:

"Dear Patience, if I am to live with you, I must know exactly how? Am I to be your waitress, or——"

"I have called you *sister*. I mean it. You are to be my equal in all things which I can control for you. A waitress is a servant, and I am too good an American ever to be served by a

princess of the line! Save in the service of love, which we will render toward one another."

Tulita stood earnestly regarding the eager, beautiful face of the generous white girl, saying this, and as Patience finished the Indian maid bent forward and touched the other's golden head with her lips.

"With this I pledge myself to thee, daughter of my enemies, sister of my soul. In all that I can I will make myself like thee. Thou shalt not be ashamed of the friend thou hast chosen."

"I could never be anything but proud of you, Tulita."

The princess smiled and arched her brows.

"Thy people will look with curiosity upon me, clothed with *these*! While I am with thee I must appear as thou dost."

She pointed from her own clothing to that of Patience.

"Of course. If you will, I shall be so glad to have you. But, first of all, I want you to feel at ease and comfortable. Will you not dislike such gowns as I wear?"

"I shall hate them! I shall be miserable in them. But what is a little discomfort of the body to the discomfort of the soul? No; if thou wilt give them to me—whatever is fitting—I will wear them and learn to do so quickly."

"But why, Tulita, do you use the 'thou' and 'thee' to me and to nobody else here?"

"Dost thou not like it?"

"Yes. It's quaint, and seems to set me apart especially for you."

The Indian girl clapped her hands softly, and a beautiful light shone in her dark eyes.

"Ah, thou hast thyself said it. My people speak thus to one another, when there is closest love between them. Thus I spake to Ouleon. Thus old Ramon the Wise speaks to me. 'Thou' makest us—sisters in speech as in heart."

Patience was silent. There was such a depth of feeling about this new "sister" that she was sometimes startled, but she slipped her arm affectionately around the princess's waist and drew her away toward her own rooms, there to try on and select such clothing as would completely change Tulita's appearance. Indeed, when the two appeared at dinner, soon after, Mrs. Rutger was infinitely relieved to find that the Indian maiden, arrayed "as a civilized Christian should be," was a very beautiful and queenly young person. A person that anybody, even Hortense Rutger, might be proud to champion.

Indeed, it was quite wonderful how swiftly Tulita adapted herself to all the Santa Paula

ways. Her native intelligence, her early training at the mission school, where she and Ouleon had been for a time pupils, but most of all her intense desire to please Patience in all things, made her efforts successful in a wonderfully brief time.

So that Mrs. Rutger had almost forgotten that the new member of the household was a "savage," or that the smoothly running affairs of the household had ever been disturbed by the unusual events which have been narrated; when

"There is no limit to your indulgence."

"None whatever—so far as my ability goes."

"This very morning I heard her ask you for a thousand dollars, and you gave it her without a question."

"Surely. Why not?"

"A girl like that! Scarce more than a child! What can she know of money?"

"She fully knows its best value—the making of the world a happy place."



"WHY CLOTILDE, WHAT IS THE MATTER—WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THAT?"

letters from home arrived and set her to reflecting how protracting her own visit to Santa Paula had been. Recalled by these to the necessity of a return Eastward, she sought David Eliot in his library to lay the matter before him, and to expostulate—as she was daily moved to do—against his unlimited indulgence of his young daughter.

"For, David, it will certainly spoil her."

"Beg pardon, Hortense, but it certainly will not."

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Hortense gazed curiously upon her cousin, whose glance was through the window upon a group of *vacqueros* and *caballeros* all mounted upon fine horses, with the ranchman's daughter in the midst, also mounted and wearing that comfortable habit which gave freest motion to her supple form. With Tulita beside her, the girl was directing and gesticulating in the pretty, graceful manner natural to the Spanish half of her blood.

"I do not understand it. I came here to hold out the olive branch of forgiveness to this unhappy man, and he just utterly ignores the past. It's terribly disconcerting to bask in the halo of my own goodness and generosity, as it were, and have him so blind to it all! But I must certainly do something for that child. She will be ruined, growing up—in such a fashion!" ran Mrs. Rutger's thoughts. Aloud she said: "But a thousand dollars! Do you mind telling me what in the world she could do with such a sum—here!"

"My dear cousin, is there a spot on this planet where a thousand dollars cannot be used? I have yet to find it. But I'll call Pat herself. We never tell tales of each other, and maybe she will not care to disclose her purpose. *Chi-is! Ha, querida!*"

The daughter's bright face turned instantly toward the window, and she waved her hand in response; but she finished her directions to the men before she cantered up to the porch, and, dismounting, perched herself upon the broad ledge where her father's arm rested.

"*Si*, dad dear? What is it?"

"This good friend of ours thinks that I indulge you too much. Do you object to telling us what you did with the money I gave you this morning?"

"Why, *mi padre*? Do you care?"

"Oh, no! But I do not wish to 'spoil' you."

A look of perplexity flitted across the piquant face. "It is a case of the right and left hand not knowing each other's business, Father David."

"Then, of course, that settles it; though explain what you can to Cousin Hortense, please." But a look of unspeakable tenderness was exchanged between these two.

The girl turned to Mrs. Rutger. "You see, Cousin Hortense, it's one of the things we never talk about—what we do in charity. I wanted it for somebody who hasn't very much money. That's all."

"But, my child, a thousand dollars! It is lavish. You will certainly be imposed upon, and continually. I assure you that a good business man would hesitate a long time before he expended that sum on a single object, no matter what his income."

"Would he? How strange! Yet dad says that I am an excellent business man! Why, do you know that I take charge of all the stock?—sheep, cattle, horses, and the men who attend them; though Tulita is going to learn to help me. Dad couldn't tell you, to save his life, how many bands and herds he owns; but I keep a

record of every creature, even to the lambs, calves and colts. That is, I do know all this three times a year at the round-up."

"What's a 'round-up,' if you please?"

"It's—fun!"

Mr. Eliot explained: "In simple and literal English, it is 'taking account of stock.' The men ride round the whole *hacienda* and corral the creatures; then they are registered in each division-overseer's book, and from that the record is transferred to Pat's; so she knows exactly what will suit a buyer when she has occasion to sell a herd. The 'round-up' is a busy time for her and a jolly one for the caballeros. The affair ends with a festival, and their young mistress has instituted a series of prizes for the most helpful employees, which they are all eager to obtain. The trouble with that part of the business, though, is that every cowboy and shepherd on the pay-roll comes in for some sort of present. So the prize idea is a sort of farce, after all."

"No, dad; pardon me, but you misunderstand. The prizes and presents are quite distinct; but it makes everybody happy to receive some little token, and it's all part of the same business, you know."

"What business, *mi niña*?" though he asked the question merely for Mrs. Rutger's benefit.

"Why, you dear, obtuse *padre*! what's set you to asking foolish questions? Ever since I was so high, what have you taught me was the real business of life but doing kindness to somebody? And now may I go? I want to break that gray colt this morning—if he'll let me. He's to be Tulita's, and almost as handsome as Blanco, I think. I feel for her exactly as I do for myself; I want nobody's hand but mine to touch a horse I'm going to ride, except, of course, to groom him." With a nod for farewell, she sprang to her saddle and galloped away, Tulita following close behind.

Mrs. Rutger's eyes filled with sudden moisture. She had never seen anyone like Patience, whose attitude toward life was like that of the sunshine toward the earth—as unconscious and beneficent. How was it possible with such a father? and how could David's bearing be so noble and benignant? He seemed, indeed, like one who might be "king" of more precious things than silver—even of himself.

Then, as Patience disappeared, she asked: "Has it been the child's habit to go alone among these people?"

"Sometimes she was alone, sometimes old Gaspar was with her. Why, all of the boys feel it an honor to escort their little *señorita*."

"But how dare you allow it?"

David Eliot turned a startled face toward the questioner, and there was more of sternness in his tone than she had heard before. "She is as safe with any of them as she would be with me. The man does not live—certainly not at Santa Paula—who would injure Pat. From Frisco to Tia Juana the child is canonized, in human hearts if not in the calendar. But I am just now in perplexity about her. Do you wish to help me by advice?"

"Certainly, if I can."

"It is about Patience. Since that terrible thing happened to her—though I have no fear that she will ever again be imprisoned in a cavern—I feel unusually anxious about her, and this morning I have received a telegram which I must answer in person in Mexico. For several reasons it seems impossible to take her there at present, and, for the first time in her life, I must be separated for some time from my child. Could you stay here with her? or what shall I do with her?"

"I, too, have had news calling me home. Can you trust her to me there?"

"Are you—perfectly sure—that you wish it? Remember, please, that at San' Paula we value entire sincerity above everything else."

"I surely do. I love the child."

"Of course. Who does not? She knows nothing but love. It is this which makes me anxious. You and I understand that, sunshiny though it is, there are still some dark spots in life. I do not wish Patience to *stumble* into them. In plain words, I left my old home in trouble. My daughter must not hear of that mischance."

Hortense Rutger's heart palpitated fiercely. The man's directness of speech took her breath away. All her delicate beating about the bush had been of no avail, for he had gone straight to the matter. When she recovered herself she replied, with great gentleness:

"I am sure you may trust me for that. Don't you know it was for this very thing I came to Santa Paula? I did not know whether you were rich or poor, good or bad; a quarter of a century hides many things. But I wanted you to know before I died that I had forgiven all. So had my parents."

"Thank you!" David smiled; it almost seemed indulgently. "Some time, maybe, Pat shall hear the whole sad story. But, if ever, I prefer she shall do so from my own lips. If you can manage this it is all I ask."

"It shall be as you wish. When do you leave?"

"As soon as possible. But that should not hasten your departure."

"I should have gone before. You remember that I came for but two days, and I have staid so long. I must go this week."

"Very well. Pat shall go with you. But, will you also take Tulita?"

"Yes, if Patience wishes it. Tulita, in a civilized garb, is very interesting, and she has stately manners. But how will your daughter bear the separation from you? I never saw such filial devotion as hers."

"*Querida* and I are bonny comrades. Still, it will not be for long, and you need not dread a scene. The child has a royal nature."

So it proved. When the news was broken to her, without preface or softening, Patience cast one distressed glance into her father's eyes, but seeing there the same smiling serenity which had ever responded to her she rose to the occasion and smiled bravely back. Two days later, with all that she loved best behind her, the girl sat speeding rapidly Eastward in her father's special car, while another fast train bore him further and further away.

Mrs. Rutger was solicitous in attentions. She even suggested that if Patience would feel better to cry, she should permit herself the luxury, for her composure seemed unnatural. "I shall not mind, my dear. Just have a good cry, and you'll feel better."

"Sha'n't you? I thought you'd be disturbed. But it wouldn't do any good. The ache is too deep down. However, if you won't be lonely, Tulita and I will go through the train while you're taking a nap."

"Go, by all means. It will amuse you. Only take Clotilde with you, please. I feel responsible for your welfare."

The two Californian girls exchanged puzzled glances. "*Clotilde*! Why, certainly, if you wish it."

Mrs. Rutger went to sleep. Her nap lasted for some moments; then an unusual sound awoke her. It was unmistakably an infant's cry. She sprang to her feet, wondering what had befallen her. "Why, *Clotilde*! what is the matter? What in the world is that?"

"A babby, ma'am, as Miss Patience was afther biddin' me fetch intil yez."

"*A baby*! Where did she get it? Where is she now? Quick! answer!"

"In the towerist car, ma'am. By the same token, it's a mis'able place; eleven babbies all cryin' to oncet, an' a big red-hot stove in each end of the same, an' the stench o' the coffee



b'ilin' over! I'm thankful the day 't I'm a leddy's maid, an' not no pore craythera-thravelin' second class."

"But *whose* baby is it? What is it doing *here*?"

"Sure, it's chryin' here it's doin' the minute, an' it's the widdy's babby. Hush up til yez now, me darlint!"

"But why should——"

Patience finished the unfinished question in person. "Oh, Cousin Hortense! I'm so glad I went! This poor woman has no mattress nor anything for her berth, and the baby so frail. Isn't it lovely that we have this great car all to ourselves, so that we can make her comfortable?"

"Pos—si—bly," said Mrs. Rutger, coldly.

"Why, aren't you pleased?" in a tone of surprise.

"That depends," answered the chaperon. Then she turned to the woman. "My young cousin is very impulsive and kind-hearted; she does not always consider what she does. Are you traveling alone? Is the little one seriously ill?"

The mother caught her breath with a sob. Patience's tender sympathy had banished her self-control. "Yes, I'm alone. We went to California for my husband's health, but too late. He died last week, and I—I fear I neglected the baby sometimes. I feared he would die, too; but he is better. I am fully aware that I am intruding, but the young lady was so urgent; and, indeed, she sent the child in ahead, so I followed. Of course I will take him back."

Patience's eyes opened to their widest extent. They were troubled and indignant, but she said nothing. Only cast one searching glance into Mrs. Rutger's face, and then began moving her own belongings from an easy-chair, while she rang vigorously for the porter.

The baby staid in the Santa Paula car for two days, during which time he had plenty of company. Old men and women, young men and maidens, all with some infirmity of purse or person, were gathered into the sumptuous carriage by the indefatigable benevolence of the "Silver King's" daughter. The girl herself passed most of her time elsewhere, leaving the happy Tulita to brood over and "mother" the protégées—grateful for something to do. But Patience moved about from end to end of the long train, chatting in the "sleepers," playing checkers with invalids in the "tourist," inspecting the mail-car, tipping the brakemen, riding on the engine, buying the train-boy's

stock, and generally making the trip a memorable one to everyone aboard.

At the end of two days the "special" was sidetracked by "request of the owner," and Mrs. Rutger sat dazed and speechless concerning this last "freak" of her charge, and beginning to realize that she had assumed the responsibility of something more hazardous than the traditional "white elephant."

However, the "elephant" was perfectly capable of taking all responsibility upon itself, and quietly announced:

"I find that the doctors told baby's mother to take him to the hot-springs here, and he would be cured of his hip-disease, and as she is so poor and discouraged, I'm just going with them to the sanitarium and settle them comfortably for several months. I'll pay her board beforehand, and then her mind will be at rest. Isn't it delightful to think we found her and may help her to save her baby!"

"H'mm!" replied Hortense. It was all which she was just then capable of saying.

"Clotilde may go with me. She's useful as a baby-carrier, though not for much else. Tulita is willing to stay with you, and you'll be as cozy here as in a hotel. Traveling is such fun! Dad said I'd be sure to find something to interest me on this trip because I always have on our other journeys. Bless his dear, prophetic soul!"

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### SOME NEW YORK EXPERIENCES.

THE travelers reached New York at last, and it was with a sigh of profound relief that the lady sat down in her own drawing-room, and reflected that here, at least, she would be mistress of the situation.

"Truly, you must have come home in delightful comfort," said the smiling housekeeper. "I was very pleased to get your telegram telling of the private car and all that."

"Private car, indeed! I assure you, Boden, that if I ever cross the continent again, I'll go with the 'tourist' lot; then I shall know where I am. But this Patience is—well, I'll leave you to find out for yourself what she is."

"I'm sure, ma'am, she has a sweet face; and it will be good to have a pair of young things like her and her maid——"

"Maid, Boden! That's an Indian princess! Oh, it's the genuine Wild West, I assure you!"

"Lord save us! but they'll do to keep things from getting too quiet in the house."

"I'll guarantee that! But she is sweet, our



"THERE WAS A SWISH OF SOMETHING THROUGH THE AIR."

girl, and she'll keep things stirring—surely. The other is just as sedate and womanly and adoring as if she were sixty instead of sixteen. She'll be a help, only she's Indian. I can't help loving Pat; but——"

"But what, ma'am?"

"The days of our peace are over."

"So, indeed! Yet you don't seem right sorry."

"That's just the worst of it, Boden. No matter what she does—and some of the things are positively outrageous—I can't be sorry. Where is she—they—now?"

"Clotilde showed them to their rooms to change their gowns."

"Depend upon it, *she* isn't there now—that is, Patience. You'd better look after her, and

then we'll have lunch. Send Clotilde to me, please."

But Patience saved Boden trouble by entering at that moment. She looked more disturbed than Hortense had ever yet seen her. "Why, cousin, I thought you said you lived alone with your servants."

"And so I do."

"Then you must have guests without knowing it, and I'm selfish enough to be sorry. I hoped you'd go about the city with me at once; now, I suppose, you'll have to stay at home."

"Are there guests here, Boden?"

"Not a soul, ma'am."

"What do mean, then, dear? Where did you see anybody?"

"Upstairs, on every floor. In some of the

rooms there were only one or two, but in others ever so many people. I didn't think they had much cordiality of manner, but Dad says not to expect that in the East."

"Patience Eliot, have you been upstairs?"

"Why, certainly. I was eager to see all my new home. You see, it is to be home for awhile, and I was never in a New York home before. We've stopped at hotels the few times we've been here. Dad says he had his darkest days here, when he was young and poor, and he never stays here if he can help it. Pardon me if I did wrong. I thought you wouldn't mind. All Santa Paula is our guests when we have them, you know."

"But, my dear, there isn't any 'upstairs' to this house, in your sense. It's an apartment."

"An—apartment—house?"

"Yes," whereupon the lady explained—as she thought, clearly—all the advantages of the form of dwelling she tenanted. "But don't mind about the matter at all. It was a mistake, and will soon be set right. I will explain in a note to each householder."

"But, dear cousin, why didn't you tell Dad? I'm sure he thought you had all the money you needed, or he'd have given you some. Then you needn't have lived so any longer."

"Now what in the world do you mean?" demanded the astonished woman.

"I've always felt so sorry for the tenement-house dwellers. I've read about them in the magazines; and I didn't dream that you——"

"For goodness sake! waste no more pity on me. I'm not rich, measured by *your* standard; but here my husband was considered a rich man, and he left me his property. Is it *pity* for *me* distresses you? Quite a novel idea! For the use of this 'tenement,' how much do you suppose I pay?"

"I'm sure I don't know. It's not very big."

"You are right there. Nothing seems 'very big' after the West; but for this humble home I pay the trifling sum of eight thousand dollars per year. I live in it from preference, for it saves labor and care, and insures me excellent service. Each family is on a separate floor, and nobody knows his neighbor unless he desires. That will explain the Eastern want of cordiality you observed. In future, therefore, dear, just confine your explorations to the fifteen or sixteen rooms—rather pretty, I call them—of my double apartment, all on one floor, and you'll be kindly treated. My dear little cousin, you have a deal to learn."

Forthwith the girl set about learning it. The

fact that they had been traveling for many days did not seem sufficient reason to her for spending a long sunshiny afternoon indoors; so, immediately after lunch, in company with Tulita under escort of Mrs. Boden, she set out on her explorations of the town.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Rutger sat down at her desk to read and answer the letters which awaited her arrival. The very first was from David Eliot, containing some directions regarding his daughter, which, as Hortense amusedly realized, but added to her care while seeking to relieve it. The letter concluded:

"My darling Pat has been accustomed to doing banking business, so far as a woman needs understand it, ever since she was ten years old. There is, practically, no limit to her wealth; and as the mines from which the greater part of it is obtained were found on the land she inherits from her mother, I am anxious she should feel it almost completely under her own control. Kittle & Gasseling, Wall Street, are my Eastern agents, and they will honor her drafts to any amount. I foresee the whimsical distress on your kindly face, but I assure you that you need have no anxiety on this particular subject. Patience is so simple and sincere that she will not be as easily imposed upon as you imagine. Begging pardon for the remark, she will detect deceit more readily than you or I, because her intuitions are fresher and keener. The mistakes she does make will teach her wisdom in the best way to learn it, and I think you will find her amenable to any reasonable restraint. She will receive a journal-letter from me, semi-weekly, and as she can telegraph me at any moment, I hope that she will feel our separation as little wearisome as possible.

"In conclusion, hoping that my little Pat will make you so happy during the time she is with you that you will have to follow her back to the West, I remain your obliged friend and foster-brother, DAVID ELIOT."

To which, as follows:

"DEAR DAVID—Patience will tell you how we crossed the continent. I couldn't. But we are at home. At least, I am. Your remarkable daughter is, at present, somewhere in town. I allowed her, or she allowed herself, to go out under the wing of that staidest of matrons, Mrs. Boden, our old housekeeper, whom you remembered. I expect her back when she is ready to come—referring to Patience. She is like your Western country—unique, irresistible in its fascination. That's Pat. Yes; I've fallen into that reprehensible habit myself. Spasmodically I call her Patience; but habitually 'Pat,' or 'Darling,' which explains the situation. If she were not so pure and true I should be afraid of her, for I have become as wax in *her* hands. She fondly imagines I'm like herself, and how can I bear to deceive her?

"That banking business is superlative folly, even if she were a dozen heiresses in one. I warn you that I wash my hands of any responsibility in the extravagances she will surely commit. When I asked you to let her come home with me little did I dream what I was undertaking, but since I have her I am heartily sorry for you because you have her not. Only when—

ever you think of our  
so as of Pat, Tulita and  
ron and Pat.

"For yourself suc-  
concerned I'll do  
failure, please remem-

establishment please to do  
peron—not the chape-

eed our For all  
can out, restalling  
at, morta

"HORTENSE."

Business and letters di-  
turned to what she called her "dear, dirty, wide-  
awake old New York papers," and the loyal  
citizeness rapidly ran the damp folded sheets  
through her slim fingers. Opening the first one,  
she nearly dropped it with a scream. There,  
staring up into her aristocratic face, were the  
"scare" head-lines:

"ARRIVAL OF THE AMERICAN PRINCESS, THE ONLY DAUGH-  
TER OF BONANZA ELIOT, THE SILVER KING—STEPS  
OUT OF HER SPECIAL CAR AT THE GRAND  
CENTRAL—HER CHAPERON THE  
WEALTHY WIDOW, MRS.  
HORTENSE RUTGER.

HER PERSONAL ATTENDANT ALSO A PRINCESS, OF INDIAN  
BLOOD—NOW LET THE HOSPITABLE EAST DO  
HONOR TO THE BEAUTIFUL WEST!"

An hour afterward she still sat gazing into  
space with all the other newspapers unread be-  
fore her, when a hasty knock announced the  
coming of Mrs. Boden, who scarcely waited the  
summons to enter before she was in her mis-  
tress's presence.

"Well," asked that afflicted person, meekly,  
"what other distressing thing has happened?"

"Oh, no, ma'am—not distressing, exactly.  
But the young lady and Dundreary had a little  
difficulty. She ordered him off the carriage,  
out of hand; and she is—I don't know just  
where. That's all. I don't doubt she'll come  
home all right. She seems a capable sort, and  
quite clear-headed about what she wishes to do."

"Oh, Boden! have her wiles conquered your  
sense of propriety, too?"

"'Wiles' isn't the word, ma'am. If she was  
wily I'd be a granite wall against her; but she's  
that honest and decided, and so sure a body  
feels the same as herself, that she melts me all  
down. About Dundreary: we drove first to the  
Park, but Miss Patience didn't care for that.  
'It's like the country, and I want to see the  
town,' said she. So we turned about and went  
down the Avenue, not meaning, I'm sure, to go  
below Madison Square. She liked that better,  
but she didn't think the houses extra fine. 'We  
have as good in Frisco,' said she, 'and I always  
liked adobes best. But where are the slums,  
Dundreary?' 'I don't know, miss; and if I did  
I wouldn't like to drive through them,' said he.  
'What! should you be afraid?' said she. 'Yes,'

says Dundreary, 'I should.' 'Then I'm not,'  
said your cousin, 'and if you'll pull up a min-  
ute I'll ask that policeman to direct us.' Instead  
of obeying, what does the foolish fellow do but  
lash the horses a bit, and they're over-high from  
being idle so long; so they began to prance quite  
bad. Miss Patience didn't say anything for  
awhile; then she burst out—and I tell you her  
eyes can flash, for all they look so soft some-  
times. 'Dundreary, drop that whip, quick! If  
you cut that off beast again you'll ruin him!'  
said she. Of course coachman was mad—as who  
wouldn't be?—and him driving the best families  
this dozen year. So he gave the animal another  
cut, to quiet him like, and—that's about all I  
clearly know. I heard Miss Patience cry out,  
'You idiot!' and the next I saw he was on the  
curbstone, and she on the box with the reins in  
her hands, and she cooing to those great horses  
like they were babies. She looked round and  
ordered me to get out, too, if I wanted to be safe.  
The last I saw of her she was driving toward the  
Park again, the Indian girl sitting like a statue  
on the back seat. Miss Patience's hands were  
like a vise on the reins, and her face fairly  
shone."

Hortense sat aghast—this time not at any  
trumpery headlines or newspaper gossip, but at  
thought of the danger to which "poor David"  
idol was at that moment exposed.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

GIVING AND THIEVING.

"EX VERDAD! I wouldn't keep that Dun-  
dreary another day, if I were you, Cousin Hor-  
tense. He doesn't know enough to drive a  
burro."

"Patience, are you alive?" cried Mrs. Rutger,  
running to clasp the girl in her arms.

"Why, certainly! Why shouldn't I be?"

"But, Patience, you don't apparently under-  
stand. It's an unheard of thing you've done.  
You've frightened me almost to death. And as  
for your father—what would he have thought?"

"The same that I do. Though he doesn't  
profess to know as much about horses as I do,  
for he wasn't brought up among them in the  
same way. Which was his misfortune."

"My child, are you out of your senses? Just  
listen while I explain." And very gently and  
kindly the long suffering chaperon tried to set  
before Patience, and the equally attentive Tu-  
lita, the changed conditions of the life the former  
had come to experience, and that because she  
was so perfectly natural and sincere she would

be considered a "savage" by the society she ought to adorn.

Patience sighed her perplexity. She had never heard of dissecting "happiness," and "environment" was a cabalistic sound in her ears, but she understood her cousin's kindness. She smiled, kissed her chaperon, and went away to her own bandbox of a chamber to write to Dad.

There, too, she found Tulita, sitting with an open book upon her knee, and poring over its pages as if oblivious to everything else.

"Tulita, my sister, are you going to be happy here?"

"I shall be happy anywhere with thee, Patience."

"H'mm! That doesn't sound as if you were very hilarious. But, if you could have the thing you wish most in this world just now, what would it be?"

"I should like best to go to that place—like the old mission it was, something. As we drove up into the place called the Park. We passed it. Thou wert busy with thy horses, but I—just looked."

"You are always 'just looking,' dearie, and nothing escapes those dark eyes of yours. I see things, too, but such different ones from what you do. But, about the misson place?"

"It was richer and grander than the mission, but it was like it. The gates of the wall were open, and in the garden were *padres* walking and some sisters in black veils. These had many young girls and children, and they were all studying—studying out of books. Already, I doubt not, they know far more than Tulita, yet still they studied. And—I envied them. If I had my wish, thou and I would be there."

"Tulita, you shall have your wish. You shall go there."

"How can that be?"

"Easily. The place you saw was a school. It is probably like the one where you were, only very much larger and richer. You will have a chance to learn many things in it, and as soon as you wish you shall go. I'm not going to be any too comfortable and happy amid all this fol-de-rol of 'society,' and for *you*—it will be torment. Anyhow, it is but for a little while. When dad comes for us we'll go home and begin our work for your people together. Meanwhile, you shall certainly go to school. I'd hate it, but I'm not you, and we can each be just ourselves and keep on loving each other all the same. I'll have it fixed so I can see you every

day. Either I'll come to the school or convent, or you shall come here. Cousin Hortense will help us, I'm sure. And so *your* wish is fulfilled."

It was all done as Patience promised. The more readily, no doubt, because Mrs. Rutger approved and stood responsible to the instructors of the school Tulita had herself selected, and which was one of the very finest in the country. The lady felt that it was an admirable solution of a social problem which had confronted her. Patience was to meet, as far as was right for her age, her equals in "society." Those who would be proud to know David Eliot's daughter would, probably, draw the line at an obscure Indian girl, no matter how proud she were; and Patience had already shown, upon several occasions, that when she called Tulita "sister," she meant it to its fullest meaning.

Now, it happened, that Mrs. Rutger was not the only person who read that startling announcement of her return to town with annoyance. A loungeur in a city park picked up a discarded copy of the same newspaper and remarked, with emphasis: "'Tain't a fair divvy!" Then he folded and placed the sheet in such a way within his ragged pocket that the street number of the wealthy widow was handily accessible.

On that night following Tulita's departure for the school, Patience Eliot was awakened from a delightful dream of orange groves and fragrant vineyards by hearing a stealthy sound in her room. For one instant her heart beat with true feminine timidity; the next she had taken herself in hand with that readiness for emergencies to which she had been trained.

She had gone to bed with her one window wide open. Through it the light from the street shone sufficiently to show her a rough-looking fellow fumbling about her dressing-table.

The sight was like a spur to a spirited horse, and she noiselessly drew herself up in bed. Then, from under her pillow, she produced two articles not commonly included in the furnishings of a maiden's bedchamber.

The fumbling at the toilet-stand increased. From undue potations, or some other unknown cause, grown clumsily, careless and noisy, the burglar pulled out a drawer and stooped to examine its contents. Then there was a swish of something through the air, a crash of costly ornaments, and the intruder lay on his back—choking to death.

(To be continued.)







## GOMEZ, TO THE CUBANS.

BY HENRY TYRRELL.



*RISE, Cubans! from field and savanna,  
From mountain and forest and fen,  
From stony and starving Havana—  
And if you must die, die like men.  
From your desolate homes in the valley,  
Where pestilence blights with its breath,  
From your caves in the wilderness, rally!  
For freedom or death.*

*The chains of oppression no longer  
Shall bind you, and rust to the bone.  
Strong are tyrants, but vengeance is stronger—  
To destiny now they atone.  
Your fetters were centuries forging;  
Above you there hovered a brood  
Of vultures, all greedily gorging  
With treasure and blood.*

*I am old, but my spirit is lusty,  
With the ardor of threescore-and-ten.  
This machete has never grown rusty—  
Let it lead you to battle again.  
Lo! the green mother-island we cherish  
Is become a Golgotha of graves:  
Her defenders, if need be, we perish,  
But nevermore slaves*

*Follow me, and through fire I will lead you.  
Pacifcos, spurn you the name!  
If you hunger, the ravens shall feed you;  
If you thirst, drink of valor and fame.  
The sword is unsheathed! It shall never  
Subdued to its scabbard return:  
The torch we have lit shall forerer  
For liberty burn.*

*Cuba Libre! 'tis blazoned in splendor  
On the single-starred banner we raise,  
On the flag that will never surrender  
Till Time shuts the volume of days.  
Let the warships salute with their thunder,  
To welcome a new nation's birth,  
And wake to its triumph and wonder  
The ends of the earth.*





GOD'S TRIUMPHAL ARCH—THE NATURAL BRIDGE OF VIRGINIA.  
PHOTOGRAPH BY MILEY, OF LEXINGTON, VA.

# FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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NAVAL APPRENTICES' SCHOOL, NEWPORT, R. I.

## THE RANK AND FILE OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

By JOSEPH COBLENTZ GROFF.

**H**OWEVER great the cause, and though resorted to at the last extremity, war of any kind is always to be greatly deprecated. But then it is not, after all, the greatest calamity that might fall to the lot of a country, even of the defeated one, for the greatest good to the world has been known to follow in the wake of even the longest and most wasteful wars. Our own great country came into existence after a long and rebellious war against mighty odds; and now, a little more than a hundred years later, through a brief war with once mighty Spain, we are able to show to the

world what true Yankee spirit and ingenuity can produce in the way of an army and a navy.

The United States having been always successful in the few wars that have fallen to its lot, the building of a navy to represent its interests and honor abroad met with no little opposition on all sides.

Fortunately, the policy of economy and of waiting for the preparation of war until war was upon us gave way within the last twelve years to a more rational and a more modern course, which made possible the grand achievements at Manila and Santiago, and which made the

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United States Navy a wonder to the great powers of the world.

It is a known fact, though, that it was necessary for the successful war with Spain to show what the American seaman could do when put to the test, and to win for him the present high position of honor among the leading powers, which, it is safe to predict, will always be held.

Quite different, however, was the idea that foreign powers held of our navy and of its personnel prior to the war, for it is a fact that the sailors and officers of few countries were respected

to the excellent state of training under which the members of the rank and file of our navy were when they began the war. This training has come after a long and systematic course of work and drill gone through with by both officers and men.

The average person, after reading of the recent glorious achievements of our navy, is inclined to take it as a matter of course that we should have won, and, perchance, does not realize of what sterling stuff our naval heroes are made, nor how many long and tiresome days must have been



MARINES ON BOARD A WOODEN VESSEL OF THE OLD NAVY.

less when in foreign ports than were those of our own country. Did not the Spanish officers and seamen, poor deluded mortals, go into the war against us with the most hopeful and arrogant spirit, believing that the ranks of the navy were made up almost exclusively of foreigners, who would desert their guns as soon as they came under fire?

None ever saw more quickly their mistake than did these same Spaniards.

The grand and glorious achievements of this war were due entirely to no luck or chance, but

spent at study and drill before men can be rounded out into a good, fighting naval force.

At the same time, it is not to be wondered at that the average person knows very little of the difference in rank of officers, of their duties, of their mode of appointment, of their rigid training, and of the hardships of the service before the world ever knows of their modest efforts in the performance of the usual monotonous daily routine of duty.

There are also many interesting details and points of interest in connection with the life of



COMPETITIVE DRILL OF CADETS AT ANNAPOLIS NAVAL ACADEMY—PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO THE VICTORIOUS COMPANY.

the members that constitute the more numerous part of the personnel of the ship's crew, viz. : the file of the navy.

The commissioned officers who constitute the brains and the directing power of the ship being for the present disregarded, the rest of the crew consist mainly of seamen, marines, machinists, carpenters and landsmen.

The last named include all nurses, messengers, and all boys or men who are employed at duties that can be performed by men without previous training on sea-going vessels. These men are enlisted for a term of years, and receive usually the smallest pay of all on board.

The duties of carpenters and machinists need no explanation, and these men also go in under enlistment, after having passed a searching examination covering all details in the departments in which they wish to serve.

The marines are what might be called the "infantry of the navy," and act as guards on board ship. There are usually not

more than fifty of them on any ship in regular service. They wear a uniform very much similar to that worn by the men of the artillery branch of the army. They are usually the first of the ship's crew to make a landing, in case men are needed ashore from the ship.

In the old times, when the only ships used were fitted with tall masts and broad sails, the marines did the fighting while the sailors handled the rigging and maneuvered the ship. It will be remembered that the first land engagement of



BOAT DRILL AT ANNAPOLIS.





JACKY'S SLEEPING QUARTERS—HOW HAMMOCKS ARE SLUNG.

importance between our forces and those of Spain was near Guantanamo Bay, between a large body of picked marines and a much larger force of the enemy. It was while in the midst of that vigorous fight, when surrounded on all sides by Spanish soldiers in ambush, that the marines showed that they were trained to stand nobly under fire, to give prompt obedience to orders from their superiors, to undergo excessive hardships, and that they possessed all the requirements of experienced soldiers. Truly did they demonstrate to the pessimistic and the skeptical grumblers, of which our country seems too full, the need of many more such men in the navy.

It might be well to state that during the last year or so preceding the war, a great deal of time and energy was lost by some high officials at Washington in trying to prove the absolute uselessness of the marine since the advent of the modern man-of-war.

In time of any well-developed single man, who American citizen who has declared intention of becoming the same, and within the usual limit required for enlistment in the marine corps or navy. Previous training or technical knowledge of any kind is not required beyond the ability to read and write English fluently.

Next and comes the sea the jolly "jack the rollicking "jacket," of who

called easy and happy life we read in paper. He it is who cleans the decks, polishes the brass work, sails the ship, handles the guns, and manages after the ship in general.

There are two ways in which the Navy Department secures the seamen that are needed to man the ships in the service, and both are by voluntary enlistment, though different in method.

No man can be admitted in the seamarine who has not served sufficient time on some



IN THE TURRET OF A BATTLESHIP—A MEMBER OF THE CREW OF A THIRTEEN-INCH GUN.



EFFECT OF AMERICAN GUNNERS' FIRE UPON CERVERA'S SHIPS AT SANTIAGO.

going vessel to have become thoroughly acquainted with the rigging of a ship and all the ordinary details of seamanship. For a long time the only way of securing seamen for the navy was by tempting men from the merchant marine and from other classes of vessels. Men are still admitted in this way, being enlisted after a more or less rigid examination in seamanship; but during the last few years a more sensible and practical way of obtaining well trained seamen was adopted. This is a system of training young boys at apprentice schools and of graduating them as full-fledged seamen.

This is gradually becoming a necessity, since, as already stated, the modern sailor's duties place him at the guns rather than at the rigging, as in the old times, and it is necessary for him to have a pretty fair knowledge of gunnery as well as of seamanship.

Any American boy, between the ages of fourteen and seventeen years, who has an ordinary common school education and who is physically sound, can be admitted at the government school as an apprentice.

He is provided at once, free, with a complete outfit of bedding and clothing, and receives besides his rations \$9 per month.

In the course of two or three years, after a proper attention to his studies and drills, the apprentice receives by the time that he has reached his majority \$21 a month.

The headquarters of the apprentice system are at Newport, R. I., where the boys are sent from the receiving ships all over the country. The course of study and work there is very comprehensive and includes all that the modern sailor needs in his daily duty.

The apprentice is taught the names of the

parts of a modern ship, the rigging and fittings of the same, the elements of gunnery, both theoretical and practical, and the handling of small boats under sail and under steam. He is given a good course in elementary English and mathematical subjects, and is taught how to manipulate all the ordinary electrical appliances, of which a modern battleship is full.

He is taught from the first that a prompt obedience of all orders is imperative, and he learns also that cigarette smoking and liquor drinking are forbidden as long as he is attached

to the training school. After having finished the course at Newport, the apprentices are scattered about on the various ships in the service. They soon drift into the ways of an old man-of-war's man, acquiring his habits and his vices, but they are always more useful and more desirable seamen than those enlisted from other sources.

Every one of the modern cruisers and battleships has aboard usually about forty apprentices of the first or second class, but sometimes when a ship

has a shortage of men, more are sent to such ship from the training ships.

The navy has no more ardent supporter of the apprentice training schools, nor better friend to the apprentices than Admiral Bunce, who for a long time was in command of the headquarters at Newport.

He is an advocate of extending the system so as to make none but the apprentice graduates eligible to the higher warrant offices and other positions of importance in connection with the policing and surveillance of harbors, which now are filled in many other different ways.

By reason of the complicated machinery, elec-



HON. JOHN D. LONG, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

trical appliances and guns now in use on board modern men-of-war, it is necessary that the men who are entrusted with the care and management of the same should receive more than the ordinary instruction of the old-time seamen.

The government recognized this fact more than ten years ago, and began at once to enable the most deserving of the apprentice graduates to take what might be called a post-graduate course in the most needed branches.

The experience of the engagements of our ships with those of Spain and the grand results for our country, prove beyond doubt that above all things the men behind the guns won the battles in every case, regardless almost of the kind of vessel the guns were on.

The fact that in every engagement the American casualties were so few was due to the lack of good Spanish gunners.

It might seem easy to the uninitiated for a gunner to land a shell almost where he wishes, but it is only after a systematic and long course of



ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON, U. S. N.

training at these guns that the good results recently shown are possible.

The method employed recently by our government that showed the world what good gunners can do has been to make use of two well equipped stations and from these send out at different times a crew on board a modern vessel, carrying guns of large and small calibre, for practice at aiming and firing and judging distances.

The stations used have been at Washington, D. C., and at Newport, R. I. At the former the instruction has been limited to ordnance, and at the latter the work has been principally confined to practice with submarine mines, high explosives, torpedoes and torpedo boats.

The commanders of the several ships and stations are called upon to recommend the men under their command best fitted to take this advanced instruction, and upon their recommendations usually the men are chosen. The most essential work is that afloat, when the men go to their posts in the turrets, swing their guns round, use



COMMODORE WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY, U. S. N.

the ammunition hoists, aim and fire the guns. The very most efficient and best-informed officers are usually assigned to this work, and not more than fifty seamen are taken out at a time.

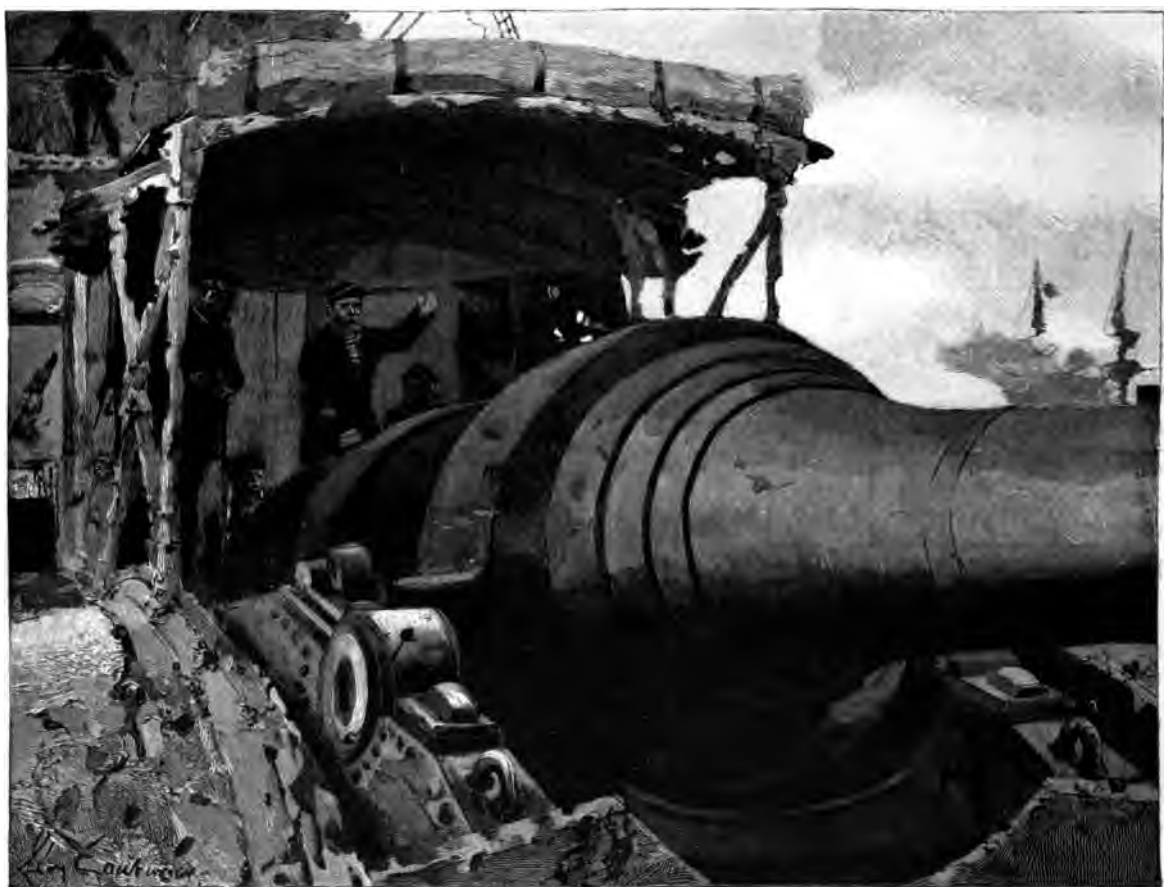
The most suitable vessel for this purpose that has been used recently is the large, double turreted monitor *Amphitrite*.

The course followed is usually divided into five parts—rapid fire drill, broadside drill, turret drill, ammunition passing and handling, and infantry drill by squads and by company. About six months altogether is all that the men are

charges and the manufacture and care of high explosives of all kinds. Landing parties are sent ashore under all kinds of imaginary difficulties, and batteries are there hastily fixed up to attack or to repel an enemy.

By the time that the course of instruction is finished the men are able to return to their ships and to assume intelligently the new duties of seamen gunners whom the service now needs far more than the old type of sailor man.

Leaving for the present the enlisted part of the ship's crew, we turn to the commissioned officer



THE LAST SHOT—ON BOARD THE SPANISH WARSHIP "VIZCAYA," OF CERVERA'S FLEET, DESTROYED OFF SANTIAGO, JULY 3RD, 1898.

allowed in which to absorb this advanced instruction, and it is astonishing that they derive as much good as they do in so short a time.

The men having finished before going aboard the theoretical course, consisting of the nomenclature of guns and mounts, and an intimate knowledge of the construction of the same, are ready for any kind of drill with the guns themselves. While on these short practice cruises the men handle 4 inch, 6 pounder, 6 inch, 10 inch and machine guns, and they have explained to them all about projectiles, fuses, primers,

on board, and see what are the difficult paths through which he has passed before he has won his shoulder-straps and the gold stripes on his sleeves.

In the first place, the officers of the navy might be separated, for the sake of convenience, into two general classes—those who are graduates of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and those who are not. Of the latter class there is little of interest to say at present. It is made up of most of the staff officers, such as paymasters, surgeons and civil engineers.



CAPTAIN ROBLEY D. EVANS, U. S. BATTLESHIP "IOWA."



CAPTAIN JOHN PHILIP, U. S. BATTLESHIP "TEXAS."

The branch of the service, which is the highest in rank, is what is called the line. Starting the Annapolis graduate, who goes into the line as an ensign, we find him passing slowly through the successive grades of junior lieutenant, senior lieutenant, lieutenant commander, commander, captain, commodore and rear admiral. In ordinary times there is no rank higher than that of rear admiral. David Porter was the last officer to hold the position of admiral, and when he died, about eight years ago, the rank died with him. It remains to be seen whether or not Congress in December will recognize so highly the bravery and noble services of Dewey, Sampson and Schley as to revive

for their benefit the distinguished ranks of admiral and vice admiral.



WHAT THE GUNS OF THE "OREGON," "TEXAS," AND "IOWA" DID TO THE SPANISH WARSHIP "OQUENDO," AT SANTIAGO.



Leaving aside the exceptions and irregularities which war always makes in the mode of appointment of officers, and considering only the same in the quiet times of peace, it can be truthfully stated that there is absolutely no other way of becoming an officer of the line, engineer, construction and marine corps of the navy than through the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. All other officers are appointed from civil life by the President, provided that they can pass satisfactory examinations in their respective departments. The line officers are regarded as of the highest rank, because they are the only ones who are ever actually in full command of a ship, and who are in line of promotion to the grades of commodore and rear admiral.

For the boy who aspires to this position in the navy there are several courses open, all, however, leading toward his entrance into the Naval Academy. The usual course is for the boy to apply to the representative in Congress from his district, and to receive from him the nomination, which is nearly always followed by appointment by the President.

There are two times each year when a candidate may present himself for examination—May and September.

These examinations cover only elementary subjects, such as United States history, English grammar, dictation, geography, arithmetic, and algebra as far as quadratic equations.

When compared with the subjects required for entrance to the freshman class of the ordinary college, those required at Annapolis seem very simple. It is a fact that a great deal of the cramming and hurrying in the course could be avoided

if the requirements were raised, and there has been hardly a board of visitors in the last ten years that has not recommended that this be done.

The age of admission ranges from fifteen to twenty years, it being necessarily low because of the course extending through six years before the cadet receives his commission as ensign, in contradistinction with that at West Point, which is but four years.

The course at Annapolis is very hard for the average boy, it being made up principally of mathematical and scientific subjects; and it is a fact that he might as well resign at an early date if he has no liking for or ability in those matters.

The closest kind of marking is in vogue there, and the daily marks, combined with those obtained at the monthly, the semi-annual and the annual examinations, form the basis by which each cadet is given a standing for the year.

For four years these averages are kept, then a final average is made of them, and the cadet is graduated according to that

mark. After graduating at the Academy the cadets are assigned to the several ships in active service, where they receive their final instruction in seamanship, gunnery and navigation. During this cruise, which lasts for two years, the cadets are really treated like officers, but are never given the responsibility of full charge of the ship.

They serve as assistant navigators, assistant watch officers, etc., and at the end of the cruise they are ordered back to Annapolis for final examination in all important subjects.

After these are all over, an average is made for



ADMIRAL CERVERA, WHOSE FLEET WAS DESTROYED AT SANTIAGO.



BARRACKS AT ANNAPOLIS, WHERE THE CAPTURED SPANISH OFFICERS WERE CONFINED.

the six years, and each cadet is given the standing which he has earned. It has been the custom for some time for this Government to give to the first two or three on the list, at the end of the four years at the Academy, the choice of a course in advanced naval architecture and construction at Paris or at Glasgow. After having finished the course there, those cadets return and

are given commissions in the construction corps as assistant constructors.

The *Merrimac* hero, Richmond Pearson Hobson, was an officer who graduated at Annapolis in '89 and was sent abroad for advanced study. He was the honor man of his class and the "four-striper" of the cadet battalion during his last year at the Academy. An excellent cadet officer



ADMIRAL CERVERA'S QUARTERS AT ANNAPOLIS.

he was, too—fearless in every way as to the consequences of doing his duty. He exhibited, while a cadet, that same grit and determination which made the world admire him by reason of his heroism at Santiago.

In times of peace, not every cadet who has finished his six-year course satisfactorily is given a commission. If there be but twenty vacancies, for instance, the first twenty on the list according to merit receive commissions, and the remainder are honorably discharged. The lucky ones are scattered around among the line, the engineer and the marine corps.

The life of a cadet at Annapolis is too full of interesting details of work, of study, of punishment and of pleasure, to undertake at present any kind of complete description of the same. The most trying year of all, of course, is the first year, when the cadet is known as a "plebe." A great many accounts of the hazing at Annapolis have found their way into print, but it is doubtful if any of them have been at all exaggerated. It is hard for the uninitiated to understand the trying ordeal that the cadet experiences for a whole year. He is not permitted to attend the regular Saturday night dances, to loiter in "Love Lane," to partake of any of the delicacies of the season that may come on the table, to address any upper-classman without first having been addressed, or, in fact, to do anything but study and drill and do the bidding of any upper-classman that might wish to amuse himself at his expense.

Every line-officer in the navy, whether he be now a hero great or small and possessed of unlimited dignity, was once a plebe, and, whether at the Academy or in the very early days on board a training-ship, some such ordeal of hazing had to be submitted to.

But it would not do for anyone to have all work and no play; so, when June comes, the plebe leaves his shackles behind and enjoys life to the fullest, when he attends his first naval ball, which is the one given annually to the graduates by those left behind.

After the graduating exercises, which usually take place in June, the members of the new first, third and fourth classes are taken on a three-months' cruise aboard some ship of the navy fitted with both sails and steam.

It is while on this cruise that the cadet learns his first lessons in seamanship and navigation. He climbs through the rigging and learns all he can in that way, and is stationed out on the yardarms and in the tops among the sailors to assist in making, furling and reefing sail, and

in all the ordinary evolutions practised on board ship.

After a month's leave in September the cadet returns to begin another year's work at the Academy, and to plod on toward the much-wished-for graduation day.

By reason of the rapid advancement which our navy is now undergoing, it is necessary for the instruction required by the officers to be increased each year. It is not deemed advisable to make the course at Annapolis over more than four years or the cadet cruise more than two years; so, as a consequence, more has to be crowded into the course, and the cadet is compelled to apply himself all the more closely.

A naval officer who wishes to keep pace of modern improvements and to be at the top of his profession is compelled to be, among other things, an expert in electricity, ordnance and gunnery, navigation, seamanship, marine engineering, ship construction, international law, and military and naval tactics. Besides, he must have full command of his own language, and be well conversant in the French, Spanish and German languages.

Notwithstanding the great amount of work that must be done by the cadet while at Annapolis, there is still time for social pleasures and athletic games of all kinds.

During the winter season the cadets and the officers alternate in giving dances every Saturday night, and there is never a dearth of pretty girls for the cadets to dance with, as the society belles of Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and Annapolis are always ready to accept an invitation to a cadet dance at Annapolis.

Besides these dances there are many receptions, card parties and moonlight sailing and steam-launch parties, each in its proper season.

On Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and during about an hour each evening, just before supper, the members of the football and baseball teams are allowed to practice, and the Academy is always well represented in the field, notwithstanding the short time allowed for practice.

By the time a cadet graduates, if he has availed himself of everything that is open to him at the Academy, he is competent to stand watch and direct the movements of a battleship, to stand the enervation resulting from a protracted blockade of a port in a sultry, tropical climate as well as the exposure of an arctic expedition, to instruct in the theory and handling of complicated guns of all kinds, to lead a eotilion with grace, or to fill with honor and dignity

the position of naval attaché at the courts of foreign powers.

This year, owing to the war with Spain and the need of an extra force of officers, the Academy was closed several weeks earlier than usual, the first class was graduated a month ahead of time, the members of the next lowest class were detached and detailed to duty aboard the ships in the vicinity of Cuba, and most of the officers stationed at the Academy as instructors were sent away on other duty.

It therefore happened that the beautiful grounds at Annapolis were almost deserted until the Government decided to send Admiral Cervera and his band of captured officers there awaiting their release.

While reading in the daily papers of Cervera and his men securing a few hours' leave from the grounds to go shopping in the old town of Annapolis, it is not hard to imagine one's self back again as a plebe and hobnobbing with the Spanish officers on equal terms and with equal privileges.

After the cadet has lost his identity as such and has become a commissioned officer, he finds in time of peace a rather monotonous and rather uneventful life. One thing above all others he surely finds, and that is the slow pace at which he is able to receive promotion, which takes place entirely by seniority.

His time is divided rather equally between shore and sea duties, the detail being for three years at a time.

As it is in business and politics, so it is in the navy, and the officers possessing the greatest influence with the existing administration receive

invariably the most pleasant details, both at sea and on shore. The war with Spain has been the means of bringing to the front a great many officers both old and young, and of enabling them to cover themselves with glory.

Admiral Sampson was but a few years ago detailed as Superintendent of the Naval Academy, and while there conducted the affairs of the institution in as successful and business-like way as he did the blockade at Havana and the destruction of Cervera's fleet. He has many admirers both in and out of the navy.

Of the younger men who distinguished themselves during the war, the names of Assistant Constructor Richmond P. Hobson, the hero of the *Merrimac*; of Ensign William V. N. Powelson, whose expert testimony practically swayed the Maine Court of Inquiry; and of Cadet Joseph Powell, the commander of the steam launch that braved the terrible batteries of Santiago in order to be on hand to rescue the survivors of the *Merrimac*, might best be mentioned as good illustrations of the kind of young officers that are waiting for time to place them where they will be able and ready to uphold the honor of our country.

All three of the officers named were honor men of the classes in which they graduated, Hobson being of the class of '89, Powelson of '93 and Powell of '97.

The chance that both officers and men have been ready to take for a long time, when it was found to be necessary, came at last through the arrogance of Spain, and the world knows by this time that the rank and file of the United States Navy are second to none.

All honor be to those to whom honor is due.



## HOBSON ON THE "JACKIES."

(Speech of Lieutenant Richmond P. Hobson, U. S. N.)

THE sailor abhors words. If you have followed his routine from the time he is turned out in the morning to taps at night, you will find that he has small opportunities to make use of words and phrases. The pipe of the whistle and the blast of the bugle are the oratory that sway him. Even at the task of manipulating the great engines, or firing the 13-inch gun in action, he will have simple, easily understood signals to direct and encourage him. If ever any cause called me, it is the cause of the soldiers and sailors, the Army and Navy of the United States, and the cause of all who are dear to them and dependent upon them. A man's knowledge is limited by his experience, and in talking to you about sailors I can do little more than tell you what my experience with them has been.

My first experience was when a naval cadet swam too far out from the *Constellation*. (It was when I was first in the Naval Academy and we were on our practice cruise.) This cadet, being seized with cramps, threw up his arms and called for help; so word was passed to send a boat to him. Then a sailor, a bluejacket, a Jacky, as the popular word for them goes, made a clean dive over the side and started to swim toward the cadet. Then another went over the bow, and another and another, until there seemed to be a continuous stream of sailors dropping off from the booms. The officer of the deck gave a stern order, and it was passed up by the boatswain, that no more sailors should go overboard.

I have seen the same thing, when another naval cadet, a classmate of mine, had fallen overboard. The boat was manned and dropped without waiting to turn the ship for a lee. Before it had gone any distance at all from the ship the boat was tipped over and the men spilled out. There was no longer one, but seven men struggling in a sea that was running high and ugly. There was no order to call a second boat's crew because the boat was ready and manned without an order, and it was filled with the same kind of seamen that are on every ship of our navy.

This was my introduction to Jacky, the sailor; and recently, my friends, I have had occasion to see Jacky where his endurance, his bravery, and his loyalty were sorely tried.

I feel that certain features of the recent incident in which Jack played his part, and played

it well, should be referred to in a public manner. I feel it is my duty to refer to it here. It is known to everybody that when the call was made for volunteers to go in on the *Merrimac*, men fell over one another in their haste to be accepted. On the *New York* alone 140 men volunteered before the order could be passed that no more volunteers were needed. When a few out of this number had been assigned to stations on the *Merrimac*, all, in obedience to orders, lay flat on their faces. Two were stationed by the anchor gear, others by the torpedoes arranged along the side, two in the engine-room. It was agreed by each one that he should not even look over his shoulder, no matter what happened to the ship, to any of his companions or to himself. If wounded he should place himself in a sitting or a kneeling posture, or whatever posture was necessary, so that when the time for his duty came he could do it to the best advantage. And so they lay, each man at his post, and under what difficulties you may understand when I tell you that, out of the seven torpedoes placed along the side, five had been shot away by the enemy's fire before the order was given for the *Merrimac's* crew to gather at the rendezvous on the quarter-deck. Projectiles were coming more as a continuous stream than as separate shots. But, through the whole storm, Jacky lay there ready to do his duty as he had been instructed to do it. There was not only the plunging fire from the forts on both sides, but a terrific horizontal fire from the fleet in the harbor, and it seemed as if the next projectile would wipe all the sailors out of life at once. If ever a feeling of "each man for himself," a feeling of "get away from this," "get out of this anyway, anyhow" was to be justified it was justified then. Not a man so much as turned his head.

Then, later, when we were on the catamaran and the enemy's picket boats came crawling up out of the darkness with their lanterns, the impulse was just as strong to slip off the raft and swim for the shore, or for the entrance of the harbor. The simple order was given, "No man move until further orders." And not a man moved or stirred for nearly an hour.

On that same afternoon, by the kindness of the gallant Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish forces, Admiral Cervera, the men's clothing v

permitted to be brought to them from the fleet, one of the men, as spokesman for the rest, was allowed to come over to my cell with a package for me. He said: "We would do it over again to-night, sir."

The next day, when it seemed uncertain whether or not a remnant of the Inquisition was to be revived, when the enemy did not know whether it was his fault or ours that a ship had been sunk, and rather inclined to the belief that he had sunk an American battleship and that we were the only survivors out of several hundred, the men were taken before the Spanish authorities and serious and impertinent questions put to them. Remember, they did not know what it might cost them to refuse to answer, Spanish soldiers of the guard standing before them, making significant gestures with their hands edgewise across their throats. Our seamen laughed in their faces. Then a Spanish major questioned Charette, because he spoke French, and asked him this question: "What was your object in coming here?"

And so long as I live I shall never forget the way Charette threw back his shoulders, proudly lifted his head and looked him in the eye as he said:

"In the United States Navy, sir, it is not the custom for the seaman to know, or to desire to know, the object of an action of his superior officer."

Take this simple incident, and, after all, in comparison with the whole war, a very simple incident, the sinking of the *Merrimac*, and make your own deductions as to the quality of manhood in the United States Navy. You will have

then a more or less complete but certainly not an overestimated idea of Jacky.

Experience with the soldier has naturally been restricted for me under existing conditions, but recently from my prison window in Santiago, which was but little in the rear of the Spanish line of intrenchments, I saw the Spaniards fortifying the city for twenty days. I watched them with critical interest. I saw them bring up guns from the ships and place them. Then I saw our men come up and drive the Spaniards into

those intrenchments, and when they had driven them into the intrenchments I saw them go on and try to take the intrenchments themselves. It looked to be an impossible thing, but as yet the artillery was silent. The men came on up the hill and the artillery opened, and my heart sank when I saw that it was flanking artillery. For a moment the American fire ceased, as though the enemy's guns had been a signal. "Now, then," said I to myself, "this is the place where the individuality of the soldier will



LIEUTENANT RICHMOND P. HOBSON, U. S. N.  
PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTES & MOORE, ATLANTA, GA.

appear, for each man there knows that he is just as likely as any other man to be struck with that shrapnel." None of them had ever been under fire before; they could not be put to a harder test; but how did they respond to it? Instantly after the lull a more rapid fire set in, and a more rapid rush of men up to the trenches. In spite of flanking artillery we had taken those fortified trenches with unsupported infantry—a thing that army experts the world over said could not be done.

I have nothing further to say. A sailor cannot go out of his experience.



## 'TWAS IN HABANA.

By HENRY TYRRELL.

### I.



PABLO.

ONE of those long, bright February mornings—it was the day after General Weyler had come back into Habana from his campaign of pacification in Pinar del Rio—Donna Constanencia sat at an open window looking upon the *patio* courtyard of her house, and laughed until the tears ran down her warm olive cheeks.

“Ah, Pablo!” she cried, “you will be my death! The idea! Where did you *ever* find that creature? You call it a horse, that giraffe, that freak of nature? Why, it belongs at the Zoological Park.”

Pablo, the groom, stood apologetically holding the halter of a fantastic-looking specimen of the equine race. It was an attenuated animal, with a certain rakishness of build, a melancholy eye, sensitive nostrils, and ears as nervous as the antennae of a butterfly. The few sparse patches of hair that remained on his body showed his original color to have been a kind of strawberry roan. His stump of a tail was as bare as an elephant's. His mane, the little there was left of it, had been “hogged”—that is to say, cut short, so that it bristled up like a row of worn-out paint brushes.

“Nevertheless, señora,” finally rejoined Pablo, with the respectful confidence of a trusted servant, “he is a thoroughbred of the best Kentucky stock. You have heard his history. He was brought to Cuba last year by that young American newspaper correspondent——”

“Who left him here when he escaped from Morro Castle and sailed for home. No wonder.”

“The horse, señora, suffered from our climate and nearly died of the fever. Then, you know, his daredevil master had him out with Maceo's command, and of course he saw rough usage. Yet, in spite of all that, he has more speed in him to-day than anything in our stables.”

“What, *that* run?” exclaimed the lady, this time with contemptuous indignation. “You have lost your poor senses, Pablo. My Arabian grays——”

“Believe me, gracious señora, Albatross can beat them out of sight.”

“Albatross! his name is Albatross? That is the climax.”

“Will the señora give him one trial? May I show her what he can do in harness?”

The beauteous Habanera hesitated but a moment. She had the spirit of a true sportswoman, and she knew that Pablo possessed a positive genius of discernment where horseflesh was concerned—he had been a Mexican vaquero in his time.

"Very well," she said; "have him here with the volante a little before sundown. We will drive out to Lachaume's gardens, keeping to the back streets until we get away from this neighborhood. I should lose my reputation if any of my friends were to recognize me behind—*that*."

Albatross sniffed the air and gazed dejectedly skyward. Did he understand? Very likely. If so, he took noble revenge.

That evening, Donna Constancia in her volante was whirled like a lovely meteor through the purple twilight. The hairless wonder passed everything on the boulevard with a disdainful ease that seemed to say, "Show me something that can put up a race!"

Pablo's teeth gleamed in an irrepressible smile of triumph, which his vivacious mistress was too delighted to resent.

"But, what a pity he is such a fright!" she said, when, as they reached home, the volante glided in through the porte-cochere. "Will his tail and mane never grow out again?"

"Oh, as to that," answered Pablo, "if the señora is pleased with the animal's performance, to make him outwardly presentable is a mere detail. Horse-hair is cheap, and the resources of art——"

"What do you mean, Pablo?"

"If the noble señora will pardon me, I venture to remind her that, inasmuch as ladies and gentlemen do not go bald for lack of perruquiers, no more need an aristocratic horse. With his harness and trappings, nothing is more simple. Leave it to me, excellent and fair señora."

## II.

A FORTNIGHT later. Donna Constancia, in a demi-toilette of cool shimmering white, and with an azalea or two clinging amid her blue-black hair, is more tropically beautiful than ever.

Cuban born, she had been married at seventeen to a Spanish merchant, old enough to be her grandfather and rich enough to be her sovereign, but who considerably died before his young wife had even begun to anticipate such a bereavement.

As the widow of Señor Morales, Donna Constancia, still young, maintains one of the most sumptuous establishments in the newer quarter

of Habana, and is the owner, moreover, of a cigar factory in the city and a sugar plantation in the province.

But, in justice to her personal charms, as well as to give the benefit of a chivalrous doubt to the Spanish officer, Captain Lopez, who is at this moment paying her court, it may be acknowledged that he is under the spell of her winsomeness, not her wealth. Moreover, are not the upper-class Cubans all steadfastly loyal to Spain? and is not Donna Constancia one of the most fervently loyal of all the Habanese loyalists?

Captain Lopez is an aide-de-camp to General Weyler, and has distinguished himself in the secret police service to an extent that already marks him for promotion. He has a span of horses as black as midnight and swifter than the trade winds; also a light, closed carriage, with pneumatic-tired wheels. Thus he is enabled to flit about the dark streets of Habana at all hours, like an evil spirit, at a pace which few could overtake and fewer escape. To the zeal of Lopez many a dungeon in Morro can testify, and—if rumor whisper truly—more than one unmarked burial-trench in the moat under the walls.

Donna Constancia and he are conversing upon a subject which animates them both—horses.

"I am impatient," says Captain Lopez, "to see this already famous acquisition of yours. In fact, I anticipate with the keenest pleasure that little brush on the road which madame has graciously promised me. Not that I think for a moment I should be unfortunate enough to beat her. But it is so seldom that my brave blacks find a worthy competitor. When may I hope?"

The lovely Cuban played with her fan coquetishly, and said:

"Have you been good lately?"

"In what way, for example?"

"In the way of your duty, of course. How many rebels, traitors and spies have you run to earth?"

"I am happy to say, señora, that such game has become very scarce in Habana. When you hear this from me, you may feel assured of the welcome truth. Habana is a fortress of loyalty."

Donna Constancia smiled deliciously behind her fan. Why? She could not, perchance, have heard the rumor that about half of the recent shipment of Mauser rifles and ammunition, intended for the Spanish troops in Cuba, had been smuggled through the lines and sold to the insurgents, the cases not having been even opened.

"Well, captain," she resumes, languidly, "if you have caged all the wild birds, then your occupation is gone. You have only to enjoy life,



"HAVE YOU BEEN GOOD, LATELY?"

speed your horses at the fashionable hour, and await the reward of your zeal."

"You think so? Ah, if you but knew——"

"But I *don't* know. I am asking you. Tell me what you are up to now. If you deny me that little harmless excitement, then I shall have to disappoint your pleasurable anticipation of a brush with my new beauty, that's all."

"If madame puts it in that light," returned the captain, gallantly, "my obligation is plain. Listen, then. Do you remember that American newspaper correspondent, Raleigh, who fooled us all here in Habana last fall? No? Naturally you would not remember him; but it is my business not to forget. Well, this audacious young Raleigh, who came very well provided with credentials, got all he wanted here, then quietly slipped through the lines, joined Maceo, was mixed up with two or three filibustering expeditions, and wrote—heaven knows what—to the savage jingo journals of New York. But he was too clever in the end, for the Spaniards captured him at Matanzas, jailed him there, and subsequently brought him on to Morro Castle. I happen to

know that General Weyler meant to make an example of Raleigh, as the fellow richly deserved. But that officious American, Consul-General Lee, interposed in his blustering way and got him out. Even Lee said, at the time, that he could not do anything more for the newspaper man if the latter ever came back to Cuba and got into jail again."

"Well, has he? Is he in jail again?" inquired Donna Constancia, eagerly. She had lit a cigarette, and was now all attention.

"He is just as good as there. This will be his last day of freedom. He had the assurance to return to Habana a fortnight ago, as if nothing had happened. We have kept an eye on him every moment since he landed, and this evening I shall surprise him in the den on the outskirts of the city, where he receives his communications from the rebels."

"This evening, you say, captain?"

"That's what I say, madame, which information, to you in confidence, concludes my part of our agreement. Now for yours."

"Good! it shall be on the instant," responds Donna Constancia, with sudden energy, flinging away her cigarette and striking a bell.

Pablo appears like a swift shadow.

"Albatross to the volante—make haste!"

Pablo flashes a quick look of intelligence, and, with a bow, vanishes as he came.

"Now, my dear captain, just a little minute to put on my hat, and then we are off."

She flits from the room and descends upon her private apartments like a tornado. Trunks, drawers and closets are rummaged. With the help of her maid Donna Constancia makes certain lightning changes in her costume and puts on an exquisite Parisian confection of a hat. Then she takes out and examines the contents of a small handbag—a man's Panama hat, folded flat, and a false mustache and beard. Replacing these articles, she gives the bag to her maid, with the whispered order:

"To the stables, and place this securely under the seat of the volante before Pablo brings it into the courtyard."

Donna Constancia, radiant, her eyes snapping with suppressed excitement, re-enters the drawing-room after a total absence of six minutes precisely by Captain Lopez's watch.

At the same instant a clatter of hoofs is heard outside, and the lady's turnout is at the door.

"By Jupiter!" exclaims the captain, rushing to the window.

In truth, Albatross presents a royal appearance as he stands there, well-groomed, slender, nervous, carrying with high-bred grace a superb silver-gray tail that waves to the ground, and his proudly arched neck crested with a mane like the ideal picture of Napoleon's Marengo.

"And not a word for *my toilette*?" interrupts Donna Constancia, with a pretty pout.

"Pardon! it is because words fail me with you," responds the captain, with a long, languishing look into her eyes.

Then they were off—Albatross setting the pace under Pablo's master hand, the captain following closely with his black beauties, driven by a liveried negro coachman a shade blacker than themselves.

### III.

THEY had passed the Prado, and were well out toward the suburbs before the race really began. Nevertheless, Albatross kept the lead, striding along at a pace that was wonderfully deceptive, as Captain Lopez's negro driver soon found when he tried discreetly to close up the gap between the two equipages.

It was a stirring sight to watch the Kentucky steed, with mane and tail like flying pennons—to mark the fine action and steel-like power of the animal, with his quick yet measured movement resembling clock-work—the steady quarters, the hind feet telling off their even lengths of space with the bounding regularity of a strong heart-beat.

As they passed the line of the old city walls, and the breeze blew fresher from the harbor, Donna Constancia for a moment forgot everything in sharing the buoyant spirit of the horse.

"Let him out!" she whispered.

Pablo's eyes and teeth flashed in a responsive smile. At the same instant, Albatross, apparently of his own volition, shot forward at a speed which made his previous efforts seem slow by comparison. Captain Lopez's blacks dropped behind in the distance as if they had been checked, though in reality they were getting the whip.

A brief half-mile of this sufficed. Donna Constancia had found out all she wanted to know about the captain's team; as to her own horse, she had made assurance doubly sure.

He passed her, coming up furiously at the turning point of the five-mile drive, and they headed back toward the city.

"My compliments—most sincerely," shouted Captain Lopez, waving his hat. "You have given us a real tussle. That animal of yours is certainly something out of the common. What stock?"

"You shall see his papers," laughed the lady. "This evening——"

"I have, of course, a trifle of special duty on hand, as you remember," interrupted the officer; "but that will soon be settled. I have now only to drive home, slip on plain clothes, and be on the trail at eight o'clock."

"Then I will not detain you, my dear captain. Drive on and leave us. Tell me all about it tomorrow. May you have the success you deserve. Good night."

### IV.

AS SOON as Captain Lopez and his funereal equipage had vanished, Pablo turned Albatross sharply to the westward, traversed the whole length of the city, and brought up, at twilight, at a kind of court or blind alley in the vicinity of the fortifications.

Here Donna Constancia descended from the volante, carrying the hand-bag, and entered one of the houses, while Pablo drove on to a stable yard a few furlongs distant.

It was a deserted tenement, apparently,



"ONCE ALONE, SHE MADE A STARTLING QUICK CHANGE."

that the lady entered by way of an open courtyard. A negress stopped her, but grinned at the sight of a gold piece and pointed toward the stone stairs. Donna Constanca mounted to a squalid room on the top floor, closing the doors behind her.

Once alone, she made a startling "quick change." Her skirt dropped to the floor, disclosing a pair of white duck trousers, held by a leather belt at the waist, such as nine men out of every ten wear in Habana. From the hand-bag came the false beard and moustache, which were promptly adjusted to the smooth feminine cheeks and chin with remarkable effect. The Paris bonnet was ruthlessly crushed and tucked away beneath the colored shirt-waist, and replaced by the masculine Panama hat.

The metamorphosis of Donna Constanca into a natty-looking Cuban or Spanish man was scarcely completed when Mr. Robinson Raleigh sauntered in, nonchalantly smoking a cigar. At sight of someone in the room he sprang back, his right hand straying instinctively to his hip-pocket.

"Stop!" she cried, gliding toward him. "'Tis I, your friend. Don't you know me?"

A hasty conversation in whispers ensued, ending with:

"He may arrive at any moment, now. I came to warn you—and to get you away. You must follow me, and obey me without question. You have money? If not, I have. Come—and bring that skirt and bag."

They hastened in silence down the stairs and out to the head of the alley, where they were joined by Pablo, with the wondrous horse now harnessed to a light, closed carriage, instead of the volante.

Without a word the faithful Pablo threw off his white jacket, gave it to his mistress to complete her mannish garb, took the bundle from Raleigh, and discreetly vanished afoot. Raleigh entered the carriage, while Donna Constanca mounted the driver's box and picked up the whip and reins.

At the same instant Captain Lopez's unmistakable turnout was seen coming down the long avenue like a flying thunder-cloud.

Albatross, of the whirlwind mane and tail, turned like a flash, and was off in the opposite direction.

It was now quite dark; but the street-lamps, wretched as they were, supplemented by the occasional gleam of a shop-window, sufficed to betray the flight of the fugitives to the keen eyes of Captain Lopez and his coachman.

The chase was a wild one, through dark and devious ways, and reckless enough to stir the blood of a gaucho. The pursuer managed to keep the pursued in sight, though without gaining upon them, until they plunged into the labyrinth around the old cathedral. There, baffled and furious, the officer of General Weyler dashed about blindly for five minutes, then finally emerged into the open square in front of the Tacon Theatre.

In the shadow of a eucalyptus tree, a forlorn-looking cabhorse, without mane or tail, stood dejectedly between the shafts of his vehicle, while the bearded, slouch-hatted driver dozed on his box.

"Tell me, vagabond! have you seen a light rig, one gray horse, with flying mane and tail, going like the devil?"

"Yes, señor," came the answer in a husky yet somewhat effeminate voice. "Surely, I saw such an apparition, only a minute ago, crossing the square in yonder direction," pointing to the opposite from which the panting blacks had just come.

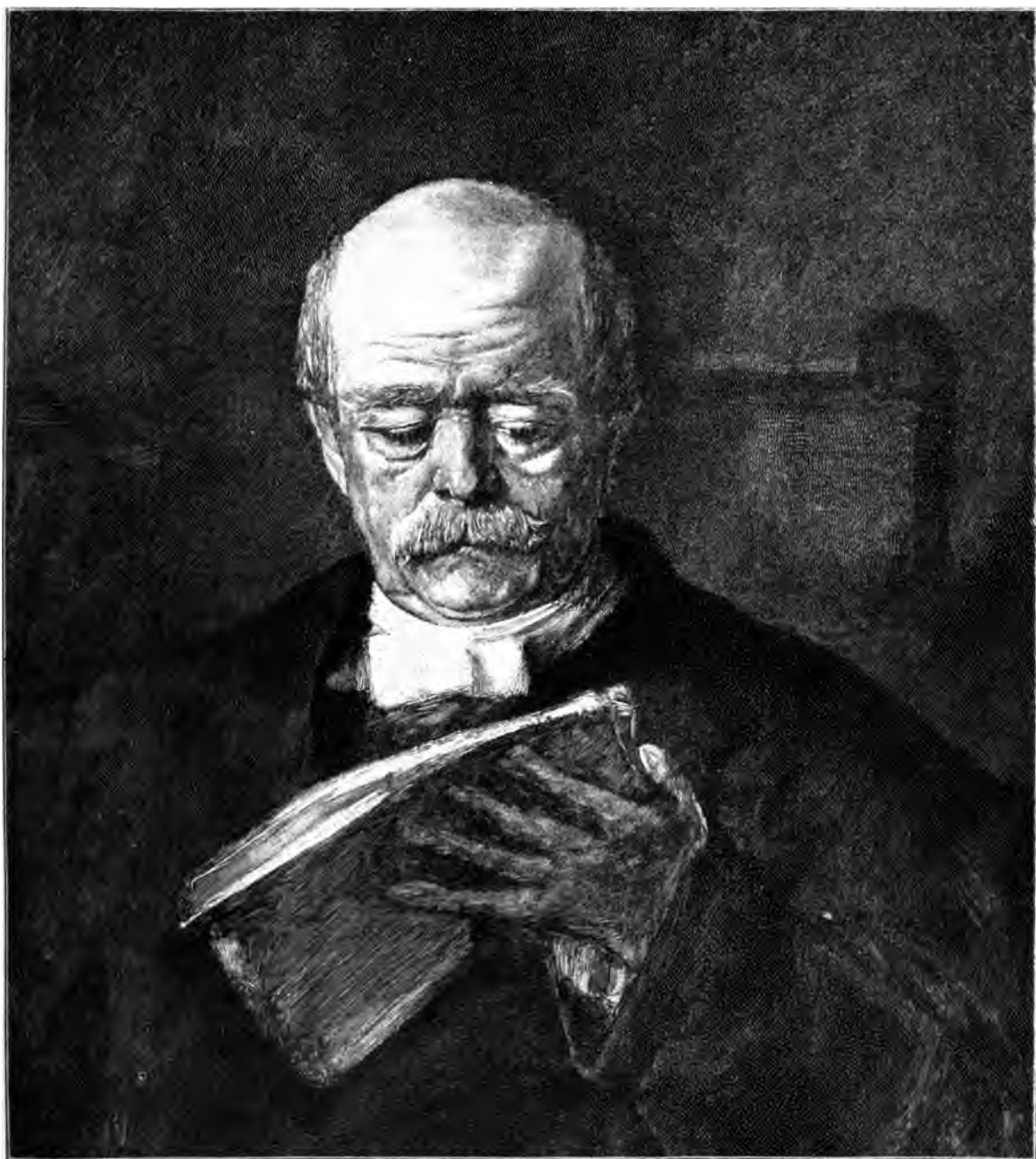
A round Spanish oath, a slash of the whip, and Captain Lopez was off phantom-chasing.

The next afternoon he gave Donna Constanca a detailed account of his wild-geese chase through the city, to which narrative the lady listened with a lively interest and apparent delight.

It was on the same day, and about the same hour, that Mr. Robinson Raleigh tranquilly sailed away from Habana by the *Olivette* for Tampa.

Four days later he was in New York, writing those singularly graphic and well-informed Cuban letters which made his professional reputation, and incidentally helped the cause of Cuba Libre.





PRINCE BISMARCK.  
FROM THE PORTRAIT BY F. VON LEMBACH

## THE LAST DAYS OF PRINCE BISMARCK.

PRINCE Karl Otto Eduard Leopold von Bismarck-Schönhausen, born at Schönhausen, Prussia, April 1st, 1815, died at his home in Friedrichsruhe-Varzin, on July 30th, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. His long life had become the history of modern Europe. Mere association with him, mere opposition to him, was fame, and the names of Crispi, Gortscha'koff, Kalnoky, Andrassy and Giers were in such connection chiefly known to the world. His shadow lay over the states and statesmen of the continent for half a century. In it reputations withered and powers waned, small men grew great and nations were created. The Haps-



gers were thrust aside and the Bonapartes were dethroned. The laurels of the Metternichs and the Schwarzenbergs died away, and the Gagerns, Manteuffels and Camphausens were forgotten.

Bismarck humbled Austria and made the North German Union. He conquered France and founded the German Empire.

With Bismarck's public career since the battle of Sadowa, in 1866, most readers are familiar. The results of that conflict with Austria made him one of the foremost figures of Europe and of the age, securing the observance of the civilized world toward his subsequent achievements. Of his magnificent diplomacy between 1866 and 1870, with one hand harmonizing and uniting all Germany, and with the other parrying the efforts of Napoleon III. to obtain an equivalent for Prussian aggrandizement, the meanwhile tying the hands of Russia, Austria and Italy against interference in the struggle France finally precipitated, only to incur humiliation by Bismarck—of his magnificent diplomacy of that period even his hostile critics speak in eulogy. Of his active participation in the Franco-Prussian struggle, and the enormous indemnity he wrested from France, there is no need of detail here. His procurement of the imperial German crown for the Prussian king and the latter's bestowment of the princely title and estate on Bismarck in acknowledgment of his exalted achievements are historical. So, also, is Bismarck's creation of the triple alliance, his convocation of the congress of Berlin, and his obtaining of enormous domains for Germany in Africa and Oceanica. He was chancellor of the empire throughout the reign of his old sovereign Wilhelm, during the brief reign of his son, Frederick III., and for a time under his grandson, the present emperor. But dissensions arose between the crown and the prime minister, and on March 18th, 1890, the wonderful old man laid down the trust that so long had been his.

Emperor William died on March 9th, 1888. Bismarck had served him with feudal loyalty and mourned for him as a subject rarely has mourned for a sovereign. The short reign of Emperor Frederick followed and then the present emperor ascended the throne. "He will be his own chancellor," said a French writer, prophetically. On March 18th, 1890, Bismarck fell. The last cause of his fall has not been told. Many explanations have been given—that Bismarck objected to the labor rescripts, that he opposed the abolition of the laws against Socialists, that he would not tolerate the emperor's direct consultation with the other ministers or the parlia-

mentary leaders. Each of these explanations probably is more or less correct. They all were symptoms of the radical difficulty that, while the emperor was determined to assume all the powers which his grandfather had relinquished to his chancellor, Bismarck was resolved to part with none of them. After the war with Denmark King William had made Bismarck a count. After the conquest of France Emperor William had named him prince. Emperor William II. gave him the title Duke of Lauenburg. So in the fullness of his strength and the ripeness of his judgment Bismarck wrapped his new ducal cloak around him and went from Berlin—the Berlin which he had raised from obscurity to power, which he had found the home of the weakest of kings and had made the home of the strongest of emperors, which, once ignored and despised by the statesmen of the world, had become under him the Mecca of all who directed the destinies of the nations. In the following years he passed most of his time at Varzin and Friedrichsruh, going to Kissingen once a year to take the baths. His bitterness toward the emperor and the new chancellor were excessive. Through the newspapers which sought inspiration from him, in interviews with correspondents, and in his speeches to admirers, who gathered by thousands wherever he went, he criticised unsparingly the policy of the government and the abilities of those responsible for it. In 1892 he went to Vienna to attend his son's wedding. At the instance of the Berlin government Emperor Franz Joseph declined to grant him an audience, and the German ambassador ignored him.

When Bismarck's eighty-first birthday was celebrated in 1896, there was talk of a reconciliation between the Prince and his sovereign. The emperor sent his photograph to Bismarck, the latter returned thanks, and little by little the way was paved for a meeting between the two men, and eventually for the visit which the emperor paid to Bismarck at Friedrichsruh some months ago.

From the beginning of the present year Bismarck was constantly under the surveillance of his physicians, and, whatever it may have been called, his life was that of an invalid. Few persons were allowed to see him, and every precaution was taken to prevent any disturbance of his rest and quiet. This was in a measure the result of the experience of a Hamburg reporter who went to Friedrichsruh to inquire after Bismarck's health, and was received by Count Rantzau in such a way that the reporter won a suit for damages from the Count. He contributed

only two articles to his organ, the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, during the past year. These were dictated to the editor, who came to his house.

He usually rose late, ate a hearty breakfast without the accompaniment of tea or coffee, but frequently including as much as a pound of meat. He always took this alone, reading some of his mail at the time. He was able to ride out only a few times last spring, and then for only a brief period. Last January he undertook what was for him an unusual exertion. He stood as godfather to twins born to one of the workmen in his sawmill. This was done in order to show the other workmen, who are largely Socialists, how much he appreciates the services of his more faithful employees.

The dinner hour was, with the hearty Prince Bismarck, the principal event of the day, although the number of guests was limited. One glass of Moselle wine at dinner and two of beer after dinner constituted his allowance in recent months. He obeyed this restriction generally, but on one occasion so far broke his regimen as to drink five bottles of Moselle and as much beer as he wanted.

His political interests during the last years of his life were almost wholly confined to his own country, and the war between Spain and the United States, as well as other questions of for-

eign politics, are said to have had but little interest for him.

Bismarck left two sons. Count William is a country squire. Count Herbert has tried public life and failed. With the death of the Iron Chancellor the political dynasty of Bismarck became extinct.

Prince Bismarck owned numerous valuable estates, the largest of which are Friedrichsruh-Varzin and Schönhausen, the first named and most expensive and his home estate. It comprises twenty thousand acres, and was a present from the old Emperor William, soon after the close of the Franco-Prussian war. It is one of the finest possessions in the world.

Sharing the home life of the prince was the princess (who died in December, 1894), to whom he had always been tenderly devoted, their only daughter, Marie, Countess Rantzau, with her husband, the count, and their children. Bismarck is said to have been a fond grandfather, the jolliest of playfellows at times with his grandchildren. His private secretary was also one of his household. Two other companions of the prince—and the closest—were the two enormous Danish hounds, Rebecca and Tyras, who were on each side of him when he walked, at his feet when he sat and in his bedchamber when he slept.



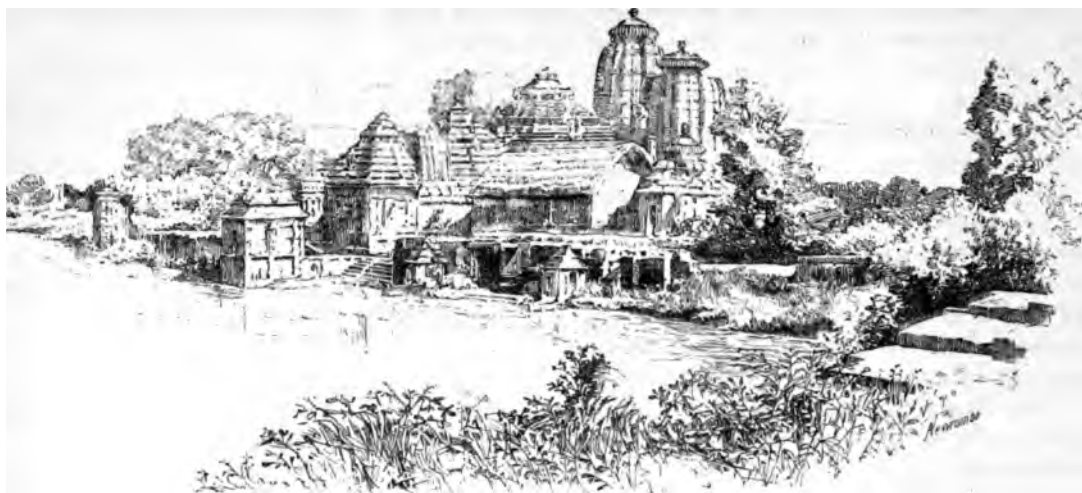
COUNT RANTZAU. DR. SCHWENINGER.

PRINCE BISMARCK.  
COUNTESS SIBYLLE  
BISMARCK.

PRINCESS BISMARCK.  
CHRISTIAN AND HENRY RANTZAU.

OTTO RANTZAU.  
TUTOR.

THE LATE PRINCE BISMARCK "IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY," AT FRIEDRICHSRUH.—SKETCHED FROM LIFE.



BHUVANESVARA.

## ORISSA: THE HOLY LAND OF INDIA.

BY REV. J. MIDDLETON MACDONALD.

ON the right of the main pilgrim road from Katak to the Jagannath Temple on the shore of the Bay of Bengal lies Bhubanesvara, about twenty miles from the Katak. It is probably the Kalinganagari of Buddhist fame, and when Sakya died in 543 B.C. Kalinganagari got one of Sakya's eye-teeth. No Roman Catholic relic ever had such eventful migrations as Sakya's eye-tooth had through India and Ceylon and back again to Goa, where Don Constantine, the Portuguese Viceroy, burnt it before the prelates and notables of Portuguese-India "for the promotion of the glory of God, the honor and prestige of Christianity, and the salvation of souls." Even now the Ceylon Buddhists aver that it has risen, phoenix-like, from its ashes and reposes in the Maligava Temple at Kandy. One is charmed with the small lake at Bhubanesvara. It is fortunate that the alligators therein are fish-eating ones, as the water is so holy—a single bath in the Vindusagara Pool cleanses a pilgrim from all sin, and is equal to twenty-eight baths at Benares or ten years' ordinary bathing in the Ganges.

At one time there were thousands of temples in this sacred city of Orissa—the Holy Land of India; but Rajendra Lal Mitra, to whose "Antiquities of Orissa," I am greatly indebted, could find only 350. Out of a population of 4,029 there are 862 of the priestly caste and 1,078 temple-servants.

The Great Tower Temple of Bhubanesvara is unadorned, and a good example of the fact that beauty unadorned is then superlatively beautiful. As I rode to and from Puri eight or ten times

during 1893, I had ample opportunities of judging the artistic beauty of the great tower as it caught my eye on the horizon. It is over one hundred and sixty feet high, and of exquisite proportions. I do not remember seeing any European or Asiatic temple of the same style, with its long, slender ribs cut across about one hundred and twenty feet up, and a cap placed thereon, whose angles slope out beyond the top of the supporting ribs. The iron trident crowning the cap has the right and left prongs curved, and this gives a grace to the whole building. The lion gargoyles are essentially Orissan; there is a fine one at the gate of Jagannath's Temple in Puri, and there are immense ones at Kanarak further up the coast. The buildings within the temple area are four—the refectory, the dancing hall, the porch, and the temple proper.

The refectory is not as old as the porch, but is of the architecture at the end of the eighth century after Christ. It was originally designed as a preaching and reading-room for the Pundits; but, owing to the introduction of fresh pillars which shut out the light, the learned men could not read, and it was consecrated to the reception of Vishnu's food given by his devotees.

Salini, Kesari's queen, erected the dancing-hall about 1100 A.D., wherein lithe and beautiful girls might amuse the god. The curious thing about the architecture is that its roof has Saracenic battlements.

The porch was built about 500 A.D. during the reign of the all-powerful and ever-memorable Zayati. The façade is highly ornamented with processions of war-horses, elephants, warriors in

two tiers above the door, while right and left of the door are some of the most beautiful figures to be seen in India, representing the consecrated dancing-girls.

According to Sir William Hunter, the Yavanas, or Ionians, halted in Orissa for a time at the close of their 1,400 years' wandering up and down India, and they were expelled from Orissa in 474 A.D. by Zayati Kesari. (As every statement by Hunter on India is taken as gospel, one dares not scoff at Ionia being so powerful in 1000 B.C. as to conquer India; I humbly quote the statement.)

Zayati and his posterity worshipped Shiva the All-destroyer; but the court religion never came home to the hearts of the lowly; and as for the cultured classes, they had gentle Buddhism in their blood. A swarm of Brahmans, however, came down to Orissa with Zayati; and as he built temples for them and gave them fat glebes, they promptly professed the royal religion and became devotees of Shiva. The Shiva cult took root and flourished as a class religion until it was extirpated in 1132 A.D., at which date Vishnu became the object of worship at Orissa; for on Proli's death, Chorganga pushed north from Madras and seized Orissa, and proclaimed himself King of Orissa and a devotee of Vishnu.

Architecture was in the twelfth century the ruling passion of eastern and western princes, and Chorganga was an incarnation of the spirit of the age. He found Zayati's buildings in Bhuvaneshvara and admired them, and he added others worthy of inclusion in the great and glorious number of works of art consecrated to the service of him whom he believed to be almighty.

Some distance away from the Great Temple is that entitled Parasuramesvara. I consider it the most beautiful in external ornamentation. If it were not for the figures of Vishnu, with the four arms, and the de-

votees praying, you might almost imagine that each great design is a Hindu coat-of-arms erected to our most gracious and religious Kaisar-i-Hind. Notice how every small hollow cut in a stone is a perfect design carried out in the minutest detail. The figures of the women are very well proportioned. In fidelity of work, in attention to detail, and in complete microcosms studded over the temple, it reminds one of the wealth of work in Milan Cathedral. The European monk-masons labored for love of their work, and the Hindus must have done the same.

Kanarak, nineteen miles northeast of Puri, on the Bay of Bengal, was once the architectural wonder of India. Abul Fadhl, the Moghul historian, writes in the sixteenth century of it: "The whole revenue of Orissa for twelve years was spent in erecting a Temple of the Sun at Kanarak. No one can behold this immense edifice without being struck with amazement. The wall is one hundred and fifty cubits high



TEMPLE ARCHITECTURE OF PARASURAMESVARA.



ROYAL HINDU LION.

and nineteen cubits thick. There are three entrances. At the eastern gates are two very fine figures of elephants, each carrying a man on his trunk. To the west are two surprising figures of horsemen completely armed; and over the northern gate are two tigers, who, having killed two elephants, are sitting upon them. In front of the gate is a pillar of black stone (now before the Lion Gate of the Jagannath Temple in Puri) of an octagonal form, fifty cubits high. There are nine flights of steps (up to the Temple), after ascending which you come to an extensive enclosure. This temple is said to be a work of seven hundred and thirty years' antiquity. There are twenty-eight other temples here: six before the Northern Gate and twenty-two without the enclosure."

In the beginning of this century Stirling, the historian, greatly admired the black Pagoda, and Fergusson, the architect, said in his "Picturesque Illustrations of the Architecture of Hindostan:" "Perhaps I do not exaggerate when I say that the Kanārak Temple is, for its size, the most richly ornamented building externally in the whole world."

Rajendra Lal Mitra and Stirling think that Abul Fadhl must have lied in saying that the walls of the Kanārak Temple were one hundred and fifty cubits high. I am not a controversial-

ist; but, as I always prefer to think that a man writes the truth when he is simply narrating facts, I make bold to point out that the Kanārak Temple is a Temple of the Sun, and that at the other great and ancient Temple of the Sun in Baalbek (Lebanon) there are pillars one hundred and fifty feet high which look as if they had supported something. Most of the Baalbek pillars have fallen; but when I was there, in 1883, about half a dozen remained.

On looking at the door in the Black Pagoda (which is so called on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, as it is not black), one is struck at once by the resemblance to the door in the Baalbek Temple of the Sun. The late Signor Fontana, the sculptor, pointed out to me that there were at least a score of different kinds of architecture in the Baalbek doorway, and here in the Kanārak doorway there are nine. The outside design on the left does not appear on the right, though the stones are there. The artist probably died just before finishing the work.

Interested readers will appreciate the value of having an authentic photograph of this structure, for Fergusson's magnificent plate of the Kanārak doorway reproduces only seven styles in the perfectly symmetrical doorway, and gives none of the fourteen beautifully sculptured figures situ-



TEMPLE ELEPHANT, KANARAK.



SCULPTURED WAR HORSE, NEAR NARAK.

ated about five feet from the base of the door-way.

Let me quote Fergusson's architectural description of this marvelous roof:

"The roof, sixty feet high, is divided into four compartments, the two lowest of which are composed of six projecting cornices, separated by a deeply recessed compartment containing sculpture as large as life; while all the faces of these twelve cornices are covered by a *series of processions, battle scenes, hunting, and representations of all the occupations and amusements of life*. The immense variety of illustrations of Hindu manners, collected in it may be imagined when we think that with a height of from one hundred to eighteen feet, the frieze extends to nearly three thousand feet in length,

and contains, probably, at least twice that number of figures. The uppermost of the three compartments has only five cornices, and none of their faces is sculptured. The whole is crowned by the horseshaped domical ornament, which is here of a singularly beautiful form. Were such a roof as this placed over a small model of a wall, and put up with openings, it would, no doubt, be overwhelmingly heavy; but placed as it is on a solid wall, with only one opening in each face, and that so deeply recessed, I scarcely know one so singularly appropriate and elegant, and the play of light

and shadow from its bold and varied projections and intersecting shadows gives it a brilliant and sparkling effect that I confess I have almost never seen equalled."

The stone architecture of the porch of the temple



THE MAIN TEMPLE OF VANAVARA.



ple is one of the architectural and artistic wonders of the world. It has nine panels, each containing a well-carved figure representing the Sun, the Moon, Mars, Buddha, Son of the Moon ; Jupiter, the High Priest of Gods and Sages ; Venus, High Priest of the Asuras ; Saturn, the Son of the Sun ; Rahu, the Son of Sinhika ; Ketu, the Son of Rudra.

The Asiatic Society of Bengal expressed a vandalic wish to have this architecture in Calcutta

think it is the Lion religion of Orissa Hinduism destroying the Elephant Buddhism which is fatal to man's best interests. The elephant must be about eleven feet high from the skull to the fore sole.

The most powerfully artistic representation of any animal at Kanārak is, however, the pair of war-horses. Sir William Hunter's account of them is so vivid that I here reproduce it :

"Two colossal horses guard the southern fa-



TEMPLE ARCHITECTURE, PARASURAMESVARA.

on much the same grounds as those on which London has Cleopatra's Needle. The Government of Bengal sanctioned a grant of R3,000, say \$1,000. This sum sufficed to drag the architecture two hundred yards away from its proper place !

Some magnificent stone monuments remain in Kanārak *in situ*. The most striking is a lion jumping on an elephant who has a man in his deadly trunk. Fergusson calls it a griffin, but I

gade, one perfect, the other with his neck broken and otherwise shattered. The right-hand stallion has a Roman nose, prominent eyes, nostrils not too open, and, in other respects, carved from a well-bred model, except the jowl, which is bridled in close upon the neck, making the channel too narrow—a mistake which I have also noticed in the ancient sculptures of Italy and Greece. The legs, too, have a fleshy and conventional look. He is very richly caparisoned with bosses

and bands round the face, heavy chain-armor on the neck, tasseled necklaces, jeweled bracelets on all four legs, and a tasseled breast-band which keeps the saddle in position. The saddle resembles the medieval ones of Western chivalry, with a high pommel and well-marked cantle; but it has a modern girth consisting of a single broad band clasped by a buckle outside the fringe of a sumptuous saddle-cloth. The stirrup-irons are round like those of our own cavalry. A scabbard for a short Roman sword hangs down on the left, a quiver filled with feathered arrows on the right; while a groom adorned with necklaces and breast jewels runs at the horse's head, holding a bridle. The fierce war-stallion has stamped down two of the enemy—not kicking or prancing, but fairly trampling them into the earth. The men appear to be aborigines from their woolly hair, tiger-like mouths and tusks, and their short curved swords like the national Gurkha *kukuri*, half billhook, half falchion, equally suited for ripping up a foe or for cutting a path through the dense native jungle. Their shields are richly carved with bosses and a complicated old Hindu heraldic device."



DOORWAY OF THE BLACK PAGODA, KANARAK.

Mr. W. H. Cornish, District Superintendent of Police, Katak, is to be thanked for his very fine photographs, from which the accompanying illustrations have been made.



## AT THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

BY HUNTER MACCULLOCH.

THE dawn of the year as a flower  
 Unfolded and bloomed into day  
 Whose morning, so gay with spring's dower,  
 In summer's noon melted away.  
 The life of the year is at ending,  
 Its glory it held but in fief.  
 Its sun down the west is descending,  
 At the fall of the leaf.

The fall of the leaf is a token  
 So somber of treasures that fell  
 Ere the doom of the year had been spoken  
 And echo had lengthened farewell.  
 The seasons' brave barks they have perished,  
 All wrecked on time's ravenous reef,  
 Their precious freight dearly now cherished,  
 At the fall of the leaf.

There fell ere the leaf April's showers  
 That checkered the blue of the day;  
 Then faded and fell the frail flowers  
 That graced the gay chaplet of May;  
 The roses of June rained their petals;  
 The birds and the bees came to grief;  
 Now sadness o'er woods and fields settles  
 At the fall of the leaf.

So life, now a fallen leaf whirled  
 Down the pathway to ultimate rest,  
 In youth's sportive springtime unfurled,  
 And stood summer's storms with a zest;  
 The sluggish sap sinks, and the splendid  
 Leaf-harvest has come like a thief;  
 And the buds, blossoms, fruit are now ended,  
 At the fall of the leaf.



WHEN BUSINESS IS SLACK



## MARIE TREMAINE.\*

BY FRANCES SWANN WILLIAMS,

AUTHOR OF "MR. GADSBURY'S BROTHER," "SILVER SHAFTS," "OLD FORTY'S MASTER," "THE MAGNET STONE," "MISTRESS MARION," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XVI.

"ANY FATE SAVE THIS."



ANNE MARCHISON was in a state of feverish agitation. Her slender, wiry figure seemed to have grown attenuated in the last few weeks. It had worn itself to a shadow

with the fever of energy, the fire of her own wild passions.

Anne had waited for hours in the garden, darting here and there among the clipped box-wood hedges, taller than her head, or disappearing abruptly down the lilac walk only to rush back again in a restless flight, a perpetual motion wearing away the frail body. She expected some one. Certainly Anne could not have said precisely why, but she had been in communication with Jasper Hamilton ever since Lord Dunmore had fled from Williamsburg and stationed himself at Portsmouth. It was further off than the palace, but even the earl's beautiful villa of Montibello had become almost a fortress.

To the groves of Montibello many a billet speeded from Anne to the British governor's staff officer.

Tom Marchison had sauntered into the garden to smoke with Lennox. He did not pause to tell Anne the news, Tom never did, but passed on to the gallery to talk with his mother and Charlotte, now the quiet, happy wife of Captain Page.

"We are going, madam," he said, uncovering his head in addressing his mother.

"Going where, Tom? Not to the army in the north!" she exclaimed in alarm.

"Yes, madam; we've got marching orders, and we are vastly pleased to have them. It

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throws us into the field at once; Brookford can manage Dunmore!" exclaimed Lennox, standing at a little distance. "Colonel Tremaine is restlessly anxious for action and danger; he must have it or blow out his brains, he says. The veteran soldier cannot rust out; the old man is broken, but withal more savagely bent on the fight than ever, now that Bernard is gone—and I have my reasons for desiring very much to join Washington," added Lennox pointedly, glancing at Anne, who had darted up to them to catch the latest news from camp.

"Sure it's another mystery, Captain Lennox," laughed Anne.

She could afford to be pleasant and genial when the train of events had turned in her favor so strangely.

Anne never thought of poor Bernard; she remembered that Marie's beautiful face and marvellous charm had departed away to the north, while her mother went abroad to England to strive with Lord North for the ill-fated nephew. None could rival her now; even Lady Catherine Murray had taken flight. She alone remained to reap the harvest of all her plans and plottings. Surely she deserved something at Hamilton's hands, for she had not been scrupulous in her *finesse*, nor, as Lennox said, spared those better than herself. After all the suffering she had brought about, surely now there was nothing to mar her dreams. Hamilton was entrenched at Portsmouth, cut off from the smiles of women, no longer the pet of society, among people hating him bitterly; now, at least, he must appreciate her fidelity and devotion in this time of adversity. Nevertheless, Anne shivered sometimes, when she reflected how she had fastened

\* Begun in the March number.

upon Hamilton the brand of Bernard's terrible fate, and how unconscious he was of it.

Her heart lightened when Lennox said the Rangers were going to the north, for they were Hamilton's tireless enemies.

"Captain Lennox tantalizes me with mysteries and secrets," she repeated, in the exuberance of her satisfaction that he was going away.

"Faith, it's no secret," he replied, with a shrug of his shoulders. "News from my Lord Dunmore's camp influences me."

"What is it? Sure it's vastly easier to tell your news than fence around in this way," was Anne's quick question, her face growing sharp in its anxiety.

"Nothing, Miss Anne, except that the *Fowey* sailed for Boston yesterday, and our prisoners brought in to-day tell us that Hamilton sailed for Boston yesterday to take his old place on Lord Howe's staff; therefore, it is easy to perceive why I desire to be at the front," Lennox said, in the provoking, indifferent manner habitual to him.

Anne gasped and struggled for breath to speak. She strove desperately, but the shock was too much, so she turned and rushed away, disappearing among the lilacs. Lennox looked after her, smiling sarcastically. Perhaps the shrewd cynic compassed Anne's motives and her fatal agency in the destinies of her friends more clearly than any one else.

While Anne's heart was bursting with chagrin, he smiled to himself the grim smile of Nemesis. The cavaliers were going out to fight the common enemy. The leader they loved and trusted was not forgotten, nor the sorrowing of their old colonel. They never forgot that the *Magdalen* had gone on its long wearying voyage home to England, bearing a miserable prisoner in irons, shut off from human mercy or sympathy, heart broken by treachery, and too well informed of the fate to which his enemies had doomed him ever to hope for justice or escape. To the last moment Bernard Bassett had trusted to Jasper Hamilton's word. If they could but let him have the satisfaction of killing his enemy they might take a tenfold revenge. The bitterness of death to him was not in the gallows, but in the knowledge that when he had been hurried into a dishonored grave Hamilton lived to hold undisputed sway, to break the heart and blight the life he held as something divine.

The dark beard was long and tangled, deep lines of agonizing grief and pain furrowed the once reposeful countenance. He was not so much to his captors as a caged animal.

Laughter and mirth drifted downward from the decks; the sound of men's voices, talking cheerily, the softer tones of the Countess of Dunmore's ladies wafted distantly to the wretched prisoner, but none so sweet and dreamy as to conjure up the vision of his cousin. She had cost him his life, innocently brought him to the slow torture of these dragging weeks and months, but none the less did he love her.

Suffocating, hungering and thirsting, broken-hearted, craving death, in irons, blistering and festering wrists and ankles, Bernard lay on the rough floor of the prison. They were far out, verging England, when a hand touched the lock, the key turned, and a ray of light from a lantern fell on the captive.

"Is this Captain Bassett?" asked a woman's voice, and the gentle tones thrilled the miserable man on the floor.

In the light of the lantern he beheld a woman standing beside the guard, and shrinking back in terrified surprise at the sight of the unkempt, wretched inmate of the nauseous, stifling hole. He raised himself slowly, clanking his chains in the effort at courtesy, and stood before her.

"Captain Bassett, I am not charged with any message to you, but I take it upon myself to exonerate a dear friend by an explanation," she began, in the tones Hamilton had liked because they recalled Marie Tremaine, and as his eyes met hers he recognized Lady Catherine Murray.

He had not seen her since the last winter, when he had strolled through the palace salons with her and sat by her at supper. Catherine had looked pretty that night in her satin petticoat and crimson robe, and he had been in lace ruffles and diamond buckles, in silk stockings and delicate hued coat. She did not shrink from him then as she did now.

"Madam, I listen," he said, briefly; "if there is anything to exonerate your friends I thank you for the trouble you are taking to inform me of it."

"You meant to fight a duel with Major Hamilton——"

"I meant to kill him, madam," interpolated the prisoner, sternly.

She paused in blank amazement and hovered nearer the door.

"He fully meant to meet you. He left us in haste to return to Williamsburg and have deadly encounter with you, but papa deceived him. You are a prisoner of the King's, guilty of high treason against his majesty, and papa could not lightly give up the life of a traitor."

"Ay, I thank you, madam, for your explanation," rejoined Bernard, ironically.

Lady Catherine moved uneasily.

"I wish you to comprehend that Hamilton kept faith with you—that he was set upon meeting you on honorable terms, and forcing you to expiate the insult offered him. We are near home, and I have said this that you might not, even for a few days longer, misjudge Hamilton. He meant fairly by you for Miss Tremaine's sake."

The chains clanked dangerously. This was the deadliest insult of all.

"What has he to do with her? I prefer treachery to fairness from him—for her sake. Madam, for God's sake give me no more explanations."

Perhaps the helpless despair of the captive touched her. She had heard something of his history.

"He loves her and would do much for her sake," she added, gently. "You are her kinsman and he would have fought you fairly on that account, but papa could not trifle with the King's retribution, and then she is now his wife——"

"His wife?" Bernard looked at her steadily, but she never flinched from his gaze. "His wife?" he repeated, in thick, husky tones, and his heart died within him, for he saw that she, at least, was not deceiving him.

"They were married at the palace in April; papa witnessed it, and Mrs. Foy and others."

Lady Catherine uttered the words pityingly. As he staggered back against the wall her woman's breast stirred with the deepest compassion.

"That was why he meant vastly more fairness by you," she continued. "If papa had permitted it, if he had not felt it his duty to make an example of you, things might have resulted differently. You might have killed Hamilton and broken her heart. Papa was wise in his judgment."

"Ay," he answered, slowly. "I have lived long enough to be grateful for his treachery."

She waited a moment for him to add something more than this bitter gratitude.

"Farewell, Captain Bassett, I fear we will never meet again—farewell, sir!" And Lady Catherine lifted her skirts daintily, moving away as if she expected him to detain her by a question, but he only bowed his head and said "Farewell!" while the guard closed and locked the door.

Bernard lay on the floor. A great calm had fallen upon him—the restless despair of the

weeks and months of cruel captivity had ceased to harass him. He was content to count off the weary days without that maddening regret of leaving the one thing undone. It atoned for all and more. He could not blame Hamilton that he loved her, and deep in his heart he thanked heaven for saving him the stain of Hamilton's blood.

The guard looked in sometimes, to see if the rigid, silent captive still lived, and wondered at the change.

"It's but two days before we're ashore," he said, with the manner of one conveying pleasant news.

"Ay, only two days more; that's well," absently returned the prisoner, never moving his fettered limbs from the position he seemed to have maintained for hours.

The man glanced at him curiously. Their caged animal had given up the fight; he had fallen lower than they thought—lower than all their scorn and humiliation could have driven him—he had fallen to gratitude to them for the short grace accorded him.

The shouts of gladness and rushing of busy feet told him that his British jailers were at home. They were landing amidst glad welcomes and greetings from their own people and kinsmen. Some of them were Bernard's kinsmen, too, but nobody remembered that.

## CHAPTER XVII.

"IN THE BITTER BLASTS OF THE FRIGID NORTH COLONY."

MARIE TREMAINE stood at the window of the large villa-like house of the Alexanders, in the suburbs of the town of New York. She had been domiciled there for many weeks, now lengthening into months. The leaves had turned sear and yellow, then fallen into decay under the snows of winter, and still the pretty Virginia heiress lingered amid the gaities of the largest Colonial town. Mrs. Tremaine had landed on English shores in safety, but beyond that and the fact of her return in the early spring, no word had reached them. Colonel Tremaine had issued his fiat that Marie must await her mother's return, and go into society under Mrs. Alexander's wing.

The superb Scottish dame, noble and high born, herself was charmed with the office of chaperone to the loveliest of all the beauties of their own aristocratic circle. She sighed regretfully over the wretched results of the war, for, notwithstanding her patriotism, Mrs. Alexander wished that she could again receive her friend



Lord Howe and the British gentlemen of quality now shut up in Boston, with the lynx-eyed Colonial army on every side save that of the sea.

"Truly, Marie, my dear, it's a thousand pities the fine matches in the British army are useless to you young ladies," she would say mournfully, when they sat in her bright sunny boudoir of mornings, or went out in grand toilette in the evening. New York, with its myriad loyalists, was brilliantly gay and fashionable. The dividing line was not yet so sharply drawn as to sunder the stately dames of aristocratic birth from their British cousins. They mingled freely with peer and knight from the old country, and sometimes believed in King George in preference to the aspirations of young George Washington, the Virginia planter, or his army of raw Colonists. The Alexander household had no Tories in it. They were thoroughly rebellious, and the only son, Major Alexander, fought side by side with Basil Tremaine in the Colonial army. Both had quitted their plantations and every phase of luxury known, had relinquished influence and affluence in Virginia to weather the storms and rigors of winter camp in the cold northern clime. Marie watched the drifting snow and the brave equipages in the glory of four horses, footmen and outriders, until the great carriage gate was suddenly thrown open and the Alexander coach with its own particular prancing horses and dashing liveried grooms swept around the circle in front of the house.

Marie Tremaine's countenance settled into a mournful repose, almost melancholy, as she sat there in deep reverie, scarcely conscious of the lively scene before her. In all those long months no message had reached her from Jasper, no sign that he meant to rescue her from the wretched position she had attained by becoming his wife. No token that the love so intense and passionate while under the fascination of her presence had not been a spasmodic tenderness, "burnt up and burnt out," leaving only the gray ashes of regret. He had vanished utterly from her world, and she, his wife, knew nothing. Other wives were around her, happy and confident, accustomed to love and protection, absorbed in their husbands, while she could only hide the incessant heartache and grope in a very night of blindness. He had bound her irrevocably and then gone away, leaving nothing save those invisible fetters, that crystal cloud shutting her off from sympathy and tenderness. Women less attractive were loved wives, women apparently careless of possessing the boon she craved—the boon of her husband's faith. Men

less brilliant and resistless seemed faultless husbands, she was quick to observe. Nevertheless, Marie trusted Jasper with unlimited confidence, and waited with a "hope deferred" that well-nigh sickened her.

Marie looked out on the snow and felt that she could not bear it. She must soon succumb to the griefs harrassing and wearing her life away. She wondered how her chaperone could love the gayety and fashion of their own circle. It was all a meaningless dream to her.

Thus it was that Marie had no very bright face when Mrs. Alexander, divested of her wraps, entered the room. The soft, lustrous eyes were moist with tears, the beauty and pathos of the girl's poetic loveliness touched and alarmed the elder lady. Mrs. Alexander crossed the apartment slowly. Nothing ever hurried the grand dame, and she paused to look down upon Marie, who stood deferentially waiting until she was pleased to be seated. The long, black satin gown which Mrs. Alexander habitually wore swept in a train behind her, lace ruffles fell over her delicate wrists and long, shapely hands, a white muslin turban, high and stiff, added to the dignity of her bearing and shaded the classic features and a pair of intensely black eyes. She was a fine, imposing woman, an Alexander mated to an Alexander. She had been too proud to wed with any save one of her own race and lineage. Mrs. Alexander loved her fair charge, and sometimes thought if Bernard Bassett never returned her son might do well to ally himself with a family almost as ancient and honorable as his own. Not quite—no family could ever attain that honor or antiquity in the eyes of the handsome raven-haired, but over-tenacious Alexanders. A mixed motive perhaps prompted the suggestion as she patted Marie's cheek kindly.

"I have letters from my son to-day, my dear. He has been ill of a fever, and I have a mind to journey to Boston and see him. What think you? Could you brave it?"

"Would you undertake it this weather, madam?" Marie inquired.

"Sure, if my son can live in camp this weather and not complain, I can take a journey in my comfortable chariot, by easy stages, to Boston town, to see after his fevers and keep him alive," retorted Mrs. Alexander, with stately indignation.

"True, madam, I would be vastly pleased to accompany you. Papa is there. He may wish to see me; at least, I desire to journey with you, if you are pleased to wish it," Marie answered,

coloring brightly under the slight displeasure in the elder lady's tone.

"Ah, yes, my dear, you shall go, and that to-morrow at noon we will start for George Washington's camp. My son is for this last fortnight at Mrs. Simms's farmhouse, ill enough, poor lad, and we can possibly be accommodated there for a s'ennight," and Mrs. Alexander rang her bell with more eagerness than she cared to confess.

"Send Judith and Margaret immediately," was her brief order, and when the two maids appeared her directions were equally brief and decided.

They were to be ready to set out by the next noon for a long journey. The chariot must be packed with medicines and luxuries, some rare old wine from their own cellars in Virginia, herbs for strengthening solutions, and all the accessories of a toilette in those days.

"For, my dear, we will meet gentlemen of the first fashion and quality in the camp," explained Mrs. Alexander.

"Shall we be in camp, madam?" asked Marie, in amazement; "there might be fighting near us!"

"Nonsense, little coward! We shall not be in sight of Boston, but safely removed to one side of the camp. They can do their fighting at a safe distance, but I hope George will not fight in such weather as this. The Virginians cannot endure the cold."

By noon the following day she had completed every preparation. At a charming supper the night before her friends had regretted her absence, and many a countenance had fallen lugubriously at the news of Miss Tremaine's abrupt departure.

"It is only for a brief space of a few weeks," Marie explained to Sir Lionel Fanning, who had lingered for weeks in New York, and now suddenly found himself obliged to hurry away.

"Confound the luck, Miss Tremaine. I wish you were going inside instead of outside Boston."

Marie smiled pensively, wondering whether she would find her friends among the British, or one friend, at least.

"I am going *inside* of Boston, Miss Tremaine, you know that, don't you? I wish I might meet you there," he said, cautiously. "I am on Lord Howe's staff, and you will only be a few miles away, almost in sight. I wish we might capture you," he added, gallantly.

"I hope you will do nothing of the kind, sir," cried Mrs. Alexander, *en passant*. "Give

our compliments to my Lord Howe, and tell him to keep his redcoats in town until the weather breaks."

Fanning laughed good-naturedly.

*La belle Tremaine* was a beautiful mystery, impervious, inapproachable, and yet sweet and resistless. The men sighed over her absence and made verses to her eyes, but Marie scarcely thought of them again, as she journeyed on day after day by easy stages to Boston in the Alexander chariot, with their courier and outriders, their maids and portmanteaus.

It was past noon when one of the grooms informed them that they were in sight of camp. Mrs. Alexander roused from her drowsiness, for the journey had been, as all journeys in those days were, tedious and wearying. They had traveled in the chariot, stopping at the wayside inns on the high road, until both ladies and servants longed to reach their destination.

"I'll warrant you Martha Custis is troubled enough about George Washington, away off here in these frigid regions. No such banks of snow in our own sunny Virginia. It would be vastly better to choose a climate like that for fighting, if they must fight," commented Mrs. Alexander, as the carriage came to a halt at a picket post, and a moment after Lennox and half a dozen troopers galloped up to the side of the vehicle.

If the cavalier had in the autumn shown the wear of exposure and rough life, now in the winter his aspect had become actually rugged. The once white hand he extended to Mrs. Alexander was as brown as that of the commonest yeoman. His uniform plainly evinced a greater regard for rude comfort than elegance.

"Ah, Captain, I should scarce have known you; sure our poor fellows have had a hard time," exclaimed Mrs. Alexander, her eyes filling with tears, while they rested on the graceful figure of the gentleman she had last seen in buckles, ruffles and powdered hair.

"We will have better times, madam, when spring comes. It's this terrible cold climate that chills a man to the heart and freezes our patriotism, only to be thawed by British fire; eh, here comes the colonel himself."

"I'll warrant you that Basil has not spared himself; why, colonel, your hair is as white as those snow-covered heights."

"Oh, papa, how terribly you must have suffered!" Marie said, timidly, when her father dismounted, and coming to the chariot kissed her cheek with more than usual kindness.

Basil Tremaine sighed and glanced beyond her to the camp lying in the distance.

"It's not much, child; women can't understand these things; one must get old; roughing it a trifle is nothing; life is not so pleasant at the best," he answered, absently drawing on his fur-lined glove. "You had best forward, madam, this is no weather for ladies; turn to the left. Your son is quartered at Mrs. Simm's; she can accommodate you. The farmhouse is comfortable, and not far from headquarters."

Basil Tremaine remounted his horse and rode briskly forward, while the chariot followed, Lennox keeping close to the widow, as if it only required a sight of the delicate profile within to complete his happiness.

The hot tears blinded Marie Tremaine; her heart was full, with this sudden re-awakening among the home faces. The old scenes passed before her mental eye, the old feelings rushed over her. Her father had aged frightfully. His whitened locks touched his daughter beyond everything. Deep down in her soul Marie knew that exposure and hardship were not alone responsible for the change in the grim soldier.

Lennox, keenly observant, noted the agitation she could not altogether suppress, even when Basil Tremaine came to a sharp halt, and, pointing to a low, irregularly built house, standing back among groups of trees stretching their naked branches above the roof, said:

"That is the place; I will see you again—farewell!" and galloped off.

There were tents a few hundred yards from the house, and soldiers passing and repassing through the orchard, while on the other side was a great old-fashioned garden, with frozen, ice-covered hedges and slippery, dangerous walks. As Lennox lifted Marie from the chariot, he said:

"The colonel is two decades older since he lost Bernard."

Her cheek flushed.

It had been her own thought and yet, she reflected, there was something more in reserve for him, another stroke to fall upon the old man in the future—somewhere in the future.

"It would be vastly pleasanter if one could pass a day here without that ugly rattle of musketry. I don't like it in the least," observed Mrs. Alexander, one evening when the ugly rattle seemed to cut through the freezing blasts and echo among the heights in uncomfortable proximity to them.

"Sure, the British don't let us forget them. Those heights are enviable ground. If we had them the harbor would be under our command," remarked Tom Marchison, drawing his chair nearer Marie Tremaine

"Curse the British!—pardon me, madam!" ejaculated Colonel Tremaine, in a bitter tone.

He had just entered the pleasant, well-lighted apartment, and stood before the capacious fireplace in which the huge logs blazed, warming his hands in a leisurely way very much as if it was a luxury seldom enjoyed.

"I'll warrant you we all do that in our hearts, colonel, but perhaps none of us have quite that cause to hate them that you have," answered Mrs. Alexander, ringing for the supper to be brought in.

"Ay, madam, I have cause," he said, between his set teeth. "I have never shown one of them quarter, and, so help me God, I never will."

"Papa, don't say that," softly entreated Marie, with a scared, wistful look in her eyes, as she averted her face from the glance that shot like a lightning gleam from under Basil Tremaine's bushy brows.

"Say that," he repeated, a stony, flint-like look in the stern countenance, tenfold sterner and more uncompromising than in the old days. "I say that if my own son served King George and fought under his colors, I would shoot him down without mercy. I spare no enemy; that is my creed, madam," and as he said it Tom laughed uneasily, perhaps more to cover the almost savage tone than from any special pleasure the sentiment gave him.

"Where is the firing to-night, colonel?" he asked, in a good natured attempt to turn the subject.

"Gad, not so far off as one would like. They say an officer and a few dragoons were reconnoitering in the most impudent manner, and the pickets sent a few bullets after them, which I fear me did very little damage," answered the older officer, taking a cup of coffee from Mrs. Alexander and sipping it slowly.

"Ah, here is Captain Lennox; he brings us the latest tidings!" exclaimed Mrs. Alexander, turning back the lace ruffles from her wrists, to pour out the coffee in the cups on the tray before her, with Major Alexander's valet and one of her own grooms as substitutes for her trained waiting-men.

Lennox gave his cloak to a servant, but with unusual precaution he laid his carbine and sword on a table within easy reach. There was no evening dress now, no splendid costumes, no scarlet waistcoats, no jewel-hilted swords; all was meant for hard, rough service. Men and accoutrements were tried by the same bitter tests, and all bore the impress of the iron duty upon them.

"Take your coffee and tell us the news afterward; in the meantime you will thaw before that good fire; ah, poor fellows," commented their hostess, a ring of tender compassion in her voice, "how this north wind howls!"

"Ah, I'll warrant you Martha Custis would never rest so easy at Mount Vernon if she had been out one night in this terrible climate: she would have George Washington send these men home. He kills them with cold and hunger," energetically continued Mrs. Alexander, thinking of her son out on perilous duty this bitter night.

"You think she would be the better general of the two, eh, madam," laughed Tom Marchison, in his loud, free way.

"Vastly the better, sir; she would have them fight in the spring, and that is common sense," retorted the lady, refilling Lennox's cup with hot coffee.

Lennox had by some imperceptible *finesse* established himself close to Miss Tremaine.

"You did not ask about the skirmish this evening, and we were not far from you," he said, in a low tone.

"No; I thought you would tell us. Is there any danger? They would not venture to allow themselves to be captured just now, when our poor fellows are being treated so harshly in Boston," Marie spoke in the musical tones that made everything she uttered so resistlessly sweet.

"And yet," responded Lennox, in a deliberate voice, "they approached so near and were so rashly defiant, so daringly persistent, that at one time we easily recognized each other."

"Were they near us, Captain Lennox?" asked Marie, in quick alarm.

"Yes, very near you, and the leader seemed obstinately bent upon reaching this farmhouse," he continued, watching her narrowly, and marking the genuine consternation in every lineament.

"Did you tell Mrs. Alexander? Is it not very dangerous, very perilous, for us to remain here?" she demanded.

"*En verite*, Miss Tremaine, I rather think the matter concerned Mrs. Alexander less than some one else," he said, pointedly.

She looked at him in sheer surprise, evidently perplexed to catch his meaning. Lennox knew the changes of that fair face too thoroughly not to see that Marie did not in the least comprehend him.

"She is no traitress," he mentally decided, scarcely conscious of the intense relief the decision afforded him.

"I did not mean," she began, in half apology, "that the enemy cared in the least to capture or

consider us, but our close vicinity to the camp of the Virginians is perhaps dangerous."

"But I did mean that the enemy cared to capture and consider you," Lennox replied, in the same even voice—the same doubt and caution, of one feeling his ground, returning to tone and look.

The strangeness of his manner, the half sneer which crept over his countenance as he saw the hot blood surge into Marie's cheek added to her embarrassment.

"It is very dangerous, Miss Tremaine," he added, contemptuously, "a very dangerous game to play here, and perhaps just a little barbarous, even for a woman."

"What do you mean, Captain Lennox? Why do you speak to me like that? Have I done anything barbarous?" she asked, after a moment's pause, her mind taking a swift flight to Bernard.

"You are doing something very barbarous, Miss Tremaine; perhaps even the leader of those British dragoons might say that. The most ferocious of savages will not accomplish his purpose by slaying his friends in cold blood," he said, with stern bitterness.

"Why do you say this to me?" she repeated, gently, without raising her eyes.

Lennox made an impatient movement. "Is it possible to believe that you do not know who commanded the British dragoons to-night?" he sneered. "Is it possible you do not know that it was Jasper Hamilton?"

A burning flush rushed to the very roots of Marie Tremaine's golden-brown hair. She looked at him with such an agony of entreaty in her eyes that the sneer vanished, and Lennox repented of the injustice done her in his secret soul. Pressing her hands together she sank back in her chair, struggling to keep down the passion of feeling he had unwittingly stirred. Lennox silently watched and silently acquitted her of any connivance with the foe, but further than that the Colonist soldier could not go. He hated Jasper Hamilton with a deep, relentless hatred, and Marie's agitation only augmented the enmity. He believed him to be an unscrupulous adventurer, and charged him with deep treachery, not only to Bernard, but Marie.

"You ask nothing, make no inquiries. Is it merely a woman's flimsy ruse to make me volunteer all, or because you feel no interest?" he inquired, seeing that she said no word more, but only sat very still and downcast.

"I thought you would tell me all," she said, in a low tone.

"I never meant to tell you all, Miss Tremaine. A man cannot choose but bend to your will. It is evident you desire to know how and where I discovered Hamilton's latest achievements. I meant to be reticent and end my babbling like a fool; but who can resist you?" asked Lennox, lowering his voice unconsciously.

"Tell me, will you?" she asked, briefly.

"Yes; I will tell you that Jasper Hamilton led a party of dragoons this evening, and they made a desperate effort to reach this farmhouse. My company defended the outposts, and when they repeated their attack a dozen times and would not be driven off, you may know how determined they were to reach your domicile."

"How could you know that it was Jasper Hamilton?" she corrected, coloring at the mistake.

"When my men came out to the relief of the outposts we drove the enemy back; he fought obstinately enough, and in the *melee* I fought hand to hand with Jasper," he answered, inexpressible irony in the pronunciation of the name. "I did my best to capture or disable him, and I had good proof that he was animated by the same spirit toward myself—nevertheless the luck of each hung by us. Hamilton believed in his luck, and with some reason."

"Why did you believe they meant to come here, Captain Lennox?" Marie bent toward him with a flushed, eager expression on her face that angered him.

"Because you were here to lure him on, and I heard him rally his men and urge them forward to this house until overpowering numbers forced him back. He was frantic with rage. That is my sole revenge to-night, but my day is not far distant. I know that, Mistress Marie."

Every word that Lennox uttered sent a quiver of pain through each fibre of her being, yet she dared not say that it was so—dared not say that her pulses were beating wildly at the intelligence he had brought. She felt as if a terrible weight had been lifted from her life with this knowledge of Jasper's love before her. She heard nothing more until she suddenly became aware that Lennox asked her a question.

"I have told you so much news, has Tom Marchison been equally generous? Have you heard his tidings?" he inquired, dryly.

Marie laughed. She could not have told at what, or why.

"Here he comes to tell me," she said, gleefully. "Give me your news, Tom? What can it be?"

"Gad, it's not so heavenly that you may look at me like an angel. Sure, you are improving every day. You never looked so lovely, Marie, as you do to-night," was Tom's irrelevant reply.

"Oh, Tom, if you have any good news, tell it me, please!" she urged, lightly.

"That is a matter of taste," coolly interpolated Lennox.

"Ay, sure it is. Mine is half and half. 'Gad, I'm struck with a doubt even of that. I'll warrant Marie will take it only one-third good.' And Tom's loud laugh rang out so that Basil Tremaine and Mrs. Alexander turned from their cards to see the cause of his merriment.

"Faith, madam, I am only telling that my mother and my sister Anne came this morning, and are lodged at the cross roads—Bill Sudley's Inn. It's no place for a gentlewoman, and is so villainous dirty that my mother says she must lodge better or go home."

"Then let thy mother lodge here. They can contrive a chamber for her," suggested Mrs. Alexander, after a moment's thought. "It will be vastly pleasanter for Marie and me, and Anne is ever full of life."

"Ay, madam," replied Tom, who had seen the dismay and almost horror with which Marie heard his news, "my sister is blessed with a tongue that wags sharply, and she hath some old grudge against Marie. 'Gad, I am not in their secrets, madam, but confound it! perhaps they had best not come here. My mother can stand the dirt and the noise a few days, I'll warrant."

"She must come here to-morrow. It's no matter about a chit of a girl like Marie. Her elders are not to be put to discomfort for her," Basil Tremaine sternly answered, taking up his cards and resuming his game, fully comprehending that the matter was decided.

Lennox placed the long feather screen to shield Marie's face from the heat of the fire, whispering as he did so:

"You are afraid of Anne Marchison. Faith, she does seem to bring you evil. Take care that her arrival does not augur disaster for you—just now."

"What do you mean, Captain Lennox?" she asked, faintly.

"I mean that there is peculiar danger to you in having a quondam friend in the ranks of the enemy," he replied, meaningly.

"I fear I have no friend anywhere," she said.

"You have enough to save you from the sorrows of an egregious folly, but Anne Marchison is not one of them. I only hope so many ladies

can be domiciled under the same roof without danger to themselves," he added, jocularly, taking his leave of his hostess and following Colonel Tremaine from the room.

"Why do you examine your weapons so keenly, Captain Lennox? Sure, you must think the British are in the orchard," cried Mrs. Alexander, as she saw that officer pause in the hall and narrowly scrutinize his firearms.

"I'll warrant, madam, they are not any too far from us, and a man's life nowadays is naught to anyone save himself. He can't look too warily after it when any bush may hide an assassin."

"I hope not, indeed," answered the lady, drawing her velvet pelisse around her shoulders and shivering a little as she sat down close to the fire. My son is out to-night. I trust Providence will not permit the enemy to leave their barracks and creep unawares upon our poor, half-frozen fellows," she added, pathetically, the haughty turbaned head drooping upon her hands. "Look out, Marie, and see if it has fallen dark and stormy, or whether the stars shine. This cold wind is deafening. Sure, George Washington is barbarous!"

Marie raised the sash, and opened the heavy oaken shutter. Pitch-like darkness was unlighted by a star or even a feeble ray from the silent camp. The north wind howled and roared over Dorchester Heights. She was leaning far across the broad window sill, gazing up at the cold winter sky, when from the darkness a hand stretched out swiftly and laid in hers a letter. She closed the shutter, knowing that some one of the enemy had quitted his barracks, and stealthily entered the American camp to bring her a letter from Jasper Hamilton. Marie read it in the secrecy of her chamber, and loved him as tenderly as ever. It was brief and cautious, but enough, for it said:

"To-morrow night, in the orchard, you must venture to meet me. Just after twilight, when men are still moving about will be safest. Under the great apple-tree which was struck by lightning. I will wait for you."

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

"AH, MY DARLING! MY DARLING!"

Dusk had fallen again. It was a sad evidence of the bitterness and enmity stalking abroad that men waited for night, planned for the night, and breathed more securely when the night, not the day, came upon them. So the frozen twilight of the short winter day deepened slowly enough to Marie Tremaine, for whom it enfolded

a great event, a wonderful joy, filling her very soul with rapture, undimmed by apprehension. Evelyn and Tom Marchison, who were in Mrs. Alexander's sitting-room, yecept the drawing-room, now shared by Mrs. Marchison and Anne, were half bewildered by the brilliant beauty of Marie Tremaine. It had been months since they had seen her gentle gaiety so spontaneously, or the sweet, witching smiles so full of mirth.

"Sure it's not because my sister Anne has come," Tom Marchison said, with a grimace at Anne, whose glittering black orbs rested doubtfully upon Marie, even while Major Alexander sought to entertain her, and provoke the sparkles of wit with which men liked to beguile a winter evening. Poor Tom had entered the room reluctantly. He dreaded Anne's proximity to Marie Tremaine, but the position was reversed. Marie, lovely and mirthful, laughed softly at his fears, while his shrewish sister sat in evident pre-occupation, silently listening, perhaps utterly perplexed and not altogether pleased, for her strange taciturnity was only broken by an occasional cutting remark, acrid and spiteful, as only Anne could utter. Anne Marchison had been fair enough while the freshness and roundness of health remained, but physical strength had not been sufficient to bear the terrible wear and tear of her passionate nature. She had degenerated into a wiry little creature, disappointed, ill-tempered, suspicious, consumed by jealousy, and the desperate throes of her unlucky love.

"Where is Captain Lennox?" she asked, abruptly. "He is my old enemy. It is diamond cut diamond. We are too shrewd for each other and all the rest of the world. Why is he not here?"

"Lennox sent his complements to you, madam," answered Evelyn, bowing low to Mrs. Marchison, "and to Miss Anne, and says he will pay his respects later, if you will permit."

"I'll warrant he has nothing better to do," Basil Tremaine said, indifferently. "It's only a rubber of whist with Major Warren. By the by, I have a bet with Warren that my wife sailed on the twentieth; he declares it was the twenty-second. You must give me your mother's last letter, Marie; where is it?"

"I'll look for it, sir," answered Marie, with a brilliant, involuntary smile that struck to Anne's heart an angry suspicion.

"What pleases her so vastly in that?" she queried, crossly, as Marie's brisk, rapid step ran up the narrow, dark stairs to her own chamber.

An agile figure enveloped in cloak and hood was swiftly crossing the orchard to the great apple



tree "struck by lightning." Over the frozen earth she stepped, looking neither to the right nor left, only flew straight as an arrow from the bow. The camp, with its myriad lights, lay so close that the voices came up to her with startling distinctness. The laughter of the men, the commands of the officers, and the tramp of sentinels near enough to speak with. The darkness protected her, but even then Marie felt a thrill of alarm. She had never been so close to the camp. Marie wondered why Jasper had chosen this spot, and yet she felt that, shut off from observation by a sudden rise in the ground, this secluded but public spot was singularly safe. She had no time to question or reason, for all out of breath as she was, Marie ran into the arms of a man standing beside the riven, blackened trunk.

"My poor darling, it is in this way we must meet?" he whispered, folding her to his heart.

"Oh, Jasper, Jasper!" she exclaimed, pressing her face down upon his breast, and there it remained for a brief moment of passionate, overwhelming feeling.

It was Jasper who first broke the spell. He raised her head from his breast as he said:

"Marie, my precious one, every moment is an age to me to-night. I must tell you quickly the plans I have for you; do you believe, dearest life, that I have tamely submitted to this separation."

The strange unsteadiness of his voice while he held her to his heart, as if he meant that no human power should again wrest her therefrom, touched Marie beyond everything.

"Oh, Jasper, I love you!" she murmured, in that wonderful musical tone.

"How can you love me, Marie, if you believed me faithless? But I was not, Marie, my information was false, and it came from Anne Marchison. She told me you were in England with your mother, and to England I went in pursuit of you, only to find myself betrayed and tricked, only to find myself on that side of the ocean and you, dearest, on this."

Marie pressed her soft cheek against his lips.

"What does it matter now, Jasper?—now that I have you again?" she asked, gently. "We can forgive Anne. Let me look at you, darling! I can see now so plainly. How noble you look, Jasper, even in this ugly coat! Is this your uniform?"

"No, my poor dearest; I am not in uniform to-night. I could not pass the pickets in my scarlet coat."

Marie laughed musically.

"I am so glad, Jasper. It matters little to me now what coat you wear, except that you are safer in this, are you not?"

"Possibly," he answered, glad in his heart that she could not conjecture the extremity of his peril.

Marie's ear defined the doubt in his tone and caught a vague alarm.

"Jasper, if anything takes you from me now it will break my heart!" she burst out, passionately.

"Nothing shall part us, dear one, if you have courage to meet some danger, and do as I wish you. I must have you safe with me. God help me if I fail again." And there was intense love in the voice.

"I will incur any danger, Jasper. Can you not take me with you now? I will bear any fatigue or cold, only let me go with you now—now, this moment, Jasper?" she entreated, passing her arm around his neck coaxingly, and nestling close to him as if she would not be parted.

"No, Marie," he answered, gravely. "Do not tempt me, my dear life, the danger is too great for you to-night, or for me to permit, but to-morrow will you venture to the cross roads? I will meet you there and carry you off with me into Boston?"

"I will venture anywhere, Jasper, with you," she said, in a whisper.

The handsome head bent low as he pressed his lips to her brow and folded her in his strong embrace, while he told Marie every minute detail of the plan arranged for her. She was willing to brave all, defy every danger, and the dashing British officer who loved as he had never loved before resolved that he would snatch Marie from the very midst of the enemy.

"I am selfish to ask it, Marie," he said, with passionate tenderness, "but God forgive me, I cannot live without you! I have been foiled and deceived until I scarcely dare to hope for success. Mine has been a rough wooing, darling, through treachery and danger—almost death itself. Nevertheless, to-morrow we will end it all forever."

"And forgive Anne Marchison?" she interposed, softly.

"Curse Anne Marchison!" he broke out in irrepressible bitterness, "she sent me on a fool's errand to England."

"Did you see my mother, Jasper?" she asked, in a little effort to stay the resentful words.

The touch of her white fingers, stealing up into his hair, seemed to lull the wrath Anne

Marchison's name stirred in his breast. He held them tightly within his own, as he answered, slowly :

"Yes, Marie, I saw her and accomplished what she could not. Your Cousin Bassett is saved from execution, and will be exchanged with other prisoners. For your sake, my love, I did this. When we are both free men he shall atone to me for insult and dishonor. He has had no injustice, Marie. Bernard Bassett will come back to you sooner or later."

Marie looked up into the handsome face silently meeting the eyes gazing down into hers with that voiceless, intense tenderness Jasper Hamilton could not conceal.

"Jasper," she said, her soft, sweet, trembling lips suddenly pressed to his, "you have made me too happy."

"To-morrow, it will all be over, Marie. I shall have no more doubts or suspense, no more intrigue from Anne Marchison. Take courage, darling, you will be mine to-morrow, and God knows that is an eternity to me. Are you brave enough to venture?" he asked, in a low, persuasive voice.

She slipped her hand in his gently, and laid her cheek against Jasper's shoulder.

"I cannot be happy without you," was the whispered answer.

"My own Marie, I must not keep you in this freezing cold a moment longer. I have had one precious half hour, beloved—that must suffice. Ay, they are changing guard—that is my golden moment," he said, quickly, yet holding her in his passionate embrace.

"They could not recognize you in this ugly homespun coat, Jasper. There, it is all quiet again," she said, as she clung to him in the might and power of her great love. Hamilton listened intently, then, with an abrupt :

"My poor wife!" he pressed her to his bosom, frantically and tenderly. "Go, Marie," he said, in a tone of deprecation, "and whisper a prayer for me. Go, my darling, but give me one more kiss from your pure lips, the last until we meet again." And Hamilton held her closer while he kissed her again, then released her suddenly. "Now run, my love, that they may not be on your track, too," he added, with bitter emphasis.

She paused and said, softly : "God bring me to you again, Jasper!" then bounded swiftly away.

Marie rushed up to her chamber in uninterrupted safety. Wonderful good fortune had attended every step, had blinded the Argus-eyed

enemies her people were to Jasper. She was safe, and ah, so happy, so jubilant, if only she could be certain of Jasper, but how could he fail? Then she ran downstairs with the letter in her hand. It astonished the girl to find her father in the same rubber of whist, too deeply absorbed to notice her glide noiselessly in and seat herself in the niche by the great fireplace, while Evelyn and Tom Marchison detached themselves from their outside interest in the game and resumed their seats near her. She felt a strange amazement that no one suspected the great, sweet tidings that sent the blood through her veins quickened ten thousand fold. All were there talking and jesting over their cards and Mrs. Alexander's hot punch, unmindful of the bliss coming to her with such wondrous facility—all save Anne Marchison. Tom said she had a headache and had gone to bed, and Lennox had not come.

"Strange, too!" Tom remarked, glancing at the dial on the mantel ; "there was nothing to detain him, and Gad, everybody knows that it takes General Washington himself to hold Lennox away from Mistress Tremaine's presence."

"General Washington may have found work for him," suggested Evelyn. "Lennox is a capital fellow for an emergency, and who knows how many of the British have stolen into camp while we loitered here basking in the smiles of the Virginia beauty?"

"He would pay dear for his temerity who ventured into our lines just now, when each side is watching the other so venomously, and we are eyeing Dorchester Heights with covetous desire," interpolated Major Alexander, as the card players rose from the table, and the guests having verged closely upon the last moment, hastened to take leave before the tap of the drum admonished them to be in camp.

"Good night, madam ; tell my sister Anne to try and not let her tongue wag with such devilish sharpness. Miss Tremaine is all the better for my sister's ailment to-night, madam," Tom said, when he bade his mother good night."

"It's vastly pleasanter for the two to keep aloof ; but Marie will be none the better to-morrow for Anne's ailing to-night, mark my word for that, my boy."

Tom laughed rather uneasily and followed the gentlemen into the hall, where Marie was chatting brightly with Evelyn, while her father enveloped himself in his heavy furred cloak, now and then glancing at his daughter with a half regretful, half pleased admiration.

"Keep a sharp lookout for the British, Tom ;

I'm vastly afraid you will fall into their clutches you are so unwary," remarked his mother.

"Sure, mother, I'll take care of that," he laughed, suddenly throwing the front door wide open and pausing to look back at Miss Tremaine.

Marie was looking straight before her as the door flung back. A startled expression crept over her face, for her eyes met those of Lennox, for an instant only, then he had vanished in the darkness.

Evidently he meant to avoid them, to avoid Marie, and Marie felt a dim, undefinable impression that his odd behavior was on her account. She wondered, rather, that Lennox should act so peculiarly, wondered that he sought to shelter himself from her notice, and then it occurred to Marie that Tom's careless words might have been verified:

"General Washington had work for him."

Indeed, when Marie obeyed Mrs. Alexander's usual request to look out and see whether the night was "black and gusty" her belief was confirmed by the eager, earnest tones drifting back to her as the party crossed the orchard. Tones she recognized as those of Lennox—the clear, unmistakable voice of the Colonist officer talking rapidly, then they disappeared swiftly, and Marie closed the window, saying, in some perplexity:

"The night is wonderfully clear and cloudless, but there seems unusual stir about the camp. I fear they have work this cold night."

"Sure George Washington would be a fool," exclaimed Mrs. Alexander in alarm, "to send his men out in such weather as this. They can scarcely keep alive in camp. Martha Custis had best come here and look after her husband before he goes staring mad."

Marie made no reply, only followed the irate dame upstairs, repenting of having needlessly alarmed her.

Marie suddenly became aware, as she waited for Mrs. Alexander's velvet train to sweep majestically out of the way, that some one flitted lightly into the hall below. She leaned over the balustrade and peered down into the gloom. It was Anne Marchison, and evidently she, too, sought to avoid observation.

"Anne, is that you?" demanded Mrs. Marchison, sharply, as Marie uttered a startled exclamation. "We thought you were abed; what do you mean by prowling about like a British spy?"

Anne laughed uncannily.

"A British spy, indeed?" she exclaimed, in a high, shrill key, springing up the steps after

them. "Mother, you could never take me for a British spy. It hate the British. I am no spy, don't accuse *me*—not *me*," and Anne circled suspiciously around Marie, repeating "not *me*—not *me*."

Mrs. Alexander held her candle over nearer to Anne. The girl's face was ghastly pale, her eyes had a fiery glitter, usual to them when Anne was intensely excited.

"Where have you been, Anne? Not to bed, I'll warrant you?"

Anne turned upon her mother with taunting defiance.

"I have been serving my country, madam—better than lying in bed."

Mrs. Alexander, who looked just then particularly haughty and contemptuous, said, coldly: "I thought you had brought up your girls to have some sense of propriety; really, Mistress Anne has treated us to quite an ill-bred scene. Good night, madam. Come, Marie, perhaps the young woman will be in better temper to-morrow," and the resentful dame turned short away, drawing Marie with her.

Marie bolted her chamber door timidly and sat down, oppressed by the vague threats of this, her natural enemy. What could she mean? Where had Anne been all the livelong evening?

Ah, well, to-morrow would "end it all"—to-morrow coming now so swiftly. She would lay her head on Jasper's broad shoulder and tell him these persecutions, and then charitably eliminate Anne from their future life.

Marie could not cope with Anne; she shuddered to think what might have happened had she come upon that brief sweet tryst in the orchard, or suspected Jasper's actual presence so perilously near. The fair brown head had been bent on the round arms for a long vigil. It was her last night with them—she might never behold them again. Perhaps that was why sleep had vanished from those soft eyes, why Marie felt that she must sit there and wait for morning. The fire had burned into a bed of red hot coals, and they in their turn had faded into ashen greyness—dull, chilling and dead. The winter atmosphere grew more frigid, and Marie became sensible of an icy coldness creeping over her. Faint streaks were visible in the east when she drew aside the curtain and peered out into the obscurity of that cheerless hour.

It was the earliest tint of a still glacial dawn, the mysterious lonely hour before the world starts to life. Marie shivered. It was deadful to be awake in that gloom. She felt an overpowering weariness stealing over her, a cold,

miserable distress, as if some dire calamity had suddenly stricken her.

Marie never could remember whether she had really fallen asleep, or was only in a drowsy, semi-unconscious state, when suddenly someone seemed to call her, "Marie!" in the tender, deep tone she knew to be Jasper's. She started up in bed, as a sharp, shrill rattle cleft the dimness and silence of dawn—the rattle of distant musketry.

"Jasper! Jasper!" she exclaimed, springing up in alarm. "Jasper, what is the matter?"

It was some moments before she could remember how utterly impossible it was for him to have uttered her name, and yet she could not shake off the impression, vivid and startling, and clinging with the painful tenacity of reality. She drew back the curtain. It was quite early dawn. The east had a shadowy, roseate tinge. Her eye traveled from the dawning horizon eastward, and then Marie started violently, as her glance fell upon a figure rapidly approaching through the orchard.

It was Lennox in full uniform, wearing his sword and topboots as if on duty. He came directly toward the wing she occupied and immediately under her window. There he abruptly stopped and gave a keen, upward look. Marie watched from behind the curtain, as his eager eye scanned her window again and again. She breathed softly, feeling that he must see her—that his intent gaze must penetrate the flimsy shield of the curtain and discover her shivering behind it. His purpose, whatever that might be, was apparently accomplished, for Lennox turned and walked away.

## CHAPTER XIX.

"SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED."

WHEN Lennox had vanished from sight, Marie crept back into bed. The brave, healthy nature of the girl fought off the vagaries of fancy. It cost a struggle to banish the realistic pain of the delusion of Jasper's voice. It clung to her. The premonition of calamity took transient possession of her—the old doubt and fear of Lennox's motive. Surely his errand had reference to her. Some unusual reason must have called Lennox from his couch before the morning dawn roused the camp. Struggle as she would Marie could not help a burst of tears, as real in their grief as if of her own knowledge disaster had crushed down upon her life. They were a relief. She accused herself of folly, and steadfastly thought of the necessity to her of

courage and coolness, of the joy, removed by only a few hours of morning sunshine. Thus Marie's forebodings departed—courage returned.

Jasper had told her to come to the cross roads, a hundred yards below the tavern, and—wait.

"That is all, my love. If you are brave enough to venture, the rest shall be my care. Only be prompt when the sun is on the hour of noon," he had said, and as Marie made her toilette, and Judith curled her sunny hair, she cast many a furtive glance toward the chimneys of the tavern, not a mile away.

Breakfast was already in progress when Marie Tremaine appeared downstairs, but Mrs. Alexander forebore to rebuke her tardiness and Mrs. Marchison took her coffee in gloomy silence.

"I'll warrant you, Marie, something has happened to Anne," abruptly remarked Anne's mother. "She is like one demented, crying and wringing her hands and bewailing all night. I'm sure I can't tell what hath come over the child."

"It is strange. May I go to her, madam—perhaps I can do something for her?" asked Marie, hastily conquering all repugnance to this errand of mercy.

"Do, my child," earnestly answered Mrs. Marchison, with a world of relief in her voice. "Drink your coffee, my dear, and then see if she will tell it to you, for she is well-nigh distracted about something."

Marie pushed back her cup and hurried up to Anne's chamber.

Anne was lying across the bed moaning, her pallid and tear-stained face turned away from the door. She had not undressed or gone to bed during the night—only thrown herself down regardless of the hopeless ruin of her London gown.

"Anne!" Marie syllabled the name doubtfully, as she hesitated on the threshold, remembering that it was perhaps for the last time.

Anne turned slowly, and as she met Marie's soft eyes, uttered a swift, sharp cry, and drew the sheet over her face. "Go away from me, Marie! Never, never come near me! Go, I say, leave me, or I will die!" she screamed, a piteous fear and tremor more than hatred in the voice.

"Anne, let me comfort you," pleaded Marie, gently.

"Oh, my Lord!" Anne cried out, still averting her face, "if you knew what I have done you would not ask me that. Go, Marie! I say you shall—you are driving me mad. Oh, if

they would only kill me ; for God's sake, leave this room, Marie—Marie," and Anne, with her face still averted, sat up in bed and began to scream wildly.

"What can it be?" asked Mrs. Marchison, meeting Marie re-entering the parlor, and seeing by the harassed look how peculiarly unpleasant her mission had been.

"Vastly better to let the girl alone, Marie ; your kindness can be expended elsewhere without so much waste," observed Mrs. Alexander, dryly. "Here comes Tom, perhaps he can manage her—eh, good morning, sir ; your sister is in a fine tantrum this morning."

Tom Marchison nodded absently, then glanced at Marie with so sober a countenance that she said, in haste :

"Do not be uneasy, Tom. I have tried to comfort poor Anne. I think she will soon be better ; I will try again."

"You?" he asked, with a look of shocked surprise.

"Yes," she answered, hesitating and blushing—"but Anne will not let me."

"Gad, she is right—curse her folly," he muttered between his teeth, and without another word Tom walked to the window and looked moodily out.

His habitual good nature seemed to have departed, and somehow Marie felt uncomfortable, whenever she raised her eyes to find him watching her and as persistently avoiding her glance. She felt sure that the unmirthful laugh with which he answered Mrs. Alexander was forced with great effort. Apparently the kind hearted dame observed that something was amiss with the great laughing dragoon, for she said, after an unusually long pause in the conversation :

"Marie, take your hat and pelisse and run out for a walk. It's after eleven now ; you may stay until twelve, but don't go out of sight, child."

Tom gave an uneasy, helpless look at Marie, brightening and flushing at this unsought, and yet how earnestly desired, permission.

"You will not go out of the orchard, Marie, it might be dangerous ; at least," began Tom, approaching and then stopping at an unwonted distance from her in strange embarrassment, "there is some confusion—our regiment is out to-day."

"Never fear, Tom, I won't show my cowardice, if that is what you are afraid of," she said, in her daring, blithe way.

"Gad, Marie, I am not afraid of that, you know I am not, but——"

"But what, Tom ; ah, don't fear ; take care of Mrs. Alexander, tell her the news—there, I am gone, adieu," and she tripped lightly up the steps, turning at the top to wave her hand to Tom, who stood watching her with a wistful anxiety in his honest eyes.

Marie's cheek glowed with genuine shame that she could be so happy when in five minutes she would have parted with them, perhaps forever ; nevertheless, she was wildly happy, hurrying around the plain little chamber, trying to tie on her hat and fasten the furred pelisse.

Mrs. Simms paused in her spinning when Marie stopped at the kitchen door, and said :

"I'm going for a walk, Mrs. Simms ; take good care of Mrs. Alexander, and thank you for your kindness."

In the hall Lennox stood leaning against the wall in an attitude of depression and fatigue.

"Let me urge you not to walk to-day," he said, abruptly.

"You, too, Captain Lennox, doubting my courage?" she demanded, gayly. "I am not going far——"

"No," he interrupted, "because our men are at the cross roads—you cannot go that far."

"Why are they there to-day?"

"Because the enemy is expected to attack us there to-day at noon. You will not go now, will you?"

There was a mocking defiance in the girl's bright smile, as she said :

"Yes, I will, and you shall scold me after a while for it, but not now—I cannot wait."

Lennox glanced beyond her for a moment of silence, and then said :

"Miss Tremaine, it is impossible ; will not this afternoon or to-morrow do for your walk to the cross roads?"

"It is quite impossible, and I am going now, Captain Lennox ; you will not prevent me, will you?" she said, in a half-pleading, half-coaxing tone.

"Yes," he answered, sternly, "I do prevent you, because Jasper Hamilton will not meet you there at noon."

Her brown eyes opened wide. The brightness faded as if a shadow passed over the fair face, and she made no effort to conceal the amazement his remark, in its cold, severe tones, caused her.

"Why do you say that?" she asked, faltering in the effort. "You merely mean to alarm me, but I will not be deterred. I shall go. Why do you speak of Jasper Hamilton?"

Lennox bent down to examine his sword, avoiding her eyes as if they were unpleasant to

behold, but his tone was authoritative and decided when at length he said, slowly :

"I am charged not to permit you to go there to-day. Why do you persist when I have told you that Hamilton cannot be there? Do you not know that a soldier's will is dependent upon a thousand contingencies?"

"What do you mean? What can you mean?" she asked, faintly. "Is Jasper in danger? Has anything happened?"

"Yes, something has happened. Hamilton cannot meet you to-day, and God knows it is a hard fate."

She turned abruptly and rushed upstairs, passing swiftly out of sight, and he heard a loud, shrill cry as the door shut behind her.

## CHAPTER XX.

### FALLEN.

It was past midnight in the dark winter night. The camp with its canvas houses was silent, save the incessant tramp of the sentinels or their voices breaking sharply upon the icy air, challenging occasionally an officer passing from some comrade's tent. A solitary light beamed in all that gloom—a light gleaming drearily and dull from the guardhouse window. Around it the guards had been doubled and all was not "at rest within." Wrapped in a heavy military cloak, an officer stood irresolutely outside, evidently waiting for someone. It was Lennox, and a moment after Evelyn came up to the guardhouse.

"Ah, Evelyn, are you ready? We must go in now, it is less than two hours," he exclaimed.

"Less than two hours? My God!" ejaculated Evelyn. "How did it happen, Lennox? Is there no chance for his life?"

"None," answered Lennox, in a low tone. "It is the old story, a jealous woman—Anne Marchison—saw Jasper Hamilton and gave the alarm. They captured him, and at daylight he will be shot as a deserter, and by way of reprisal for two of our men shot yesterday in Boston, because they once belonged to the Lord Governor's guard. Hamilton is on the rolls of our Colonial troops as an officer. They prefer to shoot him as a deserter rather than hang one of his quality as a spy. Mistress Anne Marchison has fetched him to the gallows, but it is justice for Bernard."

"He meant to see Miss Tremaine, if one may credit Anne's raving," Evelyn said, with a glance at the lighted window.

"Will you go in and see him? His time is

growing short," Lennox answered, ignoring Evelyn's inquiry.

"No—oh, no, I cannot," was the hurried reply. "Besides, I have no pass."

"I have one. I' faith, it's vastly worse than I thought."

Lennox seemed to summon all his resolution to the task before him. He walked away quickly. The door of the guardroom was opened when he presented his permit. Passing the keen-eyed men, among whom were many of the Virginia Rangers, more than usually vigilant for the safety of this prisoner, Lennox whispered a word to the sentinel, who stood aside and without hesitation permitted him to enter a small inner cell.

The narrow door had closed after him before the tall man leaning against the wall turned deliberately, with the same easy grace of old days, the same indolent *insouciance*, to greet his old enemy.

"Eh, Hamilton, sure it's cursed hard luck," Lennox said, in a short, brusque tone, "but I have come to ask you if you have any messages or directions. I pledge my honor to deliver them. It's all any man can do for you now?"

Hamilton looked at him haughtily.

"Thank you," he answered, the handsome face as smiling and dauntless as when they drank toasts at the Old Raleigh to "the King," or the "Lord Governor Dunmore." "Thank you, it is rather a short shrift, your commander has vouchsafed me, but this turn of fortune cannot be altogether unexpected to a soldier."

"I wish to God, Hamilton, you had stayed inside of Boston," ejaculated Lennox.

"I have nothing to regret, the odds were against me. I have lost, and it won't matter two hours hence—to me," added Hamilton, a sudden pathos in the last two words.

"Then you may have a message for those to whom it will matter?" suggested Lennox. "I am well aware that your mission was not military to-night. I understand perfectly that you conferred not with a soldier, but with—Miss Tremaine. Have you any word for Marie?"

The brave, tranquil face changed. The dauntless courage of the man who had confronted with death so often wavered. This name alone had power to break his spirit.

"There is no message to send, Lennox," he said, wearily. "If you would show her a kindness, shield her from any knowledge of my fate. Let her think anything, save that I lost my life in this effort to see her, and yet," he added, pensively, "you must say something, for she is



to meet me to-morrow at noon, and Marie never fails."

Lennox made no reply. There was a shade less of compassion in his bronzed countenance as he silently assented.

"You seem already aware of that," added Hamilton, bitterly. "I suppose it will be the theme of camp gossip to-morrow——"

"I was not aware of it," interrupted Lennox, "and there is no probability of the details as far as they concern Miss Tremaine becoming camp gossip, for they are known solely to Evelyn, Tom Marchison and myself. You are held, as you are aware, as a deserter."

"Possibly, then, I may inform you," Hamilton went on, "that she is my wife, and the sharpest regret I have now is that I did not claim my wife in Williamsburg."

Lennox listened in unconcealed amazement, then said :

"Hamilton, I have resolved upon vengeance since Bernard Bassett came to his death. You yourself know the dark details of that tragedy, but, on my soul, I am sorry for you now."

Hamilton walked slowly across the narrow apartment several times before he turned, with a strange smile flitting across his face.

"It may be, then, a rather hardly gained opportunity of informing you that Bernard Bassett will be exchanged with other prisoners of war."

"Then he was not hanged?" interrupted Lennox, eagerly.

"He was not hanged," repeated Hamilton, again pacing the short space between the walls.

"Hamilton, your time is short," abruptly reminded Lennox, a certain huskiness in his voice not usual there. "If I could help you, 'fore God, I would do it. I would give my life to save you the misfortune of being torn from so fair a wife, but I am powerless. Hamilton, you have only minutes at your disposal. If there is anything you desire command me, and it shall be done if any human power can compass it."

Hamilton paused, his glance fixed on the floor.

"No," he said, in a low, unfaltering tone, as he raised his head and fearlessly faced his doom. "No, it is best that Marie should never hear how I came to my death. Let her believe that I fell in battle—let her believe anything save that mine has been an ignominious end. One cannot relish the degradation of execution," he added, with a bitter laugh, "and, poor child, it would break her heart. No, tell her, Lennox, that I forbid her ever to inquire into the ugly details or listen to them. Let my wife accept the unex-

plained fact. It is the only kindness I can do her."

"Had she no intimation of your danger?" asked Lennox, a queer unsteadiness in the voice accustomed to cynical sneers and acrid witticisms.

"None," Hamilton replied, a wave of passionate feeling sweeping over his face. "I saw Anne Marchison when she rushed back from your camp, and I knew that she had betrayed me, but I gave no hint of it to Marie, and until you tell her the truth she will expect to meet me to-morrow at noon, poor little girl," and there was a ring of deep, intense melancholy in Jasper Hamilton's tone. "Nevertheless," he went on, in his old, brave way, "I meant to run the risk from the moment Fanning informed me of her proximity. I knew the danger, and fought for my life, but destiny is mysterious, and a soldier must yield to the chances—always ten to one against him."

"You have no other wishes?" interpolated Lennox, with a swift glance at the small high window.

Hamilton's eye followed the glance, and both men stood in a solemn hush, for in the east were the faint tinges of the earliest break of day, and at dawn Hamilton must die. They looked at each other, Colonist and Briton, captive and captor; both were gallant men, both were gentlemen of quality and fashion, and in that moment of recollection both realized with sharp pain that before the sun rose one of them would meet a cruel doom. They had visited the same houses, mingled with the same people, dined at the same tables—ay, and loved the same woman, in those old pleasant days at Williamsburg when Jasper Hamilton was the brilliant, triumphant idol of Lord Dunmore's salon and all the Colonial circles.

Now the Colonial court had passed away, and retributive fate had meted some of those gay, heedless officers such measure as brought them compassion, even from enemies.

"I have no wishes apart from Marie's happiness; for God's sake, Lennox, break it to her gently, for, unworthy as I am, she loves me."

"Trust me, Hamilton, and now I will leave you for a few minutes," Lennox said, reluctantly. "I should be glad if you had a better fate, God knows I would," added the Colonist captain, as he left the room.

Left Hamilton to prepare himself for the sharp trial preceding finality.

He knew that when the door opened again it would nevermore close for him. The dawn un-

folded all too swiftly. The dim early light coming through the eddy mist crept over the orchard, outlining the chimneys of the farmhouse. Hamilton's wistful gaze distinguished them in the faint morning grayness. "My darling, adieu—adieu," he murmured, in an agonized whisper. The door opened again—bronzed, grave faces were outside, stalwart, weather-beaten soldiers on duty. The officer stepped into the room, and, speaking respectfully but firmly, reminded the "British major" that the hour had come—the last minute of grace had expired.

"Ah, Chamberlyne, are you the executioner?" he said, carelessly, recognizing the officer in his tarnished, well worn uniform.

"Yes; a file of my men are on duty—I regret it, Hamilton. I hope you believe that," answered Chamberlyne, earnestly.

"Certainly, my dear fellow; we are both soldiers," Hamilton said, with pleasant courtesy.

Evelyn and Tom Marchison stood in a little group outside. Each said a compassionate "farewell," and wondered at the bright smile of the man going out to execution—all save Lennox. The smile faded as the two men shook hands, and Hamilton said, softly: "Remember." Each comprehended the other, and knew that it was of Marie he spoke and thought, of the tender-hearted girl, innocent of the great tragedy enacting while she slept. Lennox watched the party file around the orchard, Hamilton's head above the rest.

"It's enough to sicken one," he ejaculated, under his breath.

Evelyn made no reply. The three men silently waited to hear the shrill signal of death, the single volley from muskets aimed at a great, handsome, living target.

"She might possibly see him from her window," Tom Marchison said, in the subdued tone in which even the soldiers spoke.

A look of horror crossed Lennox's face. He measured with his eye the distance between the farmhouse and the spot on which the cruel scene was being enacted.

"God save her from that!" and Evelyn shuddered as he uttered the words.

"The hill shuts off the view," briefly answered Lennox, "and the distance is too great."

Nevertheless, he slowly crossed the orchard toward the house. Half way over the sudden, acute rattle of musketry seemed to echo from hill to hill. Lennox started as if one of the bullets had pierced himself. It was over. The tragedy had ended as far as it concerned Hamil-

ton, but Hamilton's unrecognized wife? Lennox knew that his great compassion for Hamilton lay chiefly in the unacknowledged love in his heart for Marie. She loved him and was his wife, and with this knowledge Lennox had an overweening pity for the unkind fate severing them.

All wore the air of matchless repose and tranquility around Mrs. Simms's dwelling. His searching eye detected not the flutter of one fold of the curtain.

"A few hours more of happiness, Marie, before we break your heart," he said, with sardonic emphasis, as he rapidly retraced his steps.

"Come, Lennox, we will see the last of the poor fellow," observed Evelyn, in a suppressed voice, meeting him in the orchard.

In the hollow, shut off from view, as Lennox had said, "by the hill," they found what had been Jasper Hamilton lying on the frozen ground, while the soldiers dug him a grave.

"The men were good marksmen," remarked Colonel Tremaine, with not a thought for the dead, save that one more enemy had perished. "What is his name?" he asked.

"Jasper Hamilton," replied Lennox, with icy brevity.

"Eh, then, he is my nephew. He has poor Margaret's features," responded the older officer, bending over the beautiful dead face and critically scanning it. "Justice at last, though he looks worthy a better end," added the relentless Colonist, seeing only the enemy before him. There he lay, ready for the long rest of the tomb, the wind playfully lifting the curls of golden hair. The fine limbs were already rigid, the shapely white hands, laid lightly across the broad breast, where Marie Tremaine's head had rested.

The men talked over their work while the officers laid him in the rude coffin, sufficiently good for an executed criminal—all that stern justice allowed, all that a man dying as he did could get, all that any of them would have with the same terrible fortune befalling him—and each remembered that he might chance upon a similar fate at any hour. Lennox looked cynical and sneering, Tom Marchison anxious and moody. Chamberlayne and Evelyn stood apart, watching the work drearily. Even the hard-riding old colonel, uncompromising and vindictive as he was, silently walked back and forth, glancing ever and anon at the marvelous beauty of Hamilton's dead face, smiling in gentle repose while the living were so perturbed. Perhaps the colonel thought of his sister and the long past,

but certain it was that his pity did not extend to a regret of the pitiless doom descending upon her son. Possibly the dangerous charm which had come to Hamilton from his father steeled the heart of the officer against his fallen nephew. If he could know that other tie, and whose heart must ache until it had grown as cold as that of the man they were about to consign to a nameless grave, even Basil Tremaine might have relented.

Lennox and Evelyn carved a mark upon a giant oak spreading its naked branches over the grave. This cabalistic sign alone remained to tell the world that the handsomest cavalier of the times lay buried at the foot of the tree while Lord Howe waited for him and comrades speculated upon his absence, and fair faces watched longingly for the splendid staff officer.

So they left him and returned slowly to the camp and the living men already preparing for strife. They were going out to fight. The camp was astir with excitement. Chamberlayne's company had been ordered out to the cross roads.

"To the cross roads; they are skirmishing there, are they?" asked Lennox, thoughtfully, his eye wandering toward the farmhouse.

"Ay, and General Washington himself has just galloped past with his staff," answered Major Alexander, mounting his horse. "We are going to have a lively time. Hold yourself ready to move at a moment's notice."

He rode away at the head of his men, past the farmhouse, and Lennox saw him take off his hat and salute Marie Tremaine.

"She must hear it now—there is no help for it. I cannot go into the fight until that obligation is discharged. Many of us will go down before the day is ended," he soliloquized, drawing his hat low over his keen eyes that discerned so much, and turning once more to wend his way to the farmhouse.

The sun had passed the meridian when Lennox at the head of his company galloped out of camp to the cross roads.

Days elapsed before the Rangers were again in camp, before the distant echoes of musketry ceased their ugly rattle and the men returned—all save a few brave comrades who lay under the frozen sod, not very far distant from that other grave—the grave of Jasper Hamilton.

The biting winter blasts had seared the stern countenances until they had grown old and lined with suffering. They were freezing in their scant uniforms.

"Is there any news, Tom?" asked Lennox, dragging his stiffened limbs out of the saddle.

"Marie Tremaine has gone," he answered, assisting Lennox to remove the frozen, ice-covered coat, and brightening the fire in their tent. "I saw her yesterday when she came down to the chariot, white as marble, a heart-broken look in her eyes. She walked up to Basil Tremaine and said, 'Papa, I thank you for letting me go home to Virginia. It is very kind to me, sir.' Sure, she is lovely as heaven itself. They have gone back to the Manor House, and, Lennox, that girl is suffering worse than death. My sister Anne is raving with a brain fever—that is the news," he said, after a pause.

"Sure, that is enough," grimly replied Lennox.

"Yes, my sister is no angel, but she is reaping the whirlwind, for even I, Lennox, will not see her. She has broken Marie Tremaine's heart and killed Jasper Hamilton—ay, and the end is not yet, for Bernard Bassett hath a score to settle. Gad, her humors have cost us dear."

"Women always cost us either reputation or life, or whatever else we hold dear," was Lennox's cold sarcasm, as he lighted his pipe. "We will meet the greater number of our female friends when we go to the devil, Tom, all save—Marie Tremaine."

## CHAPTER XXI.

"JUSTICE HOLDS THE SCALE."

THE long Revolutionary War was over. The glow of the setting summer sun fell upon Tremaine Manor as it had glimmered upon it in all the six years of strife and battle. White dimity curtains still fluttered idly in the evening breeze. The hospitable doors, as of yore, stood wide open. The touch of the seasons had fallen lightly upon the Manor House, for carnage and depredation had never invaded its tranquil security. And now the war was over. The tenacious Briton had been vanquished, and the triumphant Colonists returned to luxury and ease, to the smiles of expectant, loving women, to the vanities of laces, buckles and powder.

The hard-riding old colonel would never again cross the threshold of his home. His sword rested in its scabbard above the hall door. It had done good service, but the arm wielding it so inexorably rested in a soldier's grave. The enemy's bullet had laid the grim Colonist leader low at Brandywine. The old master, honored and pitiless and gallant to the last, had passed away, but the young master, not less honored or gallant, was coming home from the wars to-day. Bernard Bassett had led his troops through battle and skirmish for six years, never flinching from

hardship, reckless of danger as one who cares nothing for his life. He was Colonel Bassett now, and returned to Tremaine Manor for the first time since he quitted it, nearly seven years before. Mrs. Tremaine, a trifle older looking, arrayed in deep mourning habiliments, but withal still handsome, waited in ill-disguised eagerness for Bernard, whose immediate arrival had been heralded by Jupe, quite as much a hero among the cabins as his master in the Manor House. Madame Tremaine's glance travelled perpetually toward the road winding away in the distance, a wistful tenderness in her half-glad, half-melancholy expression. Two brave men had gone out from her door and only one returned, and she had strange misgivings that this one brought back a heart aching with pain.

The sweep of a trailing skirt aroused her, as Marie, with a garden hat in her hand, crossed the hall and paused at the door. Her beauty seemed to have matured into a more resistless charm than even in the old days of girlhood, save that the lightsome gaiety and laughter had gone forever, and in its stead was a half-derisive, half-mournful vivacity. She gathered up her sable gown, and descending the steps of the piazza sauntered down a secluded walk shaded by great elms.

The lapse of years had deadened the wild anguish of Marie's widowed heart, but possibly nothing could have recalled the past so vividly as this prospective meeting with Bernard. She cowered and shrank from its terrible memories. In all that time she had asked no question nor sought to inform herself of any particular of Jasper Hamilton's fate.

Experience seemed to have taught her that those who withheld the intelligence did it in mercy, and possibly it was beyond human strength to bear the probing of a wound so fatal to her happiness. Tears blinded her eyes as Marie leaned against the rough bark of the great elm and wondered vaguely how everybody could be light hearted and happy save herself.

"Marie!" The girl started violently and a burning flush swept over her cheek.

"Bernard!" she gasped, a subdued pathos in the soft, musical tones, a pathos the war-worn man standing before her remembered too well. "Bernard! Bernard!" she repeated, lifting her eyes slowly to meet the gaze fixed upon her.

He was watching her just as he did seven years ago, and something of the old feeling of relief and confidence crept into her breast. He was the same grave, noble looking man, bronzed and dauntless in appearance.

"Yes, Marie, poor little cousin, there is no

more work for me and I have returned," he resumed, with a weary sigh as he brushed his hand across his eyes as if to efface the vision upon which they were riveted. "Returned after seven years of fruitless striving, after the repose coming to my uncle and hundreds of other brave men so easily. It would not come to me, Marie. Indian tomahawk and British bullet were wonderful hard to catch; they would not take the life flung before them; others have gone down into the dead trenches and I am spared—spared when for seven years I have sought death—spared to come home with a command laid upon me, a charge imperatively imposed. It is no fault of mine, Marie; do not turn from me, my dear. You must know that I am compelled to speak of my uncle Basil's will, and then I will leave you forever. I cannot endure the pain of seeing your aversion, Marie; ah, my dear, I am human."

Marie leaned heavily against the giant elm; her face had blanched to a ghastly whiteness, the long lashes could not hide the tears. Once again in his life Bernard Bassett wrongfully accepted a foregone conclusion of his own, a second time he was mistaken.

"Try to bear with me, Marie," he continued, the dark color slowly receding from his own face. "I say this at once, that I may not distress you with my presence. I must say it, you know that. You know, Marie, that your father's will leaves us joint heirs of his estate, provided you become my wife? My dear, do not believe that I venture to dream of such a heaven, but the terms of the will compel me to ask you plainly the question I believed decided years ago. Will you be my wife? Do not imagine,"—he added, hastily and huskily, a hopeless, desperate look on his countenance. The look coming once before in the foul dungeon of the prison ship, when Lady Catherine Murray gathered up her skirts and stood aloof from the manacled prisoner while she told him that Marie was Jasper Hamilton's wife—"do not imagine that I do this without my aunt's approbation. She sent me here, and do not hesitate to refuse a suit so vastly distasteful. I can endure all things, Marie, and seven years ago I discovered that you were lost to me."

She looked up into his stern, rigid face, and something in the expression seemed a swift revelation of years of suffering as great and deep as her own. Something appealed to her divine, womanly pity—stirred her slumbering sympathy, and then there was rest and security in the tenderness of this strong-hearted, gallant man.

"Bernard," she faltered, her voice quivering in its melancholy cadences, "I have no love for you. My heart is with the dead. I cannot even tell you of the past. I——"

"It is unnecessary, Marie. I am informed of everything more fully, poor child, than yourself," he said, as he paused, utterly unable to go on. "I could be content with your respect and friendship, content to adore you, without the precious boom of your love, some day I might win that, if it could be as my uncle wished," he watched the trembling figure with an anxiety as if one swift hope had broken through his iron resolution.

Marie pressed her hands over her face and burst into tears.

"Bernard," she said, brokenly, "I am a desolate, miserable woman, not worth your love, with nothing to give in return for it. Oh, Bernard, how can you want me now?"

"Because," Bernard rejoined, in a whisper, as he moved a step nearer, "because, Marie, life is nothing without you, because I love you, my darling, beyond everything human and divine. Marie, do not temporize or trifle with me. I cannot bear it. Speak your decision. I am beyond the power of discussing this question with you. Shall it be as my uncle commands?"

"It shall be as you and papa wish," she whispered, sadly, "it is the only atonement I can make."

For one moment Bernard Bassett reeled backward like a drunken man, then a radiant joy flashed into his grave eyes.

"My dear one, my dear one!"—and this time the man's voice trembled and quivered like a woman's—"my own dear, you shall never repent it. I will devote my life to your happiness."

"Ah, Bernard!" Marie murmured, a pathetic regret in the tone, "papa wished you something better than the weary, sorrowing woman who has brought misfortune upon those who loved her best."

"I am content," was the brief reply.

\* \* \* \* \*

Six weeks after Bernard Bassett's return to Tremaine Manor there was a quiet, unostentatious wedding in the great drawing-room of the Manor House. A few of the aristocratic families of the neighborhood were present, for Colonel

Bassett and Basil Tremaine's beautiful heiress could not be married without somewhat of a sensation among the quality.

"I'll warrant you, Bernard never hoped for this when we were starving and freezing in the north Colonies," ejaculated Tom Marchison, an amazed admiration in his honest countenance as the bride in her magnificent white lutestring robe, adorned with "Grandmother Tremaine's" costly lace, swept past him, leaning upon Bernard's arm. "Sure, he's a proper gentleman of fine fashion; but, Lennox, she should wed with a prince. Marie is too beautiful for any of us."

"Very good logic," retorted Lennox, a tinge of bitterness in his tone, while his wistful glance rested upon Marie's face; "very good, seeing that none of us have ever had a chance of winning her."

The big dragoon reddened, but Lennox never perceived it. He was gazing at the couple standing before Parson Chesly, while the magic words were pronounced uniting these two forever and aye.

"She will be true as steel, but Marie will never love this one as she did the other," whispered Tom, as the guests thronged around with overwhelming congratulations.

"It don't signify. I would take her without a spark of love, and glad of my bargain," rejoined Lennox, smoothing the lace ruffles around hands, once more growing soft and white.

"Ay, and so would I, sure," bluntly retorted Tom, laughing at the envious cynicism of his friend's manner.

She was Bernard's wife at last, after all these years of sorrow for the one and hopelese despair for the other. Anne Marchison's reckless intrigue and cruel temper had been forgiven and forgotten in pity for her sad fate. Anne had never been sane for one moment since her savage jealousy had betrayed the man she loved to an ignominious death. Jasper Hamilton had said that Anne Marchison was his evil genius, but even his wrongs might not have merited the swift retribution falling upon her. For six years she had raved with frenzied violence behind the iron bars of a madhouse.

Even in the days of the dauntless old colonel the Manor House had never been so famed for magnificent hospitality as when grave Bernard became its master and Marie its envied châtelaine.

THE END.





BRIDGETOWN HARBOR.

## ASHORE IN "BIMSHIRE."

By LILLIAN D. KELSEY.

**T**HE British island of Barbadoes, or, as it is sometimes colloquially called, "Bimshire," is, after St. Kitts, the oldest of the English colonies in the West Indies. Moreover, it has never changed hands, having been for more than two centuries and a half a loyal, prosperous and valuable possession of the English Crown.

It was colonized in 1625, and for many years before the emancipation of the slaves in 1834, the very name of Barbadoes was a synonym for that luxurious prodigality which one is wont to associate with life in the tropics. But with the freeing of the slaves its prosperity began to wane. Plantations were left more and more to the care of overseers, while the planters themselves lived abroad. The "good old times" of lavish hospitality came to an end, and the glory of Barbadoes faded.

After careful research the reason for calling Barbadoes "Bimshire," and a Barbadian a "Bim," remains a mystery. Indeed, the only satisfactory way of solving this problem, so far as is known to the writer, is along the lines adopted by the immortal David Copperfield, who declared his belief that his landlady called him "Mr. Cupperfull" because it was not his name.

However one may designate it, the charms of this, the most windward of the Caribbee Islands, seem, in a manner, at least, to have been overshadowed by the more striking beauty of the neighboring islands. It is true, Barbadoes is not mountainous, like Dominica and Martinique, and lacks the varied scenery of nearly all the



DIVING BOYS, BARBADOES.





HUT, JOE'S RIVER PLANTATION, ST. JOSEPH.

contiguous islands. But one cannot live upon scenery alone, even in the tropics, and what it lacks in grandeur of outline is more than compensated for to many travelers by its garden-like cultivation, and its greater facilities for living and getting about comfortably. The absence of snakes, too, adds much to one's peace of mind, and lends a feeling of security which few tourists, women, at least, can feel in Martinique or St. Lucia, for instance, where the deadly fer-de-lance is still frequently met with.

Barbadoes is also one of the healthiest of the West Indian Islands. Situated in 13 degrees 4 minutes north latitude and 59 degrees 37 minutes west longitude, its nearest neighbor is the island of St. Vincent, something under a hundred miles to the west. It is a coral island, not a volcanic formation, as are its neighbors, and it has an area of 166 square miles, divided into eleven parishes.

It is entirely without mountains, although by no means flat, its surface rising to an elevation of over a thousand feet in some parts of the island, and it is cultivated to the very water's edge. In fact, after leaving the dusty Liguana Plains of Jamaica, and the parched mountains along the southern shore of Hayti, Barbadoes looked green and luxuriant in the extreme. As the *Para* came up to her anchorage in the crowded roadstead, called Carlisle Bay, in the early light of a perfect tropical morning, a scene of the greatest interest was outspread around her. Just in front lay the city of Bridgetown, the capital and chief town of the island, almost hidden behind the fringe of palms

which lined the shore. Beyond the town, the gently undulating cane-fields, windmill dotted, glowed a vivid green in the sunshine. On the right, out into the blue waters, stretched Needham Point, with its lighthouse and signal station, and upon its white sand beach broke the thundering surf of the Caribbean. All about her was the ever-fascinating traffic of the tropics. Diving boys—black, brown and yellow—clamored for coins, and showed their wonderful skill in catching those thrown them before they could reach the bottom. The clearness of the water was a new and unending surprise. Down, down, the bronze bodies

of the boys sank, assuming a curious greenish hue as they neared the sand of the bottom. The motion of the water apparently multiplied their arms and legs, until one seemed to see some hitherto unknown dweller of the deep in place of the naked body of the diver. Just as we held our breath in the fear that the boy would not reappear, upward wriggled the curious monster, and gradually assumed human shape, until with a final splutter his head and arms appeared. He held up the coin triumphantly, and with a "Here you are, mistress," or "I'll dive under the ship for a sixpence, master," clambered into his primitive boat and awaited the next coin. In fact, one of the most interesting "sights" in Barbados is the harbor. Situated as the island is, it forms a center for the shipping of this part of the world. There seemed not an hour that craft of some sort were not arriving or departing from the port. Flags of all nations, including the stars and stripes, which travelers are wont to



LIFE INSURANCE BUILDING, BRIDGETOWN.



CRAB HOLE, ST. JOSEPH.



GROUP OF NATIVES.

deplore the absence of in foreign waters, floated from the mastheads of steam and sailing vessels. These were crowded so closely together that as their hulls shifted with the current collisions seemed imminent. The Quebec Steamship Co., the Pickford and Black Lines, and several others center here, while on alternate Saturdays the Intercolonial ships of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Co. meet the homeward bound ship from Colon and Jamaica, and on the follow-



PUBLIC SQUARE AND MONUMENT, BRIDGETOWN.

a succession of gales. As in nearly all the ports of the West Indies, large ships are obliged to anchor off the town, and passengers are conveyed ashore in small boats. This is always a serious drawback, as, if there is a bit of sea on, the boats toss about in a most unsatisfactory manner, and render the short journey a time of apprehension for many. Moreover, as merchandize must all be transferred from ship to shore by lighters, the process of unload-



COUNTRY RESIDENCE, CHRISTCHURCH.



CEMETERY, ST. MICHAELS.

ing Monday the outward bound ship from Southampton, bringing the longed-for "mail from home." With such regularity do these ships arrive at and depart from Barbadoes, that when on March 22d, 1897, the *Medway* due from Southampton on that morning failed to appear, it transpired that it was but the third time in eighteen years that the outward bound ship had failed to arrive between six and nine A.M. on her schedule day. The *Medway* appeared early the following morning, having been detained by

ing or loading a ship is a somewhat slow one.

The Island of Barbadoes is the most densely populated place in the world outside of China. The truth of this is at once forced home the moment one sets foot in the main street of Bridgetown. Lower Broadway, New York, never seemed to us so choked with traffic as was this street, and it was so every day during our stay. Of course it is narrow, and through it there moved so dense and motley a throng as to make it not only bewildering but well-nigh impossible to make any head-



BRIDGETOWN.





SUGAR ESTATE, CHRIST CHURCH.

way. Curious low carts, piled high with sugarcane or hogsheads of sugar, and drawn by six mules, impeded the progress of the smart coaches of the English residents, or the mounted "red-coats" of Her Majesty's army. Negro women of all sizes (mostly large sizes), nearly all dressed in short, white gowns, with white turbans, elbowed their way along, bearing upon their heads trays of sweetmeats, a washtub, a can of molasses, or any other conceivable or inconceivable object. Tiny tram-cars, drawn by mules, ambled through the moving mass with much jingling of bells, while inextricably mixed with all this were irresponsible natives of tender age and no particular raiment, who fell over us and each other, and generally added to the confusion of the scene.

Men, women, children—yes, even the mules—were busy. This was in striking contrast to most of the other islands, where no negro ever seemed to have any business more important than sleeping under the shade of some tree. In Barbados, with its 183,000 population, 150,000 of which are negroes, they must either work or starve, and they prefer the former, foreign as it is to their

nature. There are no unreclaimed lands in Barbados, hence the negroes cannot become "squatters," as is the case in Jamaica, but must hire their land and habitation.

Bridgetown itself has a population of something like 19,000, and has a substantial and prosperous appearance. Its churches and public buildings are attractive, while its shops, as far as one could judge, seemed to contain everything essential to comfort. The establishment par excellence is the "Ice House," a large building on the main street, having stores

in its lower floor, where one may buy anything from a baby-carriage to a bottle of olives. Nor is this all. The upper floors are a sort of hotel or club, where, it is said, Barbadian delicacies, solid and liquid, are to be had at their best, and at moderate cost.

The market square, which is called Trafalgar Square, is an interesting place to stop and watch the crowds come and go. There is a little enclosure, gay with crotons and hibiscus, having a fountain shaded by palms near at hand, and in the square stands the statue of Lord Nelson, referred to by Mr. Froude, in his "English in the West Indies," as being "for some extraordinary reason" painted "a bright pea green." Either the torrential rains and fierce suns have dimmed



NATIVES—HUMAN AND OTHERWISE.



SUGAR-CANE FIELD.

the hue of this work of art, or our eyes had become so accustomed to the vivid greens of the tropics as to be incapable of further sensation, for the statue seemed striking neither in color nor otherwise.

Out from the center of the city lie the palm-bordered roads, where the beautiful homes of the English residents are situated. Many of the places are surrounded by high walls, but through the entrance gates one gets a glimpse of the beauty within. Shaded by the mahogany, bread-fruit and palm, the fine limestone houses are overrun with creepers. Crimson trails of bougainvillier, pink ipomea, or the delicate passion flower wind about the porches, while through the open doors of a wide central hall one looks into a garden glowing with color. Scarlet, yellow and pink clusters of the frangipani, like a gigantic rhododendron in growth, vie with a bewildering mass of bloom unknown save in the green-houses of the north. Hibiscus, in all its varieties, adds its gorgeous reds and pinks to the tints around it, until one is literally dazzled by the richness of color about one.

Farley Hall, the residence of the governor, is naturally one of the most beautiful places in the island, and is surrounded by all that nature, aided by artistic hands, can give to a tropical home.

The roads all over the island are excellent, many of them cut out of the limestone. They remind one much of the roads in Bermuda, where one drives through the same sort of rockcuts, draped with deli-

cate creepers, or overrun with clinging "clinging glories." These white roads are, however, rather trying to the eyes, particularly in midday under the glare of the sun.

A favorite drive out from Bridgetown is to Codrington College. This institution was founded by Colonel Christopher Codrington, who willed two large plantations to found a college. The college came into possession of the property in 1712, and was commenced in 1716. It has been for many years a flourishing institution for learning.

The drive down to Hastings, leading past the garrison, the headquarters of the British troops in the West Indies, is particularly pretty. The winds along the shore and passes through the villas and cottages mantled with vines and flowers. Once at Hastings there is the celebrated Marine Hotel, delightfully situated just a bit back from the sea, and having a pretty pavilion almost at the water's edge, where one may sit and watch the sun go down into the seemingly limitless sea. The Marine is somewhat expensive, from three to four dollars a day, but is extremely comfortable, even luxurious. There are, however, several less pretentious houses in the city, where one may live very comfortably at much lower prices, say two to two dollars and a half per day.

Another popular drive is across the island to the Crane, a well-known hotel, having quite a reputation for luncheons and dinners. It is to be the custom to allude to the Crane as the "watering-place," but in an island twenty miles long and fourteen wide, and about a hundred miles from any other land, one can scarcely find many inland resorts, and the whole is



WINDMILL, ST. MICHAELS.

from our point of view, partook of the character of a "watering-place."

But, if left to the driver, it is none of these drives which will serve to introduce the visitor to the beauties of Barbadoes. Here, as elsewhere, one is certain to be driven first to the cemetery. In Barbadoes, at least, one has less cause of complaint, for a more cheerful drive than that which leads through the long avenues of royal palms of that "silent city" would be difficult to find. Death seemed robbed of its gloom in this broad "savane," each little plot of ground being bright with flowers and vines, and the air redolent of the delicate odor of stephanotis and frangipani. As Barbadoes has a somewhat advanced civilization, our drive included a visit to the insane asylum, workhouse and prison, all substantial, well-built buildings, speaking volumes for the controlling hand which had guided affairs in this colony for so many years.

This island offers a further inducement to the traveler in the shape of what the late Bishop of Winchester was pleased to call a "melancholy little railway." This line meanders, (the word "runs" cannot conscientiously be used) from Bridgetown to a place bearing the Scriptural name of Bathsheba, a distance of twenty-one miles. There is nothing in particular to go to Bathsheba for, but the line follows the shore for some distance, and there are some fine views of the coast. Moreover, one certainly ought to ride upon this railway for purposes of observation. There is no such "pomp and circumstance" connected with the departure of our "Congressional Limited" or "Empire State Express" as is attendant upon the departure of this two-penny train. It is completely and thoroughly English in all its appointments, and if one closed one's eyes imagination might easily picture the departure of a "Midland Express" from St. Pancras.

However, any railroad is much better than none, and the Barbadians have every reason for being rather proud of this evidence of the march of progress.

Life in "Bimshire," temporarily, at least, is charming, there is a certain luxurious style of living which appeals to the wanderer from less genial climes. They seem to take more time



WOODEN COTTAGE, JACK MANANIS ROAD, BLACK ROCK.

for it. The early morning bath and light breakfast are followed by a substantial breakfast about nine o'clock. This consists of fruits, of which there is an abundance of all the varieties known to the tropics, cereals, fish or meats. The markets of Barbadoes offer a tempting variety of meat and fish to choose from, the flying-fish in particular being very plentiful. At one comes luncheon. At four tea comes in. This proved to be a "hard-boiled" compound which it was impossible to swallow with comfort. But as one simply must take tea, the only recourse is to buy some and privately bribe a servant to brew a special cup. At seven, or later, comes dinner, the serious English dinner, which is taken as inflexibly here as elsewhere. A deviation from its form is unpardonable. One of the most unanswerable criticisms offered me upon our manner of living was by a young Englishman, who said that he could not live in America because the "Yankees" were quite as apt to "begin a dinner with chicken as with any other meat." This I could not deny, although, being the only American present, and seeing the eyes of my companions fixed upon me, I felt, for some unaccountable reason, that I ought to do so.

To many of the English people an American, whether a New Englander, a Californian, or, for aught I know, a *Mormon*, is a "Yankee." Influenced, no doubt, by the serene beauty of a moonlight night, an English officer, wishing to be particularly agreeable to me, told me that I did not "talk like a Yankee," a compliment which was, in my own judgment, entirely undeserved, as an American is easily recognized by the intonation of the voice.



One must be constantly on one's guard to avoid falling into some sort of error through ignorance, not only of local customs, but English forms of speech. My chagrin at being told by a young man the morning of my arrival in Barbadoes that I looked "seedy" was indescribable. I made mental comparisons and failed to discover that I looked "seedier" than the English women around me; in fact, my "Yankee" clothes suited me better, but it was not until some hours later, when I learned that he had intended to tell me that I was not looking quite well, that my self-respect was restored. The same morning, just before breakfast, my host asked me if I would have a "squash." I was new to the tropics, and particularly anxious not to miss anything new in the way of fruits or vegetables, but I recoiled at the thought of a tropical "squash," and declined. I was sorry for it. It turned out to be a most delectable compound of lime-juice, sugar, ice and soda, worthy of a better name. Experience soon proved that all the beverages were not as innocuous as the "squash." Unless on the principle that what will keep out cold will keep out heat, the reason for the constant imbibing of whisky and soda, swizzle, and various other similar drinks in this hot climate, seems inexplicable. From the rising of the sun until the going down thereof, and, indeed, far into the night, life is supported by an assortment of stimulating drinks, which seem to be a necessary concomitant of existence in the tropics.

There is, of course, almost no variation in the length of the days so near the equator, the sun rising and setting about six o'clock the year through. One misses the summer twilight, which it seems ought to follow the beautiful sunsets which close the day. But there is none. It is day, and then it is night, without a particle of preparation for it. On our first Sunday in Barbadoes we were taken to the English cathedral, a fine old church, gray with age, and standing in the midst of a quaint churchyard overrun with tropical growth. In through the open windows beside us a huge poinsetta flaunted its scarlet streamers, flame-red against a tangle of greenery behind it. Beyond, the light-green globes of the unripe bread-fruit stood out from the clear dark-green of its foliage, and in the air there was the throbbing pulsation of life in a tropical noon-day. And then, the fresh young voices of the choir rose in the old familiar words:

"O ye ice and snow, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him forever."

Even to one accustomed to the realities of a New

England winter, these words, in such a scene, seemed as apocalyptic and unreal as the "gates of pearl" of the the New Jerusalem, described by St. John. One's first thought must be that the large majority of the congregation could but regard these words as figures of speech without form or substance.

Naturally in so small an island as Barbadoes there is less to interest the tourist than in some of the other West Indian Islands. There are no mountains or valleys to explore, and very little to attract the sportsman. But in point of climate writers are agreed that there is no healthier among the islands. The temperature is said to range between 75° and 83° F., and the heat is always tempered by a cool breeze. The coral formation insures dryness of soil, and there is a large percentage of sunshiny days during the winter season. Exposure to the midday sun is always to be avoided, for it is nearly vertical, and a sunstroke is a serious matter. But Barbadoes can offer to the searcher after winter sunshine more comforts and luxuries than can be found elsewhere in the Lesser Antilles, having more modern and better hotels than any of the West Indian Islands, with the exception of Jamaica and perhaps Port of Spain, Trinidad. There is good society, and the English residents are extremely hospitable, and there are fewer annoyances than one usually looks for in the tropics. The voyage is one of about ten days from New York, and there are several lines of steamers to choose from, the best known, however, being the Quebec Steamship Co., which charges sixty dollars for a ticket.

It must be admitted that there is lacking about the streets of Bridgetown and the country roads all over the island that brilliancy of local color which one observes particularly in the French islands. White gowns and turbans, no matter how stiffly they may be starched, cannot compensate for the loss of the vivid reds, yellows and greens affected by the negresses elsewhere. The gay little "foulard" or shoulder shawl, rivaling the rainbow in colors, and forming so important an article of dress in Martinique, is replaced by a white kerchief. A negress clad in turkey-red cotton, turban and all, as seen in the neighboring island of St. Lucia, is far more picturesque than the white-garbed market women of Barbadoes. Neither is a darky, fully clad and going about his legitimate business, as interesting from the spectacular point of view as is the ragged, utterly irresponsible vagabond with nothing to do but to beg. This is probably poor economics, but the tourist is apt to take impression-

istic rather than economical views of things. Not that the negro "Bim" will not beg. Indeed, one of the most flagrant cases was that of a respectable-looking darkey, who politely asked for a shilling. "But why should you be given a shilling," was the query, "you do not look like a very poor man?" "Oh, yes, master," he answered, "do give me a shilling, I'm the father of thirteen children." In a country as grossly over-populated as is Barbadoes, families of this size are not at a premium. He did not get the shilling. It is to be presumed that the blacks here share in what Mr. Froude has called the

wooden box of the Barbadian negro, without a tree to shade it. These little huts are set thickly side by side along the roads, such flimsy structures that one ceases to wonder at the enormous loss of life which follows a hurricane or a fire. And Barbadoes has several times been visited by devastating storm and fire. As early as 1675 the prosperity of the young colony was given a serious check by a most disastrous storm. Again, on Oct. 10th, 1780, the whole island was swept by a terrific hurricane, and in 1831 perhaps the most destructive storm ever known killed directly or indirectly about sixteen hundred people, and



WASHERWOMEN, BIRD RIVER.

"emancipated morals" of the other islands, but if so, there seems less evidence of it to outward appearances. At any rate, immorality is less gorgeously clothed than in some of the other islands, and if occupation and good laws count for anything the negroes in Barbadoes ought to be on a somewhat higher scale.

Food is not to be had by the natives for the asking in Barbadoes, and one misses that luxuriant growth of food-producing trees which give such an air of plenty to the country in Jamaica. In sharp contrast with the thatched cottage of the Jamaican, shaded by bread-fruit, cocoanut and banana, is the seven by nine

destroyed property to the value of a million and a half sterling, or about seven million five hundred thousand dollars, and there have been many less destructive storms.

Barbadoes has always owed her prosperity in large measure to sugar. It was here that the first sugar-cane was planted on English soil, the cuttings having been brought here, it is said, from Brazil, in 1641. From that time to the present the chief, and almost the sole industry, has been the cultivation and manufacture of sugar. More than any of the West Indian islands, with a possible rival in Antigua, it is fitted by nature to be a sugar-producing country.

There are no mountains, no rivers, no forests, and almost no running streams. Hence, with a rainfall averaging over fifty inches annually, and often rising far above that, and the natural productiveness of the soil, Barbadoes is practically a sugar plantation. As early as 1736, 22,769 hhds. of 13 cwt. of sugar were produced, and the trade increased largely every year.

With the decline of the sugar industry came hard times for Barbadoes, and now, in common with the other sugar-producing islands, she is confronted with perhaps as grave a problem as she has ever had to solve. In fact, the Royal Commissioners sent out to the colonies last year to investigate the matter have stated in their report that "The sugar industry in the West Indies is in danger of great reduction, which, in some colonies may be equivalent, or almost equivalent, to extinction."

The involved questions of sugar bounties, or prohibitive tariffs, are beyond the purview of the

transient tourist. Still, one cannot visit these islands and not hear on every hand expressions of foreboding as to the future. The inaction of England is deplored, both in the colonies themselves and to some extent in the mother country. The reversion of trade to this country is openly talked of, and the sentiments expressed as to the future of the West Indies, by Lord Pirbright, in his article "The Ruin of the West Indies," in the *National Review*, for December, 1897, are shared by many. Lord Pirbright, after carefully reviewing the situation, said, inclosing :

"Geographically much nearer to America than to Great Britain, they (the West Indies) might seek, and would certainly receive, from the United States, not alone the commercial facilities which we deny them but other inducements of far greater importance. Trade would follow the flag. That flag would no longer be ours, and we might have to deplore, not only the ruin but the loss of our West Indian possessions."



## AN AUTUMN MORNING.

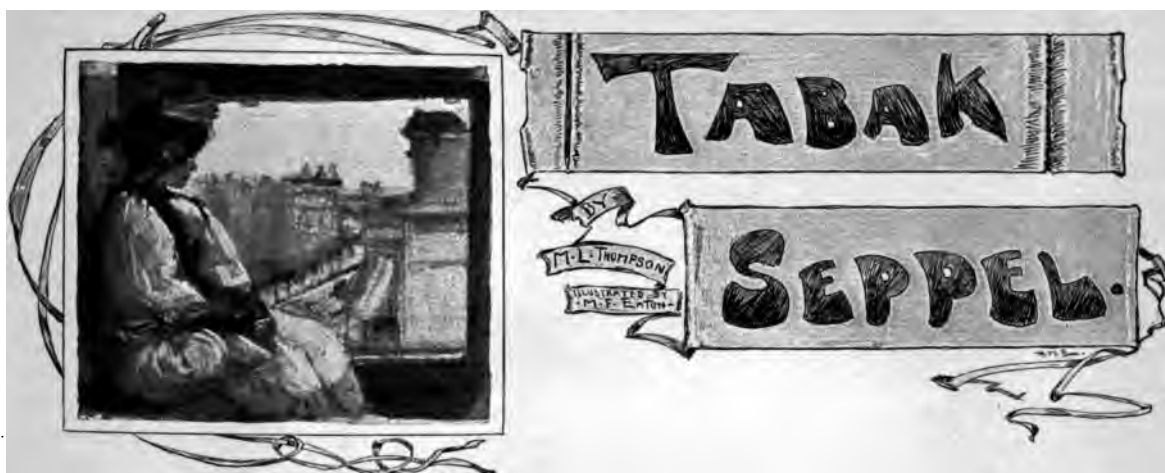
BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

THE frost's agleam in the mellow dawn,  
And the spider's nets are on the lawn.  
And deep in filmy robes of mist  
The hills and the silent woodlands lie,  
And anon, as the sun comes up the sky  
The gray clouds turn to amethyst.

The tender song of the waking thrush  
Is heard no more in the brooding hush,  
Nor linnet's song in the dying trees.  
And down where the dodder's skeins are spread,  
The witch-hazel gleams in velvet red,  
And the sweetbriar waves in the breeze.

And wheeling up through the distant sky,  
On their flashing wings the plovers fly,  
And over the breast of the pool  
Through haze of the daybreak's atmosphere,  
The cry of a bittern, sharp and clear,  
Comes from the marshes dim and cool.

And deep in the grasses at our feet  
The tuneful crickets still sing as sweet  
As in the depths of torrid June ;  
And o'er the dells and the sleepy woods,  
A reverent hush of stillness broods  
As morning dreams into the noon.



**H**E who climbs to the upper Alps of the green Ritten, wanders through its fair fields and vast forests, or descends its slopes, may see, and if he wander wide, or climb high, will be sure to see a tall, powerful, handsome peasant, hatless, barefooted and clad in rags which flutter in the wind, who moves on as noiselessly as a ghost, yet extends his hand as he passes, not to ask alms, but to offer his open snuff-box with a vague smile and the low whisper, "Tabak?"

He was young and strong when he began his ceaseless march, and he is strong and vigorous still, although he has passed middle age and his hair and beard are turning gray. Those wandering eyes were once keen and piercing; that vague smile, a robust, jovial laugh; that low whisper, a deep, manly voice; but a blight fell upon Seppel when he was twenty-five years old, and for more than thirty-years his mind has been that of a little child. Perhaps it is better so, otherwise he might have had his desire, and have found it turn to ashes in his mouth, he might have been cynical, incredulous, despairing of good, believing nothing, fearing nothing, hoping nothing; one of those who say in the morning, "Would God it were evening!" And in the evening, "Would God it were morning!" And he is, instead, a little child, and as a child he wanders up and down the strange mountains, and the steep, green Alps, over the wide pasture fields, through the vast pine forests, past cottages where fires burn, but not for him; past laughing children—he who never had a child—past graves where he once wept and prayed, but where he weeps and prays no more; past churches where once he knelt, but which no longer mean anything for him, past crucifixes where the dying Saviour hangs, but Seppel no longer remembers the Saviour of the world; for him, birth and death, and joy and pain, and

effort and desire, and the duties and hopes of religion have faded away beyond even the shadow of a dream; so long has his mind been a mere infantile blank, with that one unconscious, automatic speech and action, "Tabak?" The peasants see him pass through snow and rain, through storm and sunshine, but they know that the procession of the seasons means nothing to Seppel, nor, apparently, do cold or heat, or weariness or hunger, affect him in the least.

He is become as one of those who are not—shadows which drift through life toward the abyss and darkness of death.

When he fell in love with Sophie Penzl, from the Zillerthal, his old mother warned him that she was a stranger to them all, and that she might be a light maiden, full of frivolity and trifling. Seppel would not listen to his mother nor to any other warnings; he was, in fact, deaf to everything but the promptings of his own heart, which beat to suffocation whenever he approached the little maiden. She was a small, round, little creature, all soft colors and soft curves—as different as possible from the plain, hardy peasant women of the Ritten. Her costume, too—the velvet hat with the gold cord and tassels, the velvet bodice with its white chemise and coral necklace—seemed, though it was really the ordinary costume of the Zillerthal, to have been invented to show off Sophie's round young figure and pretty white throat.

For a time, which seemed to him endless, and was in reality about three weeks, Seppel struggled with his love and kept silence. When at last he spoke, Sophie confessed that she liked him, but refused to be formally betrothed because she wished to ask her mother's consent in person. In truth, she was as much in love with Seppel as she could then be with anyone; but

in those days she was inordinately vain, and the desire of worldly comfort and advancement—a desire destined to play a tragic part in her history—was perhaps her dominant characteristic. She played with Seppel, not out of a love of coquetry—a quality in which she was deficient—but because she loved him in her way, and liked to play with him. She reveled in agreeable sensations, and it was a very agreeable sensation to hear Seppel's deep voice vibrate and tremble, and to see his piercing eyes veil themselves in softness for her. And yet, in her shrewd, practical peasant mind, she had (though all unconsciously to herself) taken his measure correctly, and felt as certain that he would never be able to give her luxury and advancement as she did that he would always love and shelter her.

While these thoughts were passing through Sophie's mind, she was sitting at a little table in the courtyard of a small inn in the village of Längstein, which was kept by her aunt Marie, her mother's sister. It was the afternoon of Easter Sunday, and she had walked down to Längstein with Seppel and several other peasants of both sexes. Seppel had treated her to bread and a glass of the thin sour wine of the country, and had now gone away on an errand. Her other companions were amusing themselves in their own way, and Sophie, with her elbows on the table, and her eyes fixed on vacancy, was wishing that she had, or could ever reasonably hope to have, a blue silk apron, like that of her aunt Marie. Her aunt Marie had gold earrings, too, and a gold watch, and yet she was neither young nor pretty. Why should *she* have such things? The answer came quickly. Because she had married a husband who could give them to her. Seppel would always love Sophie, that she knew; but he could never, never give her such beautiful things. And her eyes filled with tears, as she recalled a certain necklace of imitation turquoise for which she had longed in her childhood. She had never had it, and never would. "Always to be wishing for nice things in vain!" And here she lost herself in vague desires and regrets.

At this point in her musings the window behind her opened noiselessly, and a hand was placed on her shoulder.

"What is it, Tante?" said Sophie, listlessly, without turning round.

"'Sh! 'sh!'" whispered Marie; "don't speak loud. Sophie, come in here."

To do Marie justice, she never suspected for a moment that Sophie was betrothed, and though in the days to come she reproached

herself bitterly for the afternoon's work, she was actuated by pure family affection, and a desire to place her sister's child well in the world. The concealment which she practiced, and for which she was subsequently severely blamed, was not her fault, and was suggested by the man who on this particular afternoon was the guest of honor, and also the only guest in the great dining-room. He was a large, square, rubicund fellow, long past middle life, but so alert and carrying his years so well, that he seemed much younger than he really was. Marie and her husband sat at some distance from him, on a settle placed against the wall, the former with her hands folded in Sunday calm over her blue silk apron, the latter sitting up stiffly and smoking slowly a long pipe. They both nodded kindly when Sophie came in, and said, in one breath, "Here she is, Herr Weil."

Herr Weil also nodded pleasantly, but with a certain air of *gêne*, and motioned the girl to a seat at his table. He was a childless widower, who had been, until recently, a shopkeeper in the Zillerthal, but was actually landlord of the Golden Stag at Klausen, and a very great as well as very honorable personage in Sophie's estimation. It was not her nature to be timid, however, and she smiled and accepted his offer of a seat with pretty ease.

Herr Weil plied her with questions: how she liked being a Kellnerin, how many guests Herr Staffler had, and various other inquiries, all of a practical nature, to which she replied readily enough. Presently he ordered coffee with cream, and kropfen with jam, and invited Sophie to partake of these delicacies, much to her delight, for she was a gourmand in her small way. When he asked her to have more whipped cream, and bade her tie the remaining kropfen in her handkerchief, he had acquired her esteem and admiration in a very marked degree.

At last Sophie looked at the clock and rose to go. Marie, after a word with Herr Weil, followed her into the hall, and, putting her hand on her shoulder, said, softly:

"Herr Weil would prefer your not mentioning that you saw him, Sophie; and I must ask you to promise that you will say nothing about it."

"I promise," answered Sophie, readily.

"On the cross!" said Marie, half laughing, half serious, as she raised the crucifix attached to her rosary to Sophie's lips.

"On the cross!" answered Sophie, readily, kissing the crucifix. "But you must tell me why, Marie," she added.

"So I will," said Marie, heartily. "In two months and two weeks from this day I promise to tell you, if you keep your tongue quiet. Meanwhile, who did you come with to-day?"

"With Suttners Simmde and his wife, and with Seppel Steiner."

"Oh! Take care you don't trifle with Seppel, Sophie. He has not got money enough to marry anybody, and if he should fall in love with you he will take it hard."

"I'll take care," answered Sophie, laughing, and she ran off to join her companions.

She was silent and abstracted during the walk home, and oppressed, she knew not why, by a vague sense of wrongdoing.

"You will write to your mother to-morrow, won't you?" whispered Seppel, as he bade her good-night.

"No, no, no!" answered Sophie, vehemently, fairly snatching her hand away from him as she spoke. "I wonder what made me so cross?" she said to herself as she was undressing, "and I wonder why I feel as if I had done something wrong, when I know I have not?" she continued, peevishly, as she threw herself on her bed and wept, stifling her sobs lest the other maids, four of whom slept in the room, should hear her.

The days went on, bringing so much work for Sophie that she had no time to feel either regret or remorse (if, indeed, she had cause to feel either), and furnishing to Seppel all the delights of a fool's paradise; for, although Sophie had not yet written to her mother, she had promised to do so as soon as the stress of summer work should be over. At that time she really loved him as much as she was capable of loving anyone, and it was no thought of treachery which prompted her silence, but the feeling that her mother would make difficulties, and that it was best to put off the struggle as long as possible. She had not often gone to the Gast Haus at Längstein since the memorable day when that exalted personage, Herr Weil, had treated her to krapfen and cream, and she had never since had

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"SITTING QUIETLY AT THE BASE OF THE SHRINE."

the opportunity of speaking to her aunt Marie alone; nor had she desired to do so, her curiosity having quite faded away. While she lived on quietly from day to day, enjoying Seppel's love, he was consumed by it. All his spare hours—and they were few enough, for he was one of the hardest working peasants on the Ritten—were spent in hovering about for a sight of her, and he subjected himself to inconceivable privations in order to purchase little trifles for her acceptance. It was really wonderful to see how love had prompted ingenuity, and how, out of his deep poverty, he yet contrived to give her something nearly every day.

One Sunday he waited for her after mass with a string of blue Venetian beads, which he had purchased from a traveling peddler. Sophie gave a cry of delight when she saw them.

"They are what I have wanted all my life!" she exclaimed, enchanted; and, diving into her pocket, she produced a package wrapped up in her handkerchief, exclaiming: "I have something for you, too. Look at my portrait!"





THE GAST HAUS AT LANGSTEIN.

The gift was one of the coarse, black, papier-maché snuffboxes commonly used by the peasants of the Ritten. It had the portrait of a peasant girl, in the costume of the Zillerthal, on the cover; but, by some curious freak of resemblance, the smiling blue-eyed maiden was the very image of Sophie herself!

Seppel was mute with delight, and the pretty little creature danced round him, equally happy, standing on tiptoe every now and then, and peeping over his shoulder as he stood absorbed in adoring contemplation.

"I shall take it away from you if you like it better than you do me," she pouted at last; and Seppel's answer was to seize her small face in his hands and kiss it passionately.

"For shame!" said Sophie, dancing away. "What would my mother say? and the Frau Wirthin? and Tante Marie?—for we are not really betrothed yet, you know."

"Don't say that, Sophie darling, for God's sake!" exclaimed Seppel, earnestly.

"But it is true! so long as my mother doesn't know," answered Sophie, hovering aloof. "But I love you!" she whispered, coming closer to his protecting arm again.

Two or three days after this, while Sophie was busily at work, she was told that her aunt Marie was waiting for her in the Wirthins' room, with a message from her mother.

"Is the mother ill?" cried the girl, alarmed, as she embraced her aunt.

"No, she is not ill; but she is thinking of making some changes—of going, perhaps, to St. Ulrich's to live—and she wants to see you first."

"I shall lose my place here, then," answered

Sophie. "We are just in the thick of the season, strangers coming and going every day; and if I leave now for two or three days the Frau Wirthin will not take me back."

But Marie, who seemed to be armed at all points, answered that she had come provided with a substitute, and had arranged everything with the Frau Wirthin, and that the substitute was already accepted.

It was then the 4th of August, and on the following day, at dawn, Sophie went down to Längstein to joint her aunt and uncle, with whom she was to make the journey to the Zillerthal. Seppel went with her,

and carried her bundle. It was still very early in the morning when they reached the outskirts of the village, and Seppel waited at the crucifix while Sophie ran to the inn to find out when her aunt intended to return. She found things in unwonted confusion, and Marie very busy, and was not a little surprised to learn that their holiday was to last a week, and that they were to return by a different route, staying a day in Bogen.

Then, while Marie was busy in giving out linen, and in locking and unlocking, Sophie ran back to Seppel.

"We shall not come back until a week from to-day, and we shall come up by the Bogen road," she panted, with sparkling eyes.

"When?" said Seppel, eagerly.

"About midday."

"Very well, then. I'll wait for you by Heilige Joseph from eleven to three. Give me another kiss, Sophie!"

"You can kiss the snuffbox while I am gone," said Sophie, laughing as she complied.

"So I shall!" shouted Seppel, suiting the action to the word, and waving his snuffbox in his hand as he looked after her. Every now and then she turned and kissed her hand to him, and thus they watched each other to the last. They had never heard, poor young things! of the saying

"They that are watched out of sight  
Bide away for many a night."

Sophie found her mother well, her idiot brother, a fair, handsome fellow, with the face of a St. John, was sitting as usual on the floor

by his mother's knee, stringing beads and buttons. Both welcomed her affectionately; her mother volubly, Gottfried with many childish inarticulate murmurings, and the girl's spirits rose at the sight of all the home surroundings. But when she approached the subject of the change to St. Ulrich she met with vague replies, and three days after her arrival they all went to Klausen, where Herr Weil kept the Golden Stag, and where he had invited them to dinner.

Never in her life had Sophie been so flattered and caressed, and after a sumptuous dinner in the big dining-room, Herr Weil took them all through the inn, and displayed such treasures of solid furniture, and such piles of linen in the great "schrauk," that he assumed the proportions of a demi-god in her imagination. Then, after a visit to the cellars and stables, they all came back to the dining-room once more to find coffee set out for them.

In after years Sophie always remembered the long, bare, empty room, with its well-scrubbed floors, the settles ranged against the walls, its rows of tables, and the thick, green vines veiling the bow windows which overhung the hurrying waters of the Adige—as if it had been the gate of hell. All day long the devil had been whispering in her ear: "You are not betrothed, not betrothed, not betrothed." Now, as she sat down beside Herr Weil, at his request, and poured out the coffee, and looked with a heart which beat wildly with affright at a package upon which he kept his right hand, the refrain beat in her head again, and mingled with the sound of the rushing water: "Not betrothed, not betrothed, not betrothed," and through this refrain she heard Herr Weil slowly lumbering on how he had been now six months a widower; how he had no need to account to anyone for what he should do; how *if he could get a certain girl*, he would require no dot. ("So generous," murmured the audience at this). How he would not wait any girl's pleasure. It was ask and have—yes or no. How he had prepared the marriage papers; how he had a present ready for the bride. And here he opened the package he held in his hand, and took out a chain of real gold, and a pair of gold earrings.

"For you, Sophie, if you will be mistress of the Golden Stag. But the wedding must be the day after to-morrow."

"Where's the girl who would refuse you, Herr Weil?" interrupted Marie, enthusiastically, while her husband slowly nodded approval of the sentiment, and Sophie's mother murmured,

"So good! so good! Herr Weil!" as she nervously smoothed down her apron and nudged Sophie to reply.

There was a long silence; then Herr Weil said, in a sufficiently manly manner:

"I won't press you, dear girl; but you must make up your mind now. Remember, you'll get a kind husband and a good son for your mother—a good brother, too, for poor Gottfried."

"Oh, Sophie, child! oh, Sophie, child!" whispered her mother.

Then there was silence in the room once more but for the rushing water, the rustling leaves, the buzzing of the flies. And again the devil whispered in Sophie's ear: "You are not betrothed, not betrothed, not betrothed! *Your mother would never consent to your marriage with Seppel—never, never!*"



"TABAK?"

Sophie heaved a deep sigh, and put up her hands to her ears to shut out the voice; but her hand was taken, she felt an arm round her shoulders, Herr Weil lifted up her chin and kissed her, and said, "I'll say yes for you, my dear girl," and then she never knew how exactly—they were all round her in a moment, her mother kissing her and crying, her uncle Paul patting her on the head, her aunt Marie putting the earrings in her ears, Herr Weil slipping a ring on her finger—the deed was done, and

eyes, it is quite possible to tell the truth and not to have the truth understood, and while Father Vellenger perceived that she had been amusing herself with a youth to whom she was not betrothed, he did *not* understand that that youth believed himself to be betrothed, and had set his life on the girl's love. The many paters and aves which Sophie had to say for her supposed frivolity helped to pass the last hours of freedom—hours which ebbed away with such alarming rapidity that the girl seemed to herself to be in a whirling dream until she stood with her bridegroom before the altar, and heard the last words of the nuptial benediction fall into the silence of the church. In another moment they were in the open air again, Herr Weil holding her hand, and the joyous strains of the village band (for he had done the thing handsomely) resounding in

the morning air as they walked across the platz to the Weisse Kassel, and sat down to stuffed veal and potato salad, washed down by hot spiced wine. Sophie was Frau Weil, landlady of the Golden Stag, and triumph filled her heart, particularly when, two hours later, the newly married couple went away in the railway train, bound for Innsbruck, and oh, glorious thought, even for Munich!

\* \* \* \* \*

On Tuesday morning, just a week from the day he had bid good-by to Sophie, Seppel came rushing down the hillside at a racing pace.

The shrine of the Heilige Joseph lies on the southeastern side of the rough bridle path which climbs the precipitous hills to the north of Bogen, and there is no shade within

half a mile of it. The sun blazed hot upon it this August morning, but Seppel did not heed the scorching rays, and the cloudless sky was the image of his mind.

Half an hour passed, the church clocks struck half-past eleven, and still he stood waiting. Twelve o'clock, and far and near the church bells pealed forth, and Seppel removed his hat and murmured the customary prayer. Then he replaced it, and after a keen glance down the road, which shone white and arid in the sunshine, he leaned back against the shrine once more, idly snapping the lid of his snuffbox up and down. The girl on the cover *was* wonderfully like Sophie—there could not be any doubt of it—and he shaded his eyes with



"SHE WAS SITTING AT A LITTLE TABLE IN THE COURTYARD OF THE INN."

the devil's refrain changed very quickly to, "It was not

my fault, not my fault, not my fault."

\* \* \* \* \*

Sophie was betrothed on Thursday afternoon, and on the following Saturday morning, at six o'clock mass, she was married. She had not had a moment for reflection, regret or remorse, for she had gone back to the Zillerthal on Thursday evening, and had had to try her wedding dress on late that night, while all of Friday was taken up by innumerable small duties. On Friday morning she had gone to confession and to communion at five o'clock mass; but even in confession, with the fear of God before one's

his hand to see the portrait better, and then put it to his lips and kissed it.

A faint sound—could it be a laugh?—startled him, and he turned hastily to see two young peasants standing before him, the latter of the two with a satirical smile on his lips. The tall fellow was Peter Taggenburg, a youth much given to mockery, and proportionately dreaded. The shorter peasant was Johann Silbernagel, Peter's *alter ego* and a harmless fellow enough.

Seppel devoutly hoped that Peter had not seen him kiss the portrait, and he therefore said "Tabak?" in an indifferent tone, as he extended his open snuffbox.

"Thanks," said Peter, taking a pinch and looking hard at Seppel, whose eyes had relapsed into a dreamy contemplation of the road.

"My cousin Sophie gave you that?" said Peter, touching the snuffbox.

Seppel nodded, holding it tightly in his hand, while he glanced for a moment at the portrait.

Still looking hard at him, Peter put forth his hand and laid a finger on it.

"Sophie's very self, isn't it?" he said.

Seppel nodded and blushed.

"Tabak?" he said again, holding out the box.

"No, thank you," answered Peter, slinging his coat more comfortably on his shoulder and preparing to depart. "Herr Weil wouldn't like to see it in your hand, would he?"

Seppel did not answer. He was still looking down the road, and did not hear. It was with a visible effort that he first glanced at the box he held in his hand, and then at Peter, with mute inquiry.

"I said," repeated Peter, pointing to the box. "Herr Weil wouldn't like to see that in your hand, now that Sophie's his wife."

"Sophie isn't his wife: Sophie's betrothed to me," answered Seppel, calmly.

"*Sophie Penzl is married to Herr Weil*," returned Peter, slowly and emphatically.

"You lie, you devil!" shouted Seppel, with blazing eyes.

"I lie, do I?" answered Peter, red with anger. "My own mother was at Sophie's wedding on Saturday, and when she asked her if she had any message for the Ritten, Sophie said: 'Give them all greetings from Frau Weil.' You're a damned fool, Seppel!"

In the violent scuffle which ensued Peter Taggenburg was never after sure who struck hardest. He only felt certain of one thing, which he repeated to himself nightly to his dying day—namely, that it was not HE who in-

jured Seppel on the back of the head. And he was right in thinking so. When, after a furious fight, the combatants had been wrenched apart by Johann Silbernagel, Seppel had indeed fallen backward. But he had risen again, and when Johann had succeeded in dragging Peter away, and had persuaded him to resume his walk up the mountain, they had both looked back at Seppel, and had seen him sitting quietly at the base of the shrine.

Seppel had seen them, too, and, as they turned the corner of the path and vanished from his sight, he sprang up to rush upon them again, turned his foot on a stone and fell violently backward, cutting his head against the stone coping of the shrine, and becoming instantly unconscious. The path was a solitary one, and for four hours he lay helpless in the blazing sun, and when at last he was taken up he was supposed to be dead.

For many days and nights he lay senseless, burned by raging brain fever, and it was thought that he must die, for, in addition to fever and the deadly injury to the base of the brain, he had received a violent sunstroke. But the days lengthened themselves to weeks, and the weeks to months, and still he lived, and by and by it began to be whispered that he would live and be well and strong once more.

While Seppel lay groaning with racking headache and burning with fever, Sophie was finding out day by day and hour by hour that all is not gold that glitters. Something more she learned, for, as a great writer has said of a much more distinguished heroine, "the process of purgatory had begun for her on the green earth. She knew that she had done wrong." Her husband soon tired of her, and then was angered with himself for having spent so much good, hard money in winning a girl without a dot. From this mental process to that of feeling injured by his wife because she had accepted him was but a step.

Then, too, he was deeply involved in money difficulties, and before many weeks were over he began to fear that he should not be able to keep the "Golden Stag." That he perfectly well knew, also, that he ought not to have taken it did not tend to improve his temper, and he had another trouble: the sands of time began to run for him with the frightful rapidity known only to those who have accepted bills which fall due on a certain day, and he became irritable, susceptible and morose.

Even if his wife had loved him, she would have found it hard to put up with his exactions, and, as she not only did not love him in the le-

but soon began to hate him, her daily work was more than difficult.

The fine promises to her mother and Gottfried had never been kept, and they still lived in their native village as best they could, while Sophie ran after the flying minutes, and worked from morning to night like a galley-slave. Like many another well-preserved man, close upon seventy, Herr Weil aged all at once. He grew inordinately stout, tried to drown the thought of his troubles in unlimited beer, and was always either sodden, or irritable, while his suspicions, orderings and scoldings were endless.

Sophie never knew just when she began to pray that she might not wish for his death, nor knew how soon she learned that her life was to be toil and pain and fear—fear which grew and grew, until she trembled on opening her eyes in the morning and feared to close them at night. She was physically so weary that she knew not what to do, when, late in February, her husband fell ill of gout, and the violence of his temper increased a hundred fold. She had proposed having her mother come to help at the beginning of his illness, but he refused, with such a shower of abuse, that she never mentioned the subject again, and dragged through the toilsome days and wakeful nights as best she could. Late in March Herr Weil so far recovered as to be able to sit up in bed. As the days grew gradually warmer he improved, and in April he began to get about in a wheel-chair. There his progress ended, and his wife's work grew harder and her trials heavier, until, one day late in September, he lifted up his stick to strike her, for some trifling neglect, and fell back—dead!

Before he was laid in the grave his creditors appeared in swarms, and within a week his widow was despoiled of everything, even the gold earrings.

The day she gave up the keys of the Golden Stag she felt too tired and worn out for regret, and retired to the humble lodgings she had hired with but one wish—to rest. And for several days she scarcely left her bed; then she remembered that she was penniless, and rose and took up the burden of life and the search for work once more. At the end of another week, having found no other place, she was compelled by her urgent necessity to take service at the Golden Stag; but she was too broken to be galled at being servant where she had been mistress, too thoroughly humbled to rebel at fate, too glad to have escaped alive from the fearful yoke of matrimony to feel anything but the relief of deliverance. Slowly, as the weeks and months

passed, she began to recover her health and hopefulness, and a plan gradually formed itself in her mind. At Easter she gave up her place, and in the faint gray dawn of Easter Monday morning she went forth to seek her fortune anew. She had told no one the object of her journey, and it was supposed that she was returning to the Zillerthal. But she had another journey to make first, and now that she had at last begun it she walked with passionate haste, and with such absorption in her own anxious thoughts that she gave no heed to anything else, and started violently when the Klausen postman, whom she met on the way, touched her arm and handed her a letter from her mother. She thanked him, glanced at the address, thrust the letter in her pocket unopened, and hurried on. Shame, regret and remorse assailed her when she thought of Seppel, but deep down under all lay the hope that he would forgive. And now she was free. She had hardly heard, nor could she have borne to hear, his name mentioned since her marriage, but she did know that he had been ill, and was well again, and she went steadily on her way, telling her beads the while, with hope rising at every step.

It was past two o'clock in the afternoon when she began to climb the road which leads from Bogen to the heights of the Ritten, and within an hour she passed the shrine where Seppel had waited for her nearly two years before. But she hardly thought of that. Her whole being was absorbed in the panting desire to see him and be forgiven. She knew where he was to be found this Easter Monday afternoon, but she would not seek him there. She would sleep at a little village inn on the mountain, and in the early dawn she would waylay him on his way to work, and ask him to forgive her. That he would do so she was sure. She instinctively felt the deep hold she had over his heart, and believed that his love would be stronger than her faithlessness. Gradually, as the pure, perfumed mountain air caressed her heated temples, youth revived in her as well as love. Love! she had never ceased to love Seppel, so she told herself, and she saw a vista of happy years stretching before her after she should have knitted up the dropped threads of her existence, and should have been taken back to the shelter she had spurned. Surely a bliss not unlike that of paradise, to sin and be forgiven, and to be set far from the inevitable consequences of evil-doing!

But to whom is such a joy accorded? Not perhaps to more than one in a generation of all





ever now, only as you see. He can never do a stroke of work again, and he knows no more than the babe unborn. Ah, that bad girl has a deal to answer for, and she'll pay it dear, sooner or later."

"Yes," said Sophie, rising, "I'm sure she will."

She then paid her reckoning and departed, stumbling wearily down the mountain. At nightfall she crept into an humble inn on the outskirts of the town and lay down upon a narrow pallet, from which she almost hoped never to rise. But in the gray dawn she awoke from the stupor into which she had fallen, and care clutched her throat as she sat up with a heavy sigh and an awful sense of the irrevocableness of her wrong-doing. What should she do now? Her weary eyes, looking round the room, lighted upon the letter she had received the day before, but had not opened, and she arose to get it, feeling that it was a comfort that she had a home and a mother. The letter contained only a few lines to say that her mother and Gottfried were both ill, and to beg her to come at once. A pang shot through her as she read it, and reflected that she had already lost twenty-four hours, and she quickly washed and dressed, paid her reckoning, and hastened to the railway station, thanking God that she had still someone to care for.

She was not in time for the train in which she had wished to travel, and had to wait for another, which left three hours later, but she was too heartbroken to feel either anxiety or impatience, and sat still, looking at vacancy, and sounding the depths of her despair. Conscience was doing its work, too, and each passing moment registered a vow to devote herself to her mother and Gottfried. In this disposition of mind the hours passed, and she made her jour-

ney so absorbed in gloomy thoughts that she seemed to wake from a dream, when, at five o'clock in the afternoon, she found herself descending the road which led to the Zillerthal. She had still an hour's walk before reaching her village, but she could see it distinctly, and could hear the solemn tolling of the Trauer Glocke as it marked the progress of a procession which was slowly winding its way to the cemetery. She was too far away to distinguish any individual among the mourners, but she saw that there were two coffins, that it was a double funeral, and vaguely wondered whose it might be, as she crossed herself and murmured the prayers for the repose of the dead. Twilight was closing in when she reached the outskirts of the village, and the first woman she met embraced her, with many tears and exclamations of pity.

Sophie was not to be allowed to find a place for repentance. Her mother and Gottfried had died two days before and had just been laid to rest.

Six weeks later she left her native village forever, to take her place as novice in a vast convent near Halle. She is there still, bent and aged before her time, creeping about her daily tasks, telling her beads, praying in the chapel—a wreck, which the wild waves of life have tossed on that quiet island of repose. Her existence is merged in that of the community, but sometimes, when the weather is cold and wild, and snow and hail beat against the chapel windows, Sister Dolorosa shudders, and bows her head in agony at the thought that poor, childish Seppel is wandering through the pitiless storm. And then she groans beneath her breath:

"Kyrie eleison,  
Christe eleison,  
Kyrie eleison."





but it was replaced by another house, a little further along the road. Of the hostler who welcomed me I asked after the former proprietor by name. The old negro looked at me with reproachful surprise, and answered:

"Didn't you know, sah, dat Mistah Possons am daid dis long time? Yes, sah, he done got shot."

This was not altogether reassuring, and when I finally approached the hotel I fancied that it looked sad and deserted --only a fancy, let me add, for it proved to be the abode of hospitality, friendliness and good cheer.

But the bridge was my first and great concern. I must look upon it before nightfall, and only half an hour of daylight now remained. It is necessary to descend into the deep ravine and gaze upward to see aright this unique marvel of Nature's handiwork. One might pass over it, along the highway that it carries across the chasm, and not discover by the closest observation any unusual feature in the mountain road through the forest.

The footpath winds across a sloping, grassy field, then plunges down steeply, alongside a brawling torrent, and through a grove of ancient arbor vita, the largest bole of which has a

mighty girth of eighteen feet. A sharp turn, where the path almost doubles upon itself, near the bottom of the ravine, and suddenly the bridge is in full view.

It is a sight to make the heart stand still, then beat faster with emotion. A mountain hung in mid-air! Rough-hewn by the elements, quarried from chaos in the mists of ages, it stands complete against the background of the sky, symbol of silence and eternity. Its abutment walls are the everlasting hills, and waving forests fringe its parapets. The stream flows hushed beneath it. Far aloft the dusky swallows flit unseen, but

faintly heard, and in the shield of stainless saffronsky framed by its awful arch, the lamp of evening burns in the solitary splendor of a southern star.

This bridge, untouched by tool, "not made with hands," bears in ever part the Almighty Builder's mark. Because of its service, its fashion and form, so like man's handicraft, yet of superhuman strength and grace, it strikes,



THE ROAD CROSSING THE NATURAL BRIDGE.



GIANT ARBOR VITE.

as no other work of artifice or nature can, God's impress on the mortal eye and mind.

The next day, and subsequently, visits made at leisure revealed the innumerable details of interest in the bridge and its surroundings, including Cedar Creek, the water-course it so magnificently spans. It is always twilight in the chasm, and the sky overhead is indigo blue at mid-day. Cedar Creek is a considerable stream, which has its source two or three miles above the bridge, and falls into the James River about the same distance below. An exploration of its

top of the bridge, where the road crosses, is level, wooded, and sixty feet wide at the narrowest part. The whole structure is an immense monolith of limestone. Its calcareous nature and horizontal strata exclude the idea of a volcanic origin. The most plausible supposition to account for the formation is that what now constitutes the great span is the last remaining segment of the roof of what was once a long cavern or tunnel, through which the river passed. If the water really carved this colossal passage, it must have taken untold ages to do it, and car-



STAGE COACH ON TOP OF THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

ravines shows a cave of historic interest, and an opening in the rocks, where can be heard the rushing waters of the Lost River, a mysterious subterranean torrent.

The actual dimensions of the bridge, as ascertained by scientific measurement, bear out the impression of sublimity made upon the eye. The height, including the thickness of the suspended mass of rock and earth, is about two hundred and fifty feet. The arch is light-springing and symmetrical, and its span is fully ninety feet at the widest part of the opening, which is nearer the top than the bottom. The

ried away an enormous mass of débris. Not a fragment of loose rock remains in sight to tell the tale.

The smooth walls and buttresses of the Natural Bridge are mostly of a light bluish-gray tint, darkened here and there by moisture, reddened in streaks by the ferruginous element in the formation, and marked by irregular patches of lichen and moss. The latter species of fresco-work has decorated the vaulted roof of the arch with an extraordinarily exact picture of a gigantic "spread eagle." It is the emblematic bird, precisely as he appears upon the national coat-

of-arms, and has been the wonder of many successive generations of visitors.

Upon the smoother faces of the rock, to a height of twenty or thirty feet from the bottom of the walls, names and initials innumerable are carved. In a conspicuous and high position, though not the very highest, appear the letters "G. W.," which well-authenticated tradition asserts were graven there by George Washington, when, as a youth, on a surveying expedition for Lord Fairfax, he visited the spot. Thomas Jefferson, another illustrious Virginian, and the third President of the United States, not only visited, described and mapped the "Rock Bridge," but acquired it from the Crown by nominal purchase, and owned it with the surrounding tract of land. The grant from George III., dated July, 1774, is still preserved in the Land Office of Richmond. Jefferson wrote, in his "Notes on the State of Virginia":

"It is impossible for the emotions arising from the sublime to be felt beyond what they are here—so beautiful an arch, so elevated, so light, and springing, as it were, up to heaven! The rapture of the spectator is really indescribable."

After he became President, Jefferson built a cabin for the entertainment of tourists at the Natural Bridge, which, as he said, was destined "to become famous and draw the attention of the world." In a book which he provided for "sentiments," and which was written full, but

subsequently destroyed by accident, Chief Justice Marshall wrote of "God's greatest miracle in stone," and Henry Clay described it as "the bridge not made by hands, that spans a river, carries a highway, and makes two mountains one."

The thrilling narrative of "An Adventure at the Natural Bridge,"

written by Elihu Burritt early in the present century, and familiar to subsequent generations through the school "Readers," is based upon the authentic exploit of a student from Washington College (now Washington and Lee University), at Lexington. This young man undertook and accomplished the almost incredible feat of climbing from the bottom to the top of the mighty wall, following most of the way the long cleft of fissure which may be seen on the left side of the large

photographic view accompanying these notes. Two or three persons have been killed by accidentally falling from the Pulpit Rock, at this identical point; and the bridge has proven a bridge of sighs for at least one suicide—a stranger who threw himself from the top in

the year 1843, and whose body was never identified.

The Rock Bridge of eternal Nature! There it stands, in silence and awful majesty, immutable, mysterious, sublime, untouched by the fires and frosts of the changing seasons, the same marvel to-day that it was when first creation's curtain rose, and that it will be henceforth forever until the crack of doom.—H. T.



THE "SPREAD EAGLE."



## MY WARNING.

By CLARENCE MILES BOUTELLE.



HAD been settled in Smithville for a little over a year, and had already worked up a practice that was already paying fairly and that promised to be very remunerative in the future. Several of my friends, of whom I had made many, had openly wondered why I did not marry. I was beginning to wonder myself. And yet my heart had not been touched in the least. I sometimes said it was because I had not given myself time to think of those things. I sometimes thought it was because my heart must be made of a different sort of material from those of the average of masculine humanity. For there was an abundance of female youth and beauty in Smithville; yes, and plenty of prospects of womanly wealth, too, if one could bring himself into a mental condition in which so sordid a thing as considering the financial prospects of a desirable bride could be possible.

I sat at my breakfast table idly opening my morning mail and turning over and over in my mind the last remark on the strangeness of my single condition, which I had heard. It had been made only the evening before, by the man I liked best of any in Smithville. "A successful doctor who does not marry," he said, "is failing in his duty to the world. Some woman deserves your name, a home with you, and happiness. It will be an old maid who must accept these blessings and benefits—if you don't act soon!"

And, just as I said his emphatic remark over for at least the hundredth time, I picked up a large, square envelope, faintly perfumed, and daintily addressed to "Doctor Arnold Montgomery," in a fine, feminine hand.

I opened it. I read, with eyes that opened wider and wider as I went on, the following remarkable document:

"DOCTOR MONTGOMERY—I understand you are thinking seriously of matrimony. That is wise. Has no one already assured you of that fact, or am I the first to assert it?"

"I sincerely congratulate a gentleman, of whom my opinion is as high as it certainly is of you, on the possession of so much sound sense.

"But you are a fool! For I understand you intend to marry Elizabeth Gordon, and no one

but a fool would think of such a thing for a moment.

"In the first place, she is older than you—unless your looks greatly belie you. In the second place, she is homely, and a man might as well fall in love with his eyes open as to dive in—like a frightened boy into a pond—with them tightly shut. Thirdly, she cannot bring you anything in the way of fortune, and you have been in active practice so long that you ought to crave leisure for study in certain special directions, and you ought to know much money leisure demands, and how long it takes to save it. These three counts ought to be enough to deter any but the blindest and most foolhardy of lovers.

"But I have not told you all. What I have left to say is so horrible, so incredible, that I shrink from writing it. But I see no other way—the woman is insane! Once she was rescued from a pond, barely alive and unconscious. Once they broke into her room just in season to save her life from the consequences of an open gas jet. Do you see the point? And these statements are statements of fact. You can test the truth of what I have said by asking anyone who has lived in Smithville for as long as ten years. It isn't generally believed that the unfortunate woman has ever manifested anything more serious than a suicidal mania. You'll find, if you inquire, that most people will say her parents died from natural causes; I say they were poisoned; I say that there would have been an investigation—if the authorities had had any sense.

"Now, Arnold Montgomery, you have your warning. If you don't profit by it, the consequences be on your own head. I shall feel that my conscience is clear. I shall be sure I have done my duty. Go your way—take your chances—if you dare!"

That was all. There was no signature. The letter, though in a woman's handwriting, was so evidently written in a disguised hand that I should have felt helpless if I had had a page of manuscript from each individual in Smithville with which to compare it. I didn't have a reasonable hope of finding out the authorship of the remarkable document.

And, so far as I was concerned, the whole thing was absurd. I had never seen Miss Gordon but twice. I had never spoken to her in



my life. How people in a country town will lie ! Though, to tell the exact truth, perhaps lying about one another is too general a characteristic of the race for it to be quite fair to limit and qualify my statement as I did above. So that, in the interests of that exact truth I so love and admire, I will recast my remark—*How people will lie !*

My first new patient that morning, strangely enough, was Elizabeth Gordon. Her sister, Miss Grace Gordon, sent me a short note saying that her sister was slightly indisposed, and that she wished I would call at my earliest convenience. I went to the residence of the Gordons at about eleven o'clock.

I found the elder sister, Miss Elizabeth, threatened with a fever of some sort, and really seriously ill. The matter had been taken in hand in season, however, and I felt sure that a few days would see her restored to her normal condition of health.

In a world of coincidences I could not help being impressed with the remarkable fact that I was called to see Miss Gordon on the very day of getting my queer letter, while I had worked in the town for so long a time without being sent for. A few questions, however, served to clear away all the apparent strangeness of the affair. The regular medical attendant of the Gordons had been suddenly called from town a day or two before ; another physician, who had resided in Smithville for many years, had, at some time in the past, done something displeasing to the Gordons. I, then, the third doctor, was the only one for whom they could send ; of course, they sent for me. How simple so many of the remarkable occurrences of this strange world become when common sense calmly investigates them.

I looked about me, of course, as any man would have done after such a letter as had come to me. The residence of the Gordon's was large, roomy, and well furnished with old-fashioned and somewhat marred and worn furniture. I saw, everywhere, or fancied I did, the evidences of a decreased prosperity—a falling from the height at which thoughtless expenditure had been possible, down into the unhappy depths of an enforced, biting economy. So far as property and finance went, my frank correspondent had probably been correct.

No one would have called Elizabeth Gordon handsome. Few would have denominated her pretty. But she had a good face, an attractive manner, and was a thoroughly gentle gentlewoman. The letter writer who had criticised her

personal appearance must have had spite in soul to prompt what she wrote.

As for insanity—nothing could seem more absurd. She had a clear eye, a steady glance, was as free from any trace of abnormal nervousness as any person I had ever seen. The thing I saw that tended to throw a single cloud upon her mental soundness was the evident attitude of her younger sister, Miss Grace. Grace evidently watched her with an unflinching intensity of attention that must have her to a tired repose every night.

I gave very little attention to Miss Grace went away with the impression that she was pretty—the conviction that a man would more likely to choose her than her sister compelled to choose either.

I managed, during the day, to lead a conversation with a friend—an old resident of Smithville—up to the subject of the Gordons. I did skillfully that he couldn't have guessed I had any purpose in it. Indeed, I think he took my inquiries a double compliment—a compliment to his knowledge and good judgment, and a compliment to the old-time importance, in the narrow limits of Smithville, of the decaying family of Gordon.

The parents died natural deaths. My informant was sure of that, though you mustn't think I was so weak and foolish as to suggest any of the opposite having been true. They had died rather suddenly—but not *very*. They had died rather closer, in point of time, than is usual. I believe my friend said the man outlived his wife some six weeks or two months. The cause of death was not quite clear and definite ; a gradual decline of strength, a sort of general breakdown of the vital powers ; then—heart failure—a cause happily less common in those days than it is now. Grief, in the case of the man, had perhaps have accented his danger and hurried his death. I think, in spite of the inaccrancies and unkindnesses it contained, I should have looked rather closely into the causes of those deaths had they fallen under my observation after receipt of my letter. But—thousands of people go to their graves, every year, with the circumstances attending their taking off apparently more serious than in these cases.

"I understand Miss Gordon has narrated a tragic death on two occasions?"

"Oh, yes. Everyone knows of those cases. But," lowering his voice, "no one really knows whether it was accident—or something worse."

"And Miss Grace, is it true she keeps watch over Elizabeth?"



“WHEN DID AN ANONYMOUS LETTER FAIL TO CREATE PIQUE?”

"Yes, I believe she does. I understand it is regarded as safer."

"Elizabeth is regarded as insane?"

"Well, scarcely that. I think I wouldn't use a stronger word than *queer*. Not dangerous—and——"

Someone interrupted our conversation at that point, but I did not particularly care. I felt I had found out all I really cared to know.

Elizabeth recovered rapidly, but had an accident at about the time I should have ceased my professional visits. She fell downstairs and broke her arm. The fracture was a particularly bad one; indeed, I thought at one time that amputation would be necessary. I was compelled to visit her frequently. And——

Well, I may as well confess it first as last, I went much oftener, after the first few days, than mere professional zeal demanded. And I made many visits that I knew my conscience would never let me put into my bill. I had fallen violently in love with Grace, just as I had thought I possibly might from the time I made my first professional call upon her unfortunate sister.

Grace Gordon was devotion's self where her sister was concerned. She was always at the door to meet me. She sat and watched while I examined the progress of the cure. She always accompanied me to the door, her last words some anxious question regarding her sister. The course of true love proved the old saying false in this case. When I asked Grace to marry me, she said she would. She rather surprised me, indeed, by the intensity of the feelings she displayed. She confessed, too, to having cared for me even longer than my love for truth would allow me to admit I had coveted possession of her.

I pressed my peerless Grace for an immediate union. She readily consented.

"You know, Arnold, that—that my surroundings are peculiar. How—Lizzie——"

"She shall be cared for in my home—*our* home—as tenderly as she has ever been in yours. You may be sure of that."

"I know that, Arnold. I know how good and noble you are. But—the servants can care for her an hour. I will go with you to-morrow evening and be married. When? I say at nine o'clock. Where? Since circumstances render it unwise to have the ceremony in my own house—why not in yours?—I have only one thing to ask, one stipulation to make. I want the one who performs the ceremony to come from your old home. I have reasons for not caring to have anyone in Smithville asked to officiate."

That request was natural enough, remembering the many unpleasant remarks that must have been made regarding their family affairs. I readily granted it, and telegraphed to have an old college chum, now a clergyman of some note, and rising rapidly in reputation as a pulpit orator, be at my residence at the hour named. He wired me his answer; nothing could give him greater pleasure than to comply with my request; he had, however, consented to make an address late in the afternoon, and could not arrive until evening. His train would be in at 8:52. He would take a carriage and come to my house at once. Once with me he thought he might remain a day or two. I did not inform my housekeeper what I intended doing, well knowing that nothing short of the dungeon and the rack could have kept the news-loving soul from untimely gossip. I simply told her of the coming of my friend, and that he was a clergyman. She was intensely religious that I knew that fact would make her do all in her power to have the premises in the most presentable condition possible. Not even the prospect of a bride could have moved her to the exertions the prospective presence of a preacher would prompt.

I went with my carriage at eight o'clock to the Gordon residence. I did not go in, for I found Grace waiting for me at the door. We entered the carriage and drove rapidly away. Only one window in the stately mansion—stately still, if rather old and tumble-down—was lighted. The rest of the building was dark and cold and forbidding.

Grace pointed to the one bright window, and spoke very gravely.

"Poor Lizzie is in there," she said. And she put up her sweet mouth for a kiss. How she loved her sister! How I loved her!

We arrived at my residence a little before the clergyman, though he was prompt. At nine we stood up to be married, my housekeeper and my hired man acting as witnesses. The ceremony was soon over—very soon—and the beautiful woman I loved was my wife. And there had been only one interruption, one discord, in the whole event; that was when the bride corrected the clergyman in his use of her name, insisting that he should call her Elizabeth instead of Grace.

She turned and faced me, when the last words had been said, the words that made us man and wife, and there was a look in her eyes I had never seen there before.

"I loved you the first time I ever saw you,"

she said, her manner as free and unimbarressed as though we had been alone—"months, I suppose, before you had really seen and noticed me. I said then I would marry you, and I have, haven't I? I've had my own way ever since I can remember. You married Elizabeth, too, in spite of your letter of warning."

"The letter of warning! Did I ever tell you about that?"

"You didn't need to. *I wrote it myself!* Clever, wasn't it? I tell you, Arnold, I'm a philosopher," and she swept a glance through my troubled and staring eyes with her brilliant blue ones, and folded her dainty hands demurely in her lap. "I am a philosopher. The way I managed the matter of the names, ha, ha, ha! would prove that, though maybe the letter was the better performance. Who ever knew an anonymous letter to fail to pique curiosity? Then, *when I knew Grace would be sick, when I knew she was going to fall downstairs and break some of her bones, when—*"

But I was on my feet, though unsteadily so. I got out my watch.

"Doctors have no time for their own," I said, shortly; "I have an appointment I must keep at once."

I beckoned the clergyman into the hall. I said a half dozen pithy and intense sentences in his ear. He bowed. He shook my hand in sympathetic sorrow.

"I'll not let a thing happen in your absence," he said.

A minute later I was in my carriage and on the way to the Gordon residence. And my best horse, the beast that had triumphantly drawn me to victory in more than one case of life and death, was smarting under a sterner and more insistent lash than he had ever known before.

I could not guess what I would find. I dared not. But, short though that journey was, there was time for imagination to picture scene after

scene in my stricken soul, and to picture them again and again.

Two old people—sinking—failing—dying—and—oh, my God! how horrible it was!

Two women, walking on a steep slope, while the treacherous water waited below. A push—a struggle—and—was there ever an agony like mine?

A peaceful sleep at midnight. A stealthily opened door. A crafty hand at the gas jet. And—and then—

I reached the end of the journey. Every window in the Gordon residence was now alight. The smoke was beginning to curl and drift and quiver everywhere.

They did not save the house. How could they? They did not save so much as a table or a chair. It was too late. But I—I—though I came out empty handed—I went up to the room of Grace—the room of the woman I had thought Elizabeth—and saw that which I have never told to any one but my friend, the clergyman, who married me—and which I have never written until now. I know how that kindly, gentle, noble, self-sacrificing woman died.

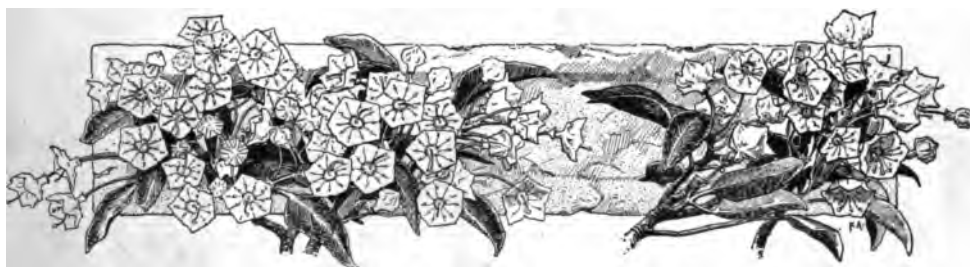
Red—red—red! God help me, blood everywhere! And dreadful death in the corner, behind the broken furniture! And no servant in the house since tea time!

Suicide? *Never!* A nameless deed. The deed men name murder when responsibility dares to do it.

And—well—that is all!

That is the way in which I met the wishes and opinions of my friends—the way I married.

And that is why Mrs. Montgomery and I never go out together, why she receives no calls—knows no friends, why her lady's maid is a masculine-looking female, who would put some professional athletes to shame, and why I employ a man—an assistant, I call him—*who never sleeps when I do.*





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UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING AND COLONNADE.

## A WESTERN CREATION:

### THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION AT OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

ONE might have supposed that the day of great American expositions was over, since the Chicago World's Fair. But the Omaha effort brings proof that public interest in this style of competitive struggle of man will never end so long as there is ambition for excellence in the world; so long as there is call for human achievement; so long as there is a country great, growing and ambitious as ours is. The Omaha Exposition proves that while the Chicago fair drew upon the country at large, it yet did not reach the numberless masses of the Far and Middle West, and these are the people who are now the patrons at Omaha. In addition to having the pride of their section at stake, they have the advantage of distance and location, and the radius from which Omaha draws contains at least four-fifths as many people as the same radius around Chicago. Independently of geographical environment, the exposition itself is beyond all question one of the most complete this country has ever seen.

The plan appears to have been drawn with more ease of purpose than many of its predecessors, owing to the fact that it had so much to pattern after, and by which to profit. In this respect the promoters acted wisely, for they got together about all the features that make such an

exposition admirable. They have, at the same time, made many pleasant innovations which will be followed by the St. Louis and other exposi-



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A GROUP OF STATUARY.

tions. The *tout ensemble* of the Omaha show could not have been better, and in this regard it has never had an equal—it appears to be simply perfect, the maximum in perfection of arrangement of edifices and as beautiful a grouping of buildings as could well be imagined. The preservation of the entire theme is gracefully carried out in the location of the buildings around a central lagoon, which has just enough of the water aspect to give relief without being obtrusive. At the same time it would be difficult to imagine a more restful or imposing picture than the group of exposition buildings around this sheet of water. It is at once an inspiration and a dream, while it is a veritable vision of fairyland at night when in full illumination, with its thousand of electric lights turned on. The imagination falters in a vain effort to

making it a trans-Mississippi fair has been left untouched, the scope has been enlarged to both national and international. It will readily be understood that it was no easy task the promoters had in hand. To make a success their work had to be unique, original, compact and artistic. How well they have succeeded the reader of these lines can conjecture to some extent, but only a visit will give the realizing sense of what they have absolutely accomplished. The idea of so arranging the exhibition buildings as not to tire the observer-visitor has been effectually carried out, and one can easily go from the west



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GRAND COURT, AT NIGHT.

picture anything more entrancing than the scene presented by night at this great festival of light, and no one could stand in one of the immense throngs around the Government Building, where glistens the electric fountain, with its myriad colors, and its, cool, sparkling, humming waters, without hearing low spoken thrills of admiration for the inspiring loveliness of the picture.

The original projection of the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition was that it should cover the products, the manufactures and the industries of the States west of the Mississippi River. It was soon seen, however, that the two splendid exhibits made at Atlanta and at Nashville had created an added Northern interest, and it was not long before the Eastern and Middle States showed an active interest in the work at Omaha. It is now a pleasure to note that as many as forty States have special exhibits, buildings or creditable representation at Omaha. It will thus be seen that, while in the main the original object of



end, after "doing" the Government Building, entirely through the circle around the great lagoon without stepping from under shelter. The adaptation of connecting promenades or shady bowers was first conceived at Nashville, where, under trellised arbors, visitors were enabled to keep out of the burning rays of the sun. At Omaha this result has been effected in a most artistic manner by means of graceful colonnades. At the west end of the group of buildings, facing the lagoon, is the most imposing as well as the most artistic exhibition building ever erected by the Government for American fairs. Nothing ever before seen can compare with this Omaha building, and it stands at even-





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BRIDGES AND STATE ARCH.

tide, and all through the day, just in front of the electric fountain, at once a crowning glory to the whole group, and a beautiful example of symmetry and perfect proportion of outline. Added to these features the tasteful ornamentation of the Government Building is a contribution to the people's love of art worthy of the nation. It would be a fitting tribute if this structure could in some way be preserved, so that it would stand for ages as a perfect type of architectural grace and beauty.

As for the exhibits within its walls of staff, it is detracting nothing from the former displays of the Government to say the collection at Omaha is the most thoroughly comprehensive that has ever been brought together. Nothing is lacking to make it attractive and instructive, and it is no wonder the building is always the most crowded of any on the grounds. Everything with which

the Government has had to do, from Alaska to the Gulf, is represented in the display, and it is so arranged that the visitor has no difficulty in seeing and understanding these possessions of Uncle Sam. The army and navy exhibits are of the intensest interest to everybody, and crowds are constantly surrounding the models of battle ships and the great 12 and 13-inch guns that have wrought such havoc in the war with Spain. The aquarium department of this exhibit also forms a pleasing sight.

Of the general exhibits themselves, scattered throughout the other buildings, it may be said that, while they were not so large or voluminous as were shown at Chicago, no other exhibition of similar character has surpassed them in point of excellence of quality. The utmost good taste has been shown in collecting, for there are fewer useless things shown than is ordinarily the case. Indeed, the utilitarian purposes and effects of the Omaha Exposition are everywhere visible, especially in the products of agriculture, mining, and the arts and sciences.

In the Agricultural Building there is shown an object lesson about the great West that has seldom been surpassed in point of useful suggestion, conveyed by the practical treatment displayed. Hanging upon the wall in the Nebraska department of this building is a series of four large, life-sized pictures, made of native cereals, grasses and the like—the work of a woman, by the way



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FINE ARTS BUILDING.

—of the successful career of a Nebraska farmer who came to the State thirty years ago, when a young man. The pictures show the four stages of his career, at once admirable and remarkable. The first scene shows him driving into the West with his yoke of oxen, his capital consisting for the most part of a stock of energy. The next shows his first home, a rude cabin on the plains, surrounded by the few acres of land he has under cultivation. The third shows the "homestead" improved into a cozy little farmhouse, with a modest barn and other outbuildings, well-kept fences, etc. It is a beautiful picture of rural domesticity, and attracts universal attention. The fourth of the series shows the home of the satisfied and now affluent farmer, a mag-

dreds of great groups of statuary, beautiful panels, imposing Corinthian columns, pilasters and spandrels, so arranged as to present, wherever they are placed, a picture of wondrous and artistic beauty. Every building of the main court is decorated with statuary, both in single figures and in groups. The turning out of these pieces of statuary involved an immense amount of labor, and many sculptors of ability, both American and European, were called in to complete the work. The subjects of the statues have been drawn from works of antique art. At night they are lighted up, and their classic beauty is greatly enhanced. This feature of the Exposition not only adds beauty to the whole, but affords a vast amount of instruction for the student. A



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MANUFACTURERS' BUILDING.

nificent country seat of modern build, surrounded with every accessory — trees, commodious barns with their accompanying horses, cattle, fowls, etc., while driving a splendid team of bays before the gate is the farmer himself. Altogether, the series make a splendid display, and offer material for meditation on the rewards of a life of industry, foresight and frugality. This is one of the many hundreds of useful lessons that may be learned from this great exposition. They are everywhere, and all the time conveying to the mind the lesson of the great West, its marvellous advancement and unsurpassed resources.

Of the artistic and decorative work which so lavishly adorns the buildings, pilasters, colonnades and stairways at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, too much cannot be said. There are hun-

most striking piece adorns the Electricity Building, representing man controlling the forces of nature. It is a triple group, the first of which represents "The Struggle," and an immense lion is fiercely wrestling with two male figures of colossal size. "The Victory" is the second group, a triumphant, upright figure of man, one foot resting on the prone figure of a defeated enemy. The largest of the three groups suggests "Man's Supremacy." The triumphant victor driving, with reins drawn taut, his patient and docile steeds, five great lions, to an immense chariot.

These form imposing ornaments to one of the most graceful buildings on the grounds, but other adornments are no less attractive and artistic. On the Agricultural Building, which is

finished in ivory, are garlands of flowers and festoons of cereals, thrown into bold relief by being finished in their natural hues. Placed at intervals on the walls outside are medallions of barnyard fowls, etc., while still larger medallions of the American bird of liberty appear. Millet's famous figures, "The Digger" and "The Sower," have contributed decoration to each side of the main entrance to this building, while immediately above the doorway is a panel decorated with an Egyptian bull's head, the fruits of all seasons being gracefully festooned on either side. Crowning the whole composition is a central figure representing "Prosperity," supported by the figures of "Labor" and "Industry"; all these are of colossal size.

Perhaps no building on the grounds occupies more attention of the visitor than the Art Buildings, and it is here that one of the most striking statues of the entire Exposition is to be seen. It is a figure of "Fame," which is represented some nine or ten times in the decoration of the building. "Fame" is represented here by the winged, draped figure of a woman holding palm branches in her outstretched hands, while there is something divinely free and graceful in the erect figure and pose. The appropriateness of the Art Building to its purposes is complete, the light being pure, and none of the pictures hanging at a disadvantage. The building is in the form of two Greek crosses joined with a court between, while galleries run around the entire interior of these

twin buildings, thus affording superior facilities for observation, and for light and shade. The exhibit of paintings is, first of all, one of quality. The director of this department has gathered many of the world's most famous works of art from all countries, with the work of the American artist predominating.

One of the pleasant features among the duties of the Board of Managers was the selection of the design for the special souvenir medal. It will be remembered that when the Cleopatra Needle, which now adorns Central Park, New York, was transported from Egypt to America it was decided to strike a medal in commemoration of the event. For one side of these medals an ideal profile of Cleopatra was desired, but no perfect one could be found. Commander Goringe, the engineer who transported the needle, gathered a large number of mutilated Egyptian coins and had photographs made of a sufficient number to complete the profile. It then became an easy matter to make a die for the medal to commemorate the removal of the great obelisk. In considering a similar proposition at Omaha, the idea of composite photography was utilized in making a souvenir medal for the Exposition. A corps of competent judges was appointed from the trans-Mississippi States, and these selected from a number of beautiful women two of the fairest in each state, and from these photographs there was made a composite picture of forty-four representative beauties.



UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

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"THE GATE OF THE CORRAL, LIGHTED BY THE BIG CAMP FIRE, CAME INTO SUDDEN VIEW."

## LUCY ALDEN'S CAPTURE.

BY RHODA S. REGENT.

ONE calm, autumn evening, while the sun was burning red in the cloudless Western sky, Lucy Alden sat on the threshold of her ranch home in deep thought.

To find this simple homestead one must travel far beyond the end of the railroad, across the flat stretching to the South, ford the clear creek where the pecans hang over and the air is musical with call of mocking bird and canary, up and down arroyos, dry from the drought of the long, hot summer, till on the smooth prairie just beyond the patch of mesquite we can see the little dwelling of two rooms, the rough boards beginning to gray with the sun and wind of six months.

And it was of this that Lucy Alden was thinking. Not of the rough shanty, 'tis true, but of the great stretch of nothing as it seemed, to the front and far behind—to this side and to that. And of the mother whose frail health, after the

removal to this Western life, had succumbed in a few months. Remembrance brought tears with the picture of the silent little band carrying this loved one to the undulation beyond the corral, where in its warm bosom was laid earth to earth.

Since then Lucy had given way to despondency. She took little interest in the house, passing much of her time on the bed moping or crying, or at the doorstep desolate and melancholy, though the wind petted her with its freshness, the air was so filled with joyous life, and the ever moving flocks of grazing sheep suggested peace. The men coming to meals unexpectedly worried and fretted her, a fact she always let her father see; though the path to the spring was shady and no water so cool, she saw only the stones, and while she hated the house because it was rough, bare and hot, she persisted in hanging about it and living over and over again the sad last days of her mother's life. Her

father and little brother Robert did in their masculine way all in their power to brighten her up, but despondency brings selfishness, and as she saw no happiness in living she made life unhappy also for others.

"Cheer up, pet," her father would say, as he left in the mornings. "Thank God, the three of us are yet left together."

Lucy's good angel was near her in the soft air and sweetness of this evening, and conscience suggested that grieving and despair might be ingratitude to her God, her people and herself, and by the time the sun was sinking like a great ball into the vast prairie ocean, and the blue-jay's harsh call had died away, and the twitter of red bird and mocker subdued, she had resolved to make those bare walls inclose a home, to take a mother's place to the growing boy, and by resolution and self-dependence aid her father in his hard fight with a new country. Many recollections of omitted duties came trooping by in the hush of the short twilight, bringing the consciousness that, after all, hers had been the mission to uplift and strengthen.

Far across the prairie came the cheerful song of her father, "Home, home, sweet, sweet home!" then the chunk-chunk of the saddles and a few minutes brought him and Robert, a boy of ten, to the wire enclosing the house-yard.

"Well, daughter, lonely for father? Come, give me a kiss, and then get me a snack. We've found the sheep to-day in bad condition from scab, and we must finish rounding them up to-night into the corral, ready for a drive to the dipping pen. Don't feel bad over it, Lucy," as the pout came into her face. "Robert will stay with you and in two hours I'll be home again."

Lucy had run to him bright and eager with her new resolutions, which were now put to the test. A lump in the throat has to be swallowed and the voice steadied before she could bring herself to say, "Why, that's all right, father." Robert uncinched his horse and turned him loose in the enclosure, while Lucy hurried to place supper. They then sat down to the table as she put on it the simple meal of pork and *frijoles* that she had given them a great sufficiency of here of late. True, there was rarely little else to be had, but, maybe—

"Mat Barnes was killed to-day by a Mexican herder, sis," reported Robert.

"What? How? What for?" rapidly cried Lucy, with a terrified face. Mat Barnes had been overseer at a ranch close by, and being of a lively nature had easily gained the affections of the young folks for miles around. Lucy, in

particular, had been drawn to him, and he was the only one of the many that came and passed she made any efforts to entertain.

"Knived, of course, and killed instantly." Robert liked Mat, too, and was not of a brutal nature, but he enjoyed telling the news and Lucy's terror.

"Mat was put out about the way one of the men was treating the sheep, Lucy," explained her father, "and without a moment's warning Giacomo turned on him and stabbed him."

"That thieving, old greaser!" cried Robert. "You remember old Giacomo, sis—the same one that escaped from the Sherwood jail? He ought to have been hung long ago, if only for the way he'd cut into the flesh while he was shearing sheep."

"Yes," assented Lucy, in a hushed voice. "What did they do to him?"

"Do? They haven't caught him! It'll take a greaser to catch a greaser. Like as not he's prowling around our place."

"Come, come, Robert, you are frightening sister unnecessarily. Well, daughter, that was a good supper. Only beans and coffee for a bill of fare, but plenty of love and content to flavor it. Don't sit up for me if you are tired, and, Robert, tell sister of our trip over to Hog Back."

Lucy's father kissed her affectionately, and calling the collie, threw himself on to his horse and was off.

As they washed the dishes the children talked little of the day's trip to the divide, and a great deal of the murder, such subjects, especially at night time, holding an uncanny fascination over the young mind. Besides, there is little enough novelty found in the ever same pursuits of ranch life. Newspapers are scarce, telephones and telegraph still to put in an appearance, homes far apart and social intercourse rare.

After the work was done Robert started a little blaze in the fireplace of the other room—a bedroom—the wind having risen, and from a northerly direction. Lucy closed the outer door, not without a frightened look into the dark beyond, and felt a momentary wish that the door had a lock to it—something not often seen in the new Southwest, where animals are more to be feared than men. She drew up to the fire and was soon lost in thought, as usual, Robert busying himself in braiding a new quirt, the intricacies of which kept him, too, silent. The wind took on a tone of lamentation, the beams gave out little cracks and creaks, while from far off came the hoarse cry of the herders and now and then the bark of the coyote. Lucy rose at length and

lighted the lamp, for the quiet was painful, and shadows flitted unpleasantly across the one window of the room. She threw another stick on the fire, and the air was alive with sparks and light.

"Whew, but I'm tired!" exclaimed Robert, stretching himself on the boards.

"Oh, don't go to sleep, Robert—don't!" pleaded Lucy.

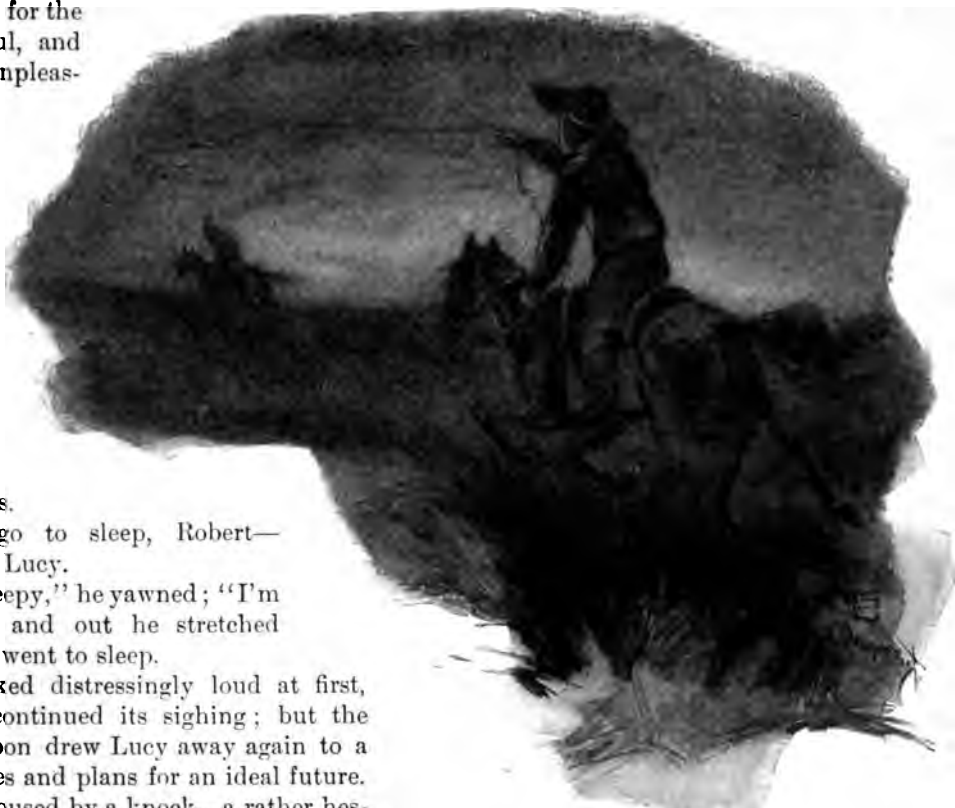
"I—ain't—sleepy," he yawned; "I'm—just—tired," and out he stretched again and off he went to sleep.

The clock ticked distressingly loud at first, and the wind continued its sighing; but the busy thoughts soon drew Lucy away again to a fairyland of hopes and plans for an ideal future. She was rudely roused by a knock—a rather hesitating one, it seemed. She had hardly time to rise before the door opened and a Mexican woman poked her head in.

"*Buenas tardes, señora!*" and her body followed. Such appearances were not uncommon in this scattered community, where Mexican women did the washing for the ranches, though nightfall usually found them in their own 'dobe or that of a dark-skinned friend. The woman's face looked familiar, though, like all her class, little of it was to be seen because of the mufflings of a dirty woollen shawl or *rebozo*. So with a nod Lucy pushed a chair toward her with a "Well?"

"*Poco frio,*" said the woman, and shuffling into a corner of the fireplace, squatted down, and wound her arms into the shawl with a shiver.

"Poor thing!" thought Lucy, "she looks cold. Father will be home soon, and he'll know what to do with her." So, after venturing a few remarks, and finding that the woman could understand little and answer less, she attempted to resume her musing. But a covert glance from stranger set her on the alert, and she felt that she was being watched. She rose, arranged a few things in the room, shook out some goods that were lying on the machine and folded them up, more and more conscious that every action was



"ONCE—TWICE—THREE TIMES GOES THE LARIAT ABOUT HIS HEAD—WHIZ-Z-Z."

noted. Why was it? Before five minutes had passed she discovered that the woman's foot was in a boot and spurred! That the peculiar appearance about the Mexican's face was caused by the shaving off of a bristling mustache, and that the features were those of old Giacomo!

No need to tell Lucy that this was the murderer fleeing from the armed men and hounds scouring the country for him—like as not ready with his stiletto to be used on Robert and herself at a moment's warning. Why had he come here for anything else?

Something must be done, and done quickly. Plans flew like lightning through her heated, beating brain. Her father's entrance at any minute might precipitate matters; the sleeping boy was unconscious of any danger; all, all rested with her. Two things *must* be done: she must arouse no suspicion, which would make either herself or her brother the victim; and she must capture Giacomo—the soul of her dead friend seemed to appeal for that.

A few minutes elapsed before she could overcome the rapid beating of her heart, and begin to hum a tune. She went out into the lean-to shed.

"Not a drop of water, as usual, when one



wants a drink," she muttered, noiselessly pouring out a half-bucketful upon the ground. "I never saw such a bucket for being *always* empty," as she came into the room. "Rob, Rob! you sleepy head! Go to the spring for some water." She playfully waked him up, alternately scolding and laughing while he fumed and complained.

"Oh, lemme alone!" Rob was awake at last at the sight of the stranger. "Hello! how did that old witch come? On a broomstick?"

"Here, Rob, I'll go for the water. But get out the dominoes and we'll have a game. Want to play, señora?"

"Si, si! The Mexican's eyes twinkled, his native gambling instinct overcoming all prudence, and Lucy with relief saw them employed in not only arranging the dominoes, but actually commencing a game before she left.

The spring was half way down the decline of the arroyo, close to the house, and an absence of ten minutes would appear reasonable, and neither Robert nor the Mexican notice it. It was her purpose instead of going to the spring at the left of the house, to slip off to the right, run the quarter of a mile up the road to the rock corral where her father was to be. But she was so timid of the dark—her fourteen years of life had been a spoiled and petted one, depending always on some other to think and do for her. But the fate of the three, the whole of that precious household which her father daily thanked God for keeping together, lay in her discretion, her courage, her action. Slipping around the corner of the house like a thought, she crept under the yellow shaft of light streaming from the end window, and—but her heart seemed to stop and the blood to flow back in a warm flood all over her, as the old adobe ruins grew out of the dark toward her. These remains of an earlier homestead, who, it was believed, had suicided, had been peopled with many ghosts and other apparitions since Lucy's residence here, caused by shadows and twilight legends. The old walls and chimney had resisted time and weather, and now came as a bugaboo to daunt her. *Could* she pass that place? Maybe be seized by some unseen terror and tortured, murdered? Yes, she was strong in her responsibility, and shutting her eyes, she ran past, when upon the clear night air came from its recesses a light neigh that was responded to by Robert's horse at the house. No need now to call on duty, on courage, on God! Away, away like a flash, across the smooth turf, into the scrubby mesquite, whose thorns scratched

her face and hands with a sharp sting, sometimes falling over treacherous dead trunks, up again and again, and ever on, the ringing in her ears and the throbbing of heart and head being her only sensations.

At last, when it seemed that a hard, tough knot in her throat would strangle her, the last little hillock was mounted and the gate of the corral, lighted by the big camp fire, came into sudden view. How she leaped forward as her father's voice again came to her across the wild, "My old Kentucky home, good-night!"—the strain they had so often sung together.

She presses forward, the collie sees the oncoming figure and with a sharp bark over he goes for an enemy, and finding his friend knocks her trembling feet from under her in his joy. Before she can rise her father is there, too.

"Papa—Giacomo—Robert—there!" is all she can articulate, as she points back to the house, but the great eyes strike consternation to the father's heart. His boy is dying or dead! No time to ask questions. Back to the fire to mount, and a word to the others to join him.

"Papa, papa, take me, too," pleaded Lucy, as he drew rein by her.

"No, no, little daughter, there may be shots. You are best here."

"Papa, dear, precious papa, do not leave me! I must go, I must, indeed!" She clung to the pommel and drew herself up behind him, and they were off to regain the others. As they drew near the house the mellow beams from the window flowed as calmly as ever. A glance in the window showed the room to be bare and no signs of life about. The same dread thought that had passed through Mr. Alden's brain now came to torture Lucy—Robert was either murdered or kidnapped. An instant was taken to devise plans when the remembrance of that ghostly neigh caused Lucy to whisper:

"The old adobe, papa. Quick, quick!"

Just in time for the clatter of hoofs as they turned in that direction told of the Mexican's mount and escape.

After him go the pursuers, every man leaning forward in his saddle and shaking loose reins over the wild beasts they ride. Hi-ji! like a pack of hounds in full cry, but the broncho ahead is of a wild nature, too. The mesquite scatters the band, trying to pull them from their saddles as they force a passage way through. Out again to the open and the Mexican still in view, for sight is sharpened by the excitement and a strange clearness comes from the star-lit sky. For a good half-mile the chase is direct

when he heads for the arroyo, which in this place is steep and stony.

"He's a goner!" shouts a herder, as over the brink they see him pass. For a second's length they rein in, only to see the tough little pony's form coming into shape on the opposite bank. Down go the whole band, then, like a house of blocks tumbling against one another in the pitchy darkness of the hollow, among stones and boulders. Only two men and Mr. Alden through more care and better management are able to keep on up the other side, but the latter's horse, with his double load, is longer reaching the level and the two herders are already in hot pursuit. One gains head rapidly, then is lost sight of in the shadow of a hill, then the forms of pursued and pursuer are sharply outlined against the starry horizon, they see the herder gather up his rope, rise in his stirrup, his body bends forward—once—twice—three times goes the lariat about his head—whiz-z-z—the trained horse comes to a standstill, throws his weight on his haunches, and over tumbles Giacomo, skirts and all, with a thud, having saved his worthless neck from another rope by throwing up his arm as the lariat went over him.

Sputtering Spanish curses and calling upon all the saints of his calendar for revenge, he was securely tied and fastened on his wearied horse, which was soon caught. The party then retraced their way to the house to seek for Robert, as they could get no information from the Mexican, who had relapsed into a sullen silence. Lucy was crying and her father's lips tightened as they reached home again, just as Rob came around the house with a bucket of water in his hand.

"Well, missy, where did you fly off to? I thought you'd joined old *señora* on her broomstick. I guess you weren't as thirsty as you made out."

But didn't his eyes open at news of the captured bird, and wasn't his sister Lucy a heroine though? Yes, for not only at home but throughout the section, long after Giacomo had met his just deserts, was that plucky girl of Alden's bragged on.

A pony, a saddle, a beautifully ornamented quirt and many rare flowers were made presents to her by admirers, and Lucy began to find out how much of life's pleasant side she had been missing.



## MISSING.

By BUSHROD WASHINGTON JAMES.

THE papers were scanned each morning  
With eagerly anxious eyes,  
For the war-cloud had frowned its warning—  
Had broken and dimmed the skies;  
There were echoes of cannon rattle,  
And news of the fearful strife,  
Where the gain or the loss of battle  
Was freighted with loss of life.

A victory won! Cheer madly!  
But gaze not the stained field o'er,  
For Freedom's fair robes are sadly  
Begrimed with the smoke and gore!  
There are faces in calmest slumber—  
That never a soul shall wake—  
There are wounded and maimed whose number  
Will many a rollcall break!

There is shrieking, and sad, low moaning;  
There is agony all suppressed;  
There are pitiful cries and groaning,  
And sighs from the sore distressed!  
The banners are torn and spattered  
With powder and trampled mud;  
And oh! there are garments tattered  
And reeking with precious blood!

But the battle was won, and flying  
The news of the war was sent;  
While over the dead and dying  
The pitiful moonlight bent.  
And over each long, slim column,  
"The Wounded," "The Missing," "The Dead,"  
Bent eyes with expression solemn—  
O'er-dimmed with the tears they shed.

Are they resting beneath the river,  
Forced down by the rushing foe,  
With never an eyelid quiver  
To show that they feared to go?  
Some day will we see them coming  
Maimed, pallid, and almost dead?  
Ah, hope in the heart is humming,  
It lightens the aching head!

Oh, tell us where we may find them,  
Our brave ones who went away!—  
Whether chains of the foeman bind them  
Or Death holds them in his sway?  
We hope, and despair, and ponder,  
And search where the battle led—  
Heart-weary our spirits wander!  
Ah, "Missing" is worse than "Dead!"



STATE CAPITOL BUILDING AT DENVER, COLORADO.

"THE QUEEN CITY OF THE ROCKIES."

DENVER, COLORADO, THE VIGOROUS YOUNG METROPOLIS OF THE MIDDLE PLAINS AND MOUNTAIN COUNTRY.

By CHARLES THOMAS LOGAN.

AMERICAN CITIES SERIES.—XIII.



"PEACE"—A RELIC IN CITY PARK.

is historic, much that is architecturally modern and beautiful, and everything that is progressive and lively. Topographically it is a rolling plateau, while to the North and Northwest begins the Rocky Mountain range, boldly overshadowing Denver. These great mountains appear to be within easy walking distance, though it would tax the strength of the hardest pedestrian to make the trip to the foothills in half a day, and he would have to put forth extraordinary energy to do this and return. It is ten miles to the foothills,

THE City of Denver is one of the most interesting places in America. It is a typical creation of the great West. In itself the city presents features that are unique, a great deal that and fully thirty miles to the mountains themselves. The story goes that an Englishman once thought so little of the task that he started out to walk to the top of the adjacent mountains

before breakfast. Returning about 4 p. m., he had not reached the ascent beyond the foothills, and concluded he had encountered his first mirage.

The transparency of the atmosphere in Colorado is remarkable, and distances are deceptive accordingly. As for the scenery, the views around Denver are not surpassed anywhere, and trips into the mountains make revelations which are the delight of the beholder. Pike's Peak, perhaps the most famous of American mountains, is seventy miles from Denver, but is plainly visible, with its snow-capped crest, while frequent trains from Denver and Manitou make the ascent possible in one day. The scenery along the Pike's Peak Trail cannot be surpassed anywhere in the world for its inspiring grandeur.

That wonderful feat of engineering skill, the Cog-railway, which runs from Manitou to the very summit of Pike's Peak, is a life's recollection to have made it. The writer made this trip on the 7th of



VIEW IN SEVENTEENTH STREET.



SIXTEENTH STREET, SOUTH FROM CALIFORNIA STREET.



THE DENVER CLUB.

August last, leaving Denver in the early morning, and landing at three o'clock in the afternoon on the summit, amid a violent snowstorm, an experience both novel and startling. The thermometer dropped suddenly to 30°, and in a few minutes there was over half an inch of snow on the rocks around. There need be no fear in taking this exciting ride on the Cog-railway, as every provision has been made by the builders for the absolute safety of passengers. The distance to the summit is nine miles, and the time occupied in making the trip one hour and a half.

Just at present the City of Denver is the object of more than the usual national attention, owing to the fact that the recent defeat of the silver movement was considered a hard blow to the mining enterprises, and interest centered upon the question of what Denver and Colorado were going to do under the existing conditions. Nothing, however, that ever happened in their history has done more real good for the city and State, for, outside of the natural interest the people feel in politics as a matter of patriotism, at the same time they are now more than ever awakened to a realizing sense that the silver mining resources of the State are not all its interests by any manner of means. In fact, manufactures, agriculture, horticulture, coal, iron, and other industrial interests now so far outstrip the mining of gold and silver and other minerals that, were all the latter entirely eliminated from the output, the State would still be self-sustaining. The development of Colorado has progressed with such remarkable vigor within the last few years that its increased wealth comes now, not only as a surprise to the State itself, but also as an unanswerable argument to prove that the City of Denver is too cosmopolitan, and its own and tributary resources too great to be dependent upon anything like either class pr



TWO VIEWS IN SHERMAN AVENUE.

duction or class politics. Manufacturers are coming into the city rapidly, and most

of the common necessities that have been manufactured in the East are now made in Denver. This state of affairs is highly gratifying to the people, and has been the means of increasing confidence among all classes. The manufactured product of Denver alone is now above \$40,000,000, including smelting. This embraces the products of splendid cotton mills, paper mills, soap works, tobacco factories, engine and boiler works, roller flour mills, and many others. All of these industries are not only paying, but they are constantly adding to the commercial importance of Denver, and are succeeding beyond the hopes of the promoters.

In Denver one finds almost an ideal location for a city, and the visitor looks upon it as one of the most admirable communities in all this country. The enthusiastic opinion of people coming to Denver is largely responsible for the extensive advertising and prominence which have been given to the beauty and attractiveness of the city. Indeed, there is not much to be desired that Denver does not possess in the way of natural beauty and attractions. The residences, as a class, are finer than have ever been

constructed heretofore in any American city of similar size, and no one has ever visited the city without being filled with admiration for the residential sections.

Of the climate much has been written, and it seems to be so out of the ordinary in point of recuperative toning and upbuilding power that its benign influence can be justly celebrated. There are thousands of people who came to Colorado physical wrecks who are now splendid specimens of physical perfection, and are walking around, fitting answers to the inquiring mind about the climatic benefits to residents. While much of the prosperity of the State is directly attributable to the climate, certain it is that the future promises it shall not be a greater or more important factor than its other resources. The Eastern and Middle States are now rapidly dropping their quota of the thousands who are coming into Colorado, and the future upbuilding of this section must naturally be dependent upon the influx of people who come not only to take advantage of the health-giving climate,



SHERMAN AVENUE.



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING.

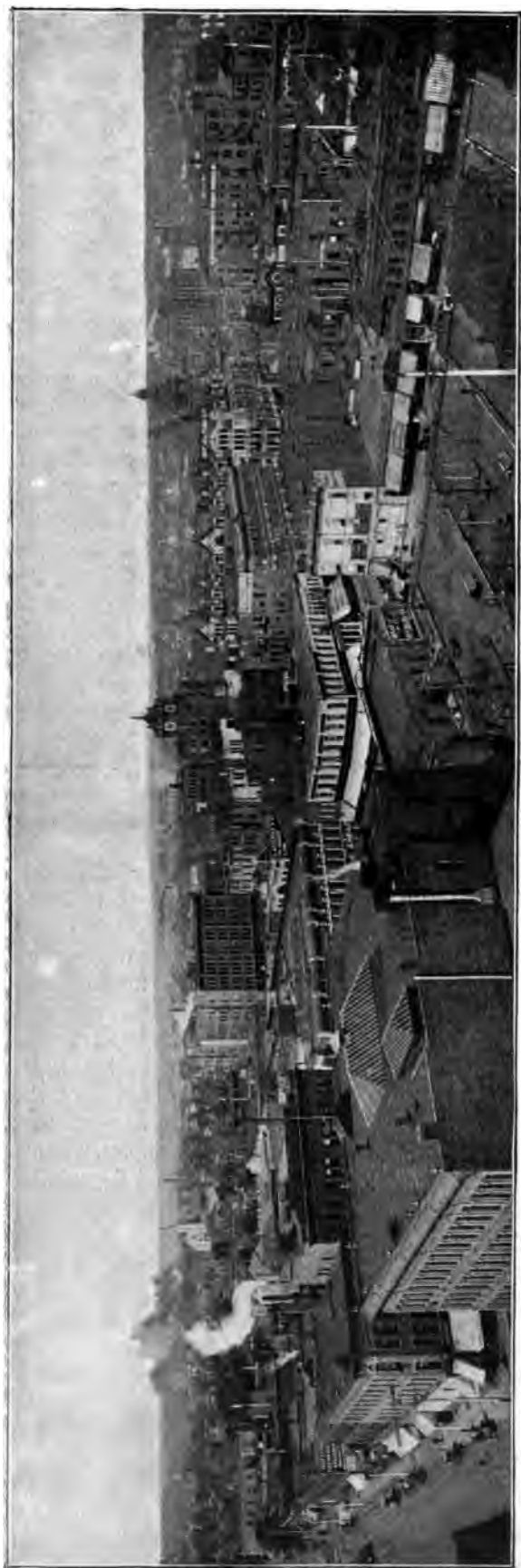


ARAPAHOE COUNTY COURTHOUSE.

but also to be in proximity to a State whose resources seem to be absolutely without limit.

Colorado is about twice the size of the six New England States, having over 103,000 square





SECTIONAL VIEW OF DENVER FROM EQUITABLE BUILDING, LOOKING NORTHWEST.

miles, and yet there is only a population of 600,000 against over 6,000,000 in New England—only ten per cent. as many people. But it is not expected that there will be the same conditions thirty years from now, for, if the present rate of increase be carried on, Colorado will pass New England's present population within that period. There is not only no section of the country more rapidly filling up than Colorado and the central section of the country that is tributary to the State, but no other State or section is doing so much in the way of accumulating material, wealth and capital. In the year 1897 alone Colorado added more than one hundred millions of dollars to her capital, which is more than two hundred dollars per capita—a greater increase than was ever exhibited by any State in the history of America. Scarcely two score years of age, and known as the "Centennial State," having been admitted to the Union in 1876, Colorado is doing more, relatively, than was ever performed by any other American commonwealth within a similar period. New York, Georgia, Illinois, Massachusetts nor Texas—in fact, none of the States can show an equal record with Colorado in point of material progress within the twenty years from the date of admission to the Union. But the signs are if the past double decade has been a prosperous era the future promises to be most startlingly brilliant. It would be impossible to imagine a greater number of conditions more favorable to the promotion of important human achievement than those existing in the State of Colorado. The soil produces absolutely everything required for the wants of man, and there would not be the slightest necessity lacking were there existing a state of siege in time of war. Everything that is needful for man is produced within the borders of the State, including all manner of natural products; every variety of manufactures; every known classification of ore or minerals; steam engines, machinery, electric plants, bicycles, and a world of other things.

Of the untold wealth of Colorado there seems to be no adequate data to set a limit. The gold, silver, marble, iron, copper, manganese and nearly all other minerals, including vast deposits of bituminous and anthracite coal and lignite, are so voluminous that the mind pales in its vain effort to grasp the possibilities when once the real development of these enormous resources is once fairly begun. At present there is no impression made upon these great riches, except upon the surface, and there are enough deposits of coal, iron and minerals to keep the world engaged for one



thousand years. The finest statuary marble to be desired is found in great quantities, while building stone—the finest gray granite and brown sandstone—are as plentiful as common earth. It is estimated that there is more than enough building stone in Colorado to rebuild every city in America, if not in the world, including the paving of every street and roadway. The State

East of the joys of this Western world. Agriculture, which did not at first attract the settler, because of the lack of atmospheric moisture and rain, is now receiving more attention than perhaps any other class of interests owing to the introduction of irrigation, and the future appears to be inviting enough to make this the real farmers' El Dorado of America. Nature has proven that she has her compensating benefits in all her works, and when she ruled that rain should fall only to the extent of ten or fifteen inches yearly in Colorado, thus making it apparently almost like an arid region, she at the same time provided what is better than rain for growing crops—plenty of available water for irrigation; so that the Colorado farmer is not dependent upon the fickleness of weather for a certainty of crops. Moisture comes to the farmer in this section at the bidding of man, and garnered harvests are never failing.

The stories of the cultivation and growth of fruit in Colorado are more like romance or fiction than reality, and one reads of the wonderfully quick results produced by the intelligent planting of fruit trees and their subsequent crops with something akin to wonderment. It is no uncommon thing for farmers in Colorado to become well-to-do in a period of five to seven years. There is no other land in this country where results are so absolutely certain, and no other State where the farmer enjoys better facilities for marketing his product and thus reaping the very highest prices for his labor. Colorado fruits and melons are now commanding better prices than California products of the same kind; and Colorado lands are producing about the same grade of fruits as California, with several days advantage in shipping fruits to the Eastern market, while there are many who think the flavor of the Colorado product much better than in any other country. Peaches, pears, melons, apples, plums, dates, grapes, all the berry family and the smaller fruits, are cultivated to the extremest degree of perfection in size, color and flavor. It usually requires from two to three years when the seedling tree is planted before it commences to bear. In four or five years any orchard of apples, peaches or pears is not only self-sustaining but profitable. A more adequate idea of the growth of this particular branch of Colorado industry may be known from the fact that in 1897 the value of the fruit product was two millions of dollars, the majority of the orchards producing this value being not to exceed six years of age. There are now planted enough orchards and



1. WOLFE HALL. 2. INTERIOR OF WOLFE HALL.  
3. McMURTRIE BUILDING.

Capitol building is constructed of the richest gray granite that ornaments any public structure in this country. People from the East who see the magnificent brownstone hotels and office buildings wonder if it did not all come from Connecticut.

These conditions make an enthusiast of every man who has come to the State to make it his home, and he invariably writes to friends in the

vineyards in the State to make with in the next three years the value of the fruit product reach more than ten millions of dollars.

Of the record of the State of Colorado it is enough to say that the year 1897 was by far the most prosperous in its history, unless the year 1898 be excepted, it being expected that this year will add, at least, fifty per cent. to the prosperity of the preceding year. Notwithstanding the cry of hard times all over the Union, the last three years have been so filled with prosperity for Denver and Colorado that the future can promise nothing but the most satisfying results. Having spoken of the increased addition to the wealth of the State for the last year, it is pertinent to mention that this money did not include the cash spent by thousands of tourists who annually throng the resorts all over the State. It represents, however, manufactures, mercantile capital, etc. It is interest-

ing to state that Colorado's gold belt of thirty thousand square miles of gold producing country reaches from Larimer County on the north to La Plata County. The partial failure of the Klondike excitement has naturally served to call attention to the gold mining resources of Colorado, and it is now certain that the tide of miners for the precious metals will be turned no longer toward the Arctic Circle but to the Rocky Mountain State of Colorado. The mineral output for 1897 surpassed all records since 1892, and exceeded that year by more than thirty-three and one-third per cent. The value of the agricultural product for

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1897 was more than \$40,000,000, and for 1898 will go over \$50,000,000. There has been a tremendous increase in the cattle and sheep industry, which last year amounted to more than \$7,000,000, and it prom-

ises to increase more rapidly than anything which has been shown heretofore in Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, or any neighboring State.

The supremacy of Colorado has never had greater emphasis than in

the reports now made of the gold product in the United States. After nearly fifty years of leadership, California has at last been forced to take sec-

ond place in the gold production of America. Last year, of the \$70,000,000 of gold produced, Colorado brought forth a total of \$19,000,000—nearly one third of the total; California coming second.

Of the country's product of silver, \$32,000,000, Colorado produced nearly one-half, or about \$14,000,000, Montana being second with \$9,500,000.

It is interesting to note that in the history and growth of the City of Denver the fact is plainly evident that prior to 1893 the city had outgrown the State of

Colorado; but since that year the State has evidently outgrown the city. Beginning at the year 1880, when there was an influx of railroads and the mining districts began filling up, the development of the live stock interest was formed and manufacturing interests started. At this time Denver had a population of only 35,000. In 1890 the population had grown to over 100,000. The new directory just issued gives the population as 175,000. From 1890 to 1893 Colorado and Denver prospered at a wonderful rate. The closing of the Indian and American mints against silver in the latter year



1. TWENTY-THIRD AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN. 2. ST. MARK'S EPISCOPAL. 3. FIRST CONGREGATIONAL. 4. CALVARY BAPTIST. 5. SHERMAN AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN.

SOME DENVER CHURCHES.



H. W. HOBSON.



DR. CHARLES DENISON.



C. S. MOREY.

caused a general depression over the entire country. Fortunately this did not last a great while, for with wonderful recuperative power Denver and Colorado have shown that nothing can withstand the tide of prosperity which has set in, and public attention has been in recent years directed to developing their unlimited resources which are everywhere available. Since 1893 Denver has been growing, until to-day the population is estimated at not less than 175,000. Business in all branches has been rapidly growing. Bank clearances show a wonderful change in the status

of commerce, being now about \$200,000,000 annually, while the improving values in real estate and the increased number of sales, and the rapidly growing number of building permits, together with a great scarcity of houses and stores vacant, the enlargement of many of the existing establishments—all these things point to a period of prosperity never before known in the city's history. There is no one who does not expect to see a population of 200,000 by 1900, and the most skeptical men in the city would frown at anything short of 500,000 population by 1907.

Referring once more to some of the possibilities, as well as to the present facilities for fruit-growing, it may be stated that there are now

1,250,000 standard bearing fruit trees, and that the young trees already planted will

reach a total of 9,000,000. If the California standard of \$5.00 per tree per annum be obtained, the next five years should see the annual fruit crop of Colorado worth as much as the entire mineral product of the State, or about \$45,000,000.

The recent decision of the railroads to give Denver better freight rate facilities to the Southwest has caused a remarkable increase in the jobbing interests, and Denver has at once jumped into the position of being a formidable competitor of St. Louis and

Chicago throughout the Territory of Arizona, Texas and New Mexico. These rates which have been established make it possible for goods to be delivered through Denver jobbers at a saving over what the same goods cost delivered from other commercial centers. There is evidently a disposition among the railroads to make Denver a distributing point rather than merely a consuming station, and the present indications are that the near future will find the city not only a great manufacturing city, but also a center where the jobbing and wholesale trade must run into the hundreds of millions yearly.

As a financial center, Denver ranks among the best in the country, there being nine National



J. A. THATCHER.



JOHN B. CHURCH.

SOME DENVER RESIDENCES.



"THE HOME," NORTH DENVER.

coming for many years into Colorado, and this has been increasing at a surprisingly rapid



RESIDENCE OF REV. FREDERICK W. OAKES,  
FOUNDER OF "THE HOME,"

and State banks and one trust company, which carry now nearly \$30,000,000 of deposits, and are as safe institutions as any in the land. One, the First National Bank, is the third largest in the United States outside of New York City. This bank carries \$12,000,000 of deposits, and is rated with the safest. The Colorado National Bank has about \$7,000,000 in deposits.

Denver is rapidly coming to the front as a railroad center. At the beginning of the Civil War it had the population of a mere village, and was more than seven hundred miles west of the nearest railroad station, and it was not until 1870 that the Denver Pacific gave the city its first railway connection, running to the main line of the Union Pacific at Cheyenne. There are now more than five thousand miles of railroad in Colorado radiating from Denver, including eight trunk lines: the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, the Burlington, Union Pacific, the Rock Island, the Colorado Midland, the Denver & Rio Grande, the Missouri Pacific and the Union Pacific, Denver & Gulf railways. These railroads have direct communication with Eastern, Western and Southern lines, which give an aggregate of 26,000 miles of railroad radiating in all directions from Denver. The schedules over most of the main trunk lines are admirably adapted for fast travel, it being now only twenty-eight hours to Chicago and fifty-two to New York City. The railroads are directly responsible for the greatest portion of the tourist travel which has been

rate of late years. The money spent by tourists annually in Colorado runs up into the millions.

Of no one thing is Denver more legitimately proud than of her public school system and general educational institutions. There are in the city fifty-five public schools, which have an average daily attendance of nearly 25,000 pupils. There are four hundred teachers, and the value of the public school property is estimated at \$3,000,000. No city in the country has finer public school buildings than those in Denver.

There are three splendid high schools, which cost \$700,000, and in addition there is a manual training high school, which cost about \$100,000; the latter requiring about fifteen teachers, and now has about four hundred pupils. There are also a number of universities, among them the University of Denver, Jarvis Hall for boys, Wolfe Hall for young ladies, Sacred Heart College, Westminster University and a woman's college, the latter two not yet open.

The University of Denver is one of the finest educational institutions of the West, and is divided up into nine departments, there being the College of Liberal Arts, School of Music, Iliff School of Theology, School of Law, School of Dentistry, School of



TRINITY METHODIST CHURCH.

Pharmacy, Graduate School, School of Medicine and Preparatory School. The faculty numbers one hundred and ten, and contains some of the most noted educators in the country. William Frazer McDowell, Ph.D., S.D.T., is Chancellor of the University, and is recognized as among the foremost men of his profession in America. The University is dominated by the Methodists, although it is non-sectarian in its instruction. The attendance is now about six hundred pupils, and they have come from every State in the Union. This university is the owner of the celebrated Chamberlin Observatory and Telescope, situated on an eminence some six miles south-

compliment, as the record of the Chamberlin Observatory in making planetary discoveries has of late years been remarkable.

Wolfe Hall is one of the best appointed schools for young ladies to be found. It is situated more directly in the central portion of the city. It has an able corps of instructors, and is classed as one of the most satisfactory institutions of the kind in the West. Its buildings are large and artistically built, thoroughly well appointed with every modern convenience, and would be a credit to any community. Jarvis Hall, an Episcopal military school for boys, is another one of Denver's high-standing institutions.

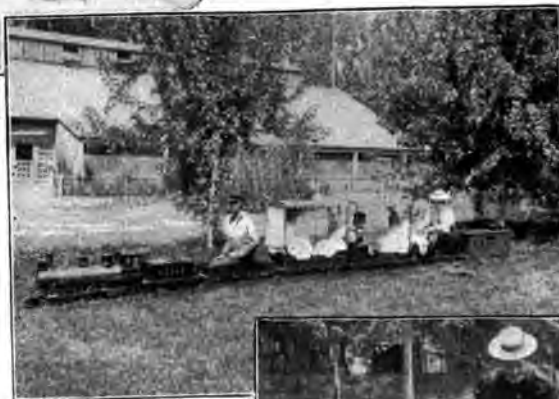
Architecturally, Denver is considered one of the most beautiful and imposing cities in the country. The business center will compare favorably in point of fine buildings with Cincinnati, St. Louis, and that class of cities. The Equitable Building is built entirely of white tile and granite, and cost a little over \$2,000,000. It is nine stories, and said to be one of the finest office buildings in the world. Then there are the Boston Building, the Ernest and Cranmer Building, the Cooper Building, the City Hall, County Court House, the Denver Club, the University Club, Tabor Opera House, Post Office, and a number of other structures built in massive architectural design, and attractive in forming

the *tout ensemble* of Denver's business center. A magnificent new building, the Government Mint, is now under process of construction, and will cost \$500,000. All of the country tributary to Denver—Colorado,



THE BEAR PIT.

east of the city. Owing to the clearness of the atmosphere in Colorado, this observatory takes rank among the finest in the land. There are only two other telescopes in America larger than the Chamberlin, and but one of the others possesses any advantage owing to the clearness of the atmosphere, as just remarked. Recently a member of the faculty of the University of Christiania, Sweden, has been to America for the purpose of making examinations into the merits of American telescopes, and he decided that the one at Denver should be among the number. Denver educators feel especially interested in this

MINIATURE RAILROAD.  
ELITCH'S GARDENS.

ELITCH'S ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.





EQUITABLE BUILDING.

Utah, Wyoming, Nevada, New Mexico and Texas—will probably send almost all their mineral product to Denver when this mint is completed. It is said that a movement is on foot for the establishment of a Government Sub-Treasury when the mint is finished. It is probable that the pensioners who are now paid from Topeka, Kansas, will be paid from Denver.

The retail stores of Denver are of the finest quality, and make an excellent appearance and good impression upon the stranger. These stores—department stores, many of them—would be a credit to any city of larger proportions.

Of the mineral empire which is tributary to Denver much could be said. Since 1859 the State has produced more than \$180,000,000 of gold besides the silver. Much of the gold and silver ore carries considerable quantities of copper and lead, and since the period named (1859) more than \$90,000,000 has been mined in copper and lead. The gold fields are one hundred miles wide by three hundred miles long, and, according to the statistics of the United States Mint, there are more than twenty gold-producing counties, and there is enough of the precious metal still unmined to pay off the national debts of Great Britain and the United States. So that for two hundred years to come it is expected that the mining of gold and silver will continue. There are also in Colorado eighteen thousand square miles of coal-fields, which include bituminous, lignite and anthracite. The develop-

ment of the coal area is yet in its infancy, although in 1897 nearly 4,000,000 tons was mined. Nebraska, Kansas, and other neighboring States use about 1,000,000 tons of Colorado coal annually. The Colorado Fuel & Iron Co., at Orient, Saguache County, is the owner of fine iron mines, where are produced an average of 700 tons of good quality ore daily, all of which is shipped to the works of the company at Pueblo.

This company has a number of other iron mines in Colorado and at different points, and its contracts for 1898 include orders for \$2,500,000 worth of steel rails, merchant iron, etc., of their Colorado ore. This plant is worth about \$7,000,000. Colorado



FIRST NATIONAL BANK.



PRESIDENT'S ROOM.

is the only State having all the material for making steel.

The decrease in the production of silver and lead in the State has been more than made up by the additional production of gold and other minerals. The following table gives a clear idea of the rapid increase of gold production in Colorado:

1890.....	\$ 3,636,215
1891.....	4,016,229
1892.....	4,767,880
1893.....	5,539,021
1894.....	10,616,463
1895.....	15,013,434
1896.....	15,110,960
1897.....	19,000,000
1898 (estimated).....	26,000,000

There is also in Colorado the Florence oil field, which has a capacity of about two thousand barrels of crude petroleum daily, or enough to





F. E. EDWARDS ARCH. CO.

supply Colorado and half a dozen adjacent States.

An idea of the cosmopolitan make-up of the city of Denver may be obtained from the fact that according to the census of 1890, when Denver had 106,713 inhabitants, there were 81,249 native born, and 25,464 foreign born; of this, however, only 15,282 were born in Colorado.

The percentage of American born people in Denver was then 76.14 per cent., a larger percentage of native Americans than any other American city, Cincinnati ranking next with 75.95, St. Louis with 74.57, New York 59.02, and San Francisco 57.59. There were at that time from New York State, 8,545 people; Illinois, 7,623; Ohio, 6,731; Pennsylvania,

5,477; Iowa, 4,899; Missouri, 4,577; Indiana, 3,093; Kansas, 2,662; Massachusetts, 2,148; Michigan, 2,021; Wisconsin, 1,963; Kentucky, 1,596; Nebraska, 1,381; Maine, 934; Virginia, 855, and Connecticut, 807.

As has already been mentioned, Denver is a city of beautiful homes, and all of them, whether large or small, are generally well constructed and well appointed with all modern conveniences. It is said that there is a larger percentage of home owners than in any other American city. Denver contains forty-nine square miles of territory, and there are eight hundred and twenty miles of streets, with an average width of eighty feet. About thirty miles of streets have so far been paved, but there are existing contracts for many miles more, and many of the finest thoroughfares are now being laid with asphalt and other kinds of paving. The city is built almost exclusively of bricks and stone, there being legal hindrances against frame structures. Architecturally the buildings, including public and private,

are not surpassed anywhere, the architects of the city being of exceptional ability. Nearly all the homes are provided with lawns and shade and breathing space. The shade of Denver is a special feature in the ornamentation of the city; trees growing with great rapidity and luxuriance under the open sewer irrigation, which of necessity had to be adopted. When Denver was laid out it was as bald as the plains over which the cattle roamed,

but it is all now as

shady as a dell of Wisconsin. In fact, the writer does not know of another American city so well shaded as Denver.

The water problem of American cities has always been one of the serious matters of municipal government. To secure an absolutely



1. BROWN PALACE HOTEL. 2. PARLOR. 3. OFFICE ROTUNDA.



RESIDENCE OF J. E. RHODES.

pure supply from an unquestioned source has puzzled engineers all over the continent, but Denver has obtained, through the Denver Union Water Company, a pure supply direct from the Rocky

Mountains, with their perpetual snow-capped summits. This company is under contract with the city to supply water for all the demands for fire, domestic and other purposes, and the system is considered by experts to be a model one, and as such it has been visited by municipal delegations from other cities of the

either naturally or mechanically. A peculiar and interesting fact connected with this system is the supplying of filtered water for irrigation as well as for domestic purposes; all of the beautifully kept lawns and gardens of Denver being irrigated by the finest of filtered water. The present capacity of the waterworks is more than fifty million gallons daily. The present equipment is suffi-

cient for a city three times the size of Denver, and the sources for future enlargement of the plant when necessary are unlimited. There is no direct pumping from rivers, as in many other cities, the water coming from underground sources in the mountains direct to reservoirs, of which there are five. Lake Marston, a beautiful body of water, some

twenty miles distant from the city, is used as a storage reservoir, having a capacity of five billion gallons. The company has about five hundred miles of water mains, with twenty-five thousand tap services and twenty-six hundred fire hydrants. The pressure is supplied by both gravity and pumps, and ranges from forty-five to one hundred and fifteen pounds. The controversies instituted against the company, and which have been pending for several years, have finally been settled by a suit brought by the City of Denver, which was on trial for over nine months, involving the question of



ELEVENTH AND PENNSYLVANIA AVENUES.



W. E. FISHER, ARCHITECT.

PAVILION, CITY PARK.

country, and notably by engineers of the American Waterworks Association, who have examined into its merits and methods. The water comes direct from the adjacent mountains and the quality is unsurpassed, being pure and wholesome and clear as a crystal. The supply is partially from underground sources, and is all filtered before being delivered to the consumers,



UNION PASSENGER STATION.

ates, the purity of the water supply, and the sufficiency of the pressure. The termination of this suit was in favor of the company, and resulted in the raising of the rates charged by the company, and in a decree declaring the whole water supply to be pure and well protected from all sources of contamination, and that the pressure was adequate to furnish an abundant supply of water for fire protection and domestic uses. The company has always paid its interest promptly and now that the litigation has been decided in its favor on all points the securities have recovered their market value and the bonds are in active demand.

There are several hundred acres of public parks, the largest and finest being City Park, on which much money has been spent by the city, and which is as handsome as any park in the West, surpassing many of the larger cities. The people of Denver are great lovers of outdoor amusements, and the summer evenings at City Park find it crowded with thousands who go there for a sail on the lovely lake, or to listen to the band concerts which are provided by the city and street railway company. There are three other places of summer amusements, including chutes, park, Elitch's Zoological Gardens and Manhattan Beach Park. At the latter two places fine stock companies are engaged through the summer season, presenting all the popular plays of the day, and with some of the best talent from New York in the casts. These places are well patronized, and Denver is credited with supporting more places of amusement than any city in the Middle West. There are in the city, also, four other opera houses

and theatres, including the Tabor Grand and Broadway, two of the finest playhouses in the country.

There are 150 miles of street railways in the city, operated by cable and electricity. About 25,000,000 passengers are carried yearly, and the lines are rapidly extending in all directions, thus building up the suburban districts.

Denver was the fourth city in this country to adopt electricity for illumination, and has two fine plants for this purpose, operating 75,000 incandescent lamps, 2,000 arc lights, besides furnishing 1,000 horse-power for motor-power.

The valuation of the property in Colorado is over \$200,000,000, and State warrants are always at a premium. The cotton mills of Denver turn out annually over 8,000,000 yards of cloth.

Denver is the largest ore smelting center in the world, turning out last year over \$25,000,000.

The State of Colorado owes only a little over \$1,000,000, and taxation is low.

The public schools own and have for sale



OVERLAND PARK CLUB HOUSE.



RACE-TRACK AND CLUB HOUSE.



ON THE GOLF LINKS.

nearly 4,000,000 acres of land. The Denver University has some of the finest lands in the State, which are sold as needed. The public schools of the city have 40 acres in the city worth \$2,000

per acre. Loretta Academy is one of the finest schools for young ladies in the West. It is under the auspices of the Sisters of Loretta, is splendidly equipped, its domicile being of magnificent architecture, beauty and proportions.

The press of Denver is admirably in accord with the spirit of prosperity and progress with which the section is imbued. There are two bright, wide-awake morning papers, the *Republican* and the *Rocky Mountain News*. There are,

also, two afternoon papers, the *Times* and the *Post*. To no one factor does Denver owe what she is to-day more than to the press, whose labors in behalf of the city's interests are never-ending, tireless and able. The Denver daily papers will compare favorably with those of the larger cities of the East and West.

No words could tell the story of Denver in a satisfactory manner. It must be seen to be properly valued. The people are progressive to a remarkable degree, and are untiring in their efforts to get the attractions and advan-



HAISH BUILDING,  
SCHOOLS OF LAW, MEDICINE AND DENTISTRY.

of locating many important public enterprises, and its efforts are now bringing into the city large sums of capital.



UNIVERSITY OF DENVER  
ILIFF SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY.

other in the country. They represent the brains and the cream of the East, and they

Taken as a class, the people of Denver are unlike any other in the country. They represent the brains and the cream of the East, and they are of the calibre that understands what progress really means, and they are leaving no stone unturned to get Denver and Colorado to the front. It is sure that the city is growing very rapidly — probably at the rate of 12,000 to 15,000 a year now, and the population will reach most commendable



CHAMBERLIN OBSERVATORY.

tages of Denver before the outside world. In this latter work, the city is ably championed by the Chamber of Commerce and Board of Trade, which is the greatest and most active commercial body in the West, with few equals anywhere. It has done great works for Denver, and the many conventions which have come to the city attest to the work it has accomplished. It has also been the means



UNIVERSITY HALL.

figures within a very few years. There is no boom on, but the growth is the natural result of systematic efforts in getting the resources of the section before the outside world.

The photographs illustrating this article were made especially for FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY by Charles Thomas Logan.

## OUR NEW TERRITORIAL EXPANSION.

By HENRY BALDWIN,  
CUSTODIAN OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

**T**HE War of Independence brought into being a new nation, establishing that which the world had never known before—"a government of the people, for the people and by the people." It was, and it is, freedom—liberty.

The war of 1812-14 severed completely America from Great Britain, made good the liberty purchased in the Revolution. It was not the power of the army that did it, it was the supremacy of the new power on the sea. The republic had become a nation.

The war with Mexico came; the Latin race in America demanded its place, but the result at the close established the fact that the Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-Celtic, was the dominant and the ruling power on this continent, and that this dominant power would hold and would all the time henceforth direct and control. The war for the Union came; the South was arrayed against the North; millions of men gathered on the field of civil war; great battles were fought, great victories won; the war came to an end, and many millions who had been all their lives in slavery were made free. The United States entered into the war with Spain. The American people saw, and the American Congress declared that its aim and purpose was solely to give freedom and independence to

Cuba; but almost the first event of the conflict was the naval battle at Manila, on the other side of the world, and the placing under the care of the American nation of ten millions of people in two thousand islands of the sea. Our little plan of "humanity" was undoubtedly good, but God Almighty's plan of liberty and human freedom is undoubtedly much better. It is His hand that has done this thing. It remains for us to accept the responsibility, to show our appreciation of His great kindness to us, and to be ready and willing to go forth, as is our duty to aid our new wards by the comfort and civiliza-



tion, the education and the liberty we ourselves possess. This work is evidently ours. We have been led to it by a full course of war training, and let every other peoples beware how they interfere or stand in the way.

It is by no means the



1 ELECTRIC LAUNCH, "GLADYS CHEESEMAN," WATERWORKS LAKE. 2. WATERWORKS PUMPING STATION AND LAKE. 3. SOURCE OF SUPPLY, DENVER UNION WATERWORKS, IN THE MOUNTAINS, SIXTY MILES FROM CITY. 4. DENVER UNION WATER COMPANY'S LAKE.





COLORADO IRRIGATING DITCH.

wish or the desire of the American people to enter into the field among the "land grabbers," and to spread out into great colonial possessions. We did not desire Cuba; we distinctly declared that the purpose of the war was not additional territory; yet the Philippines, the Carolines, the Ladrões, Cuba and Porto Rico are practically on our hands to be provided for and cared for by us. We do not want these islands; we have land enough for our present needs. What shall we do with them? Almost any thoroughbred American will say that the country is large enough, that if there be any addition to its territory it should be of that portions contiguous, not of islands far away. Ask these same Americans the question, What shall we do with the Philippines? Nine out of ten will answer at once, without hesitation, Keep them! These Americans would rise up in arms against any interference of any power in Europe or elsewhere that might desire to interfere. They are ours to use, we alone are to determine what shall be done with them. Let us alone and we "will show you a thing or two."

Now, as to the duty of the American nation: The Missionary, yes! but, it is not always the preacher of the Gospel that is needed first; the soldier may be for the time being the safest missionary, and the American naval expert and sailor stands just beside him. When these have shown their worth and impressed the fact upon the minds of the people as to the ability and the power of the American nation the one need then will be the coming of the American citizen, not the soldier with his gun, not the sailor with his immense fighting machine, but the individual man and his household who will introduce American ideas and American civilization to those poor people from a

practical standpoint. The American farmer will carry with him a plow, the American mechanic will bring his tools; books and newspapers will be sold, educators will appear, a new life will dawn, the people will begin to be free, and actually feel that Freedom is a real fact.

I believe it becomes the duty of the American people to overrun all these islands, and by so doing make them American. There are some things to be considered in this connection. The change to a tropical climate is not going to be suitable at once; precaution must be taken; care must be had. There are diseases to be shunned and combated. Yellow-jack and low fevers are not a pleasant welcome to a new home. Americans need to feel, understand and practically apply sanitary engineering. Too little are sanitary measures learned. Cuba, with its range of hills running through the whole length from east to west, ought to be one of the healthiest places in the whole world. The same might be said of most of the Philippines. With disease eradicated, with sanitary measures all over the new land, these spots would be the most lovely places for homes, for recreation and as points of resort.

I believe it is the privilege of the American people to do this and give the great round world a



DENVER ATHLETIC CLUB.



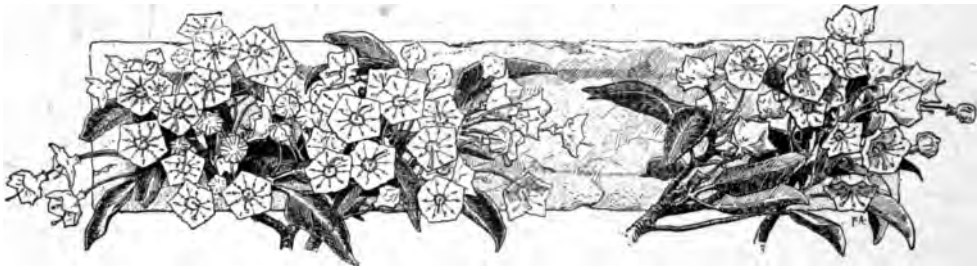
CURECANTI NEEDLE, DENVER &amp; RIO GRANDE RR.

"THE QUEEN CITY OF THE ROCKIES."—SEE PAGE 452.



lesson of preparing a new people in the formation of a new nationality. We do not want them to keep, but we do need them for the culture and the best interests of their people. When they have become ready and are prepared to accept the responsibility of their own government, I can see no good reason why they should not have the opportunity. No, we do not want them, but they require us, and God Almighty has placed them under our care. Let us do well the work He has placed at our hands.

Let the good work begin! Who is ready to be the first to go? Who can tell us something about these places that we do not know? Let us obtain all the information possible. There is money for our people in it. As certain as that England has become rich from India, so is it as certain that America and Americans are to prosper from their possession of these foreign lands. This is not all. It is designed to make the whole world better, and God has chosen the American people help largely in doing it.



### "ALL WE LOVE MUST DIE."

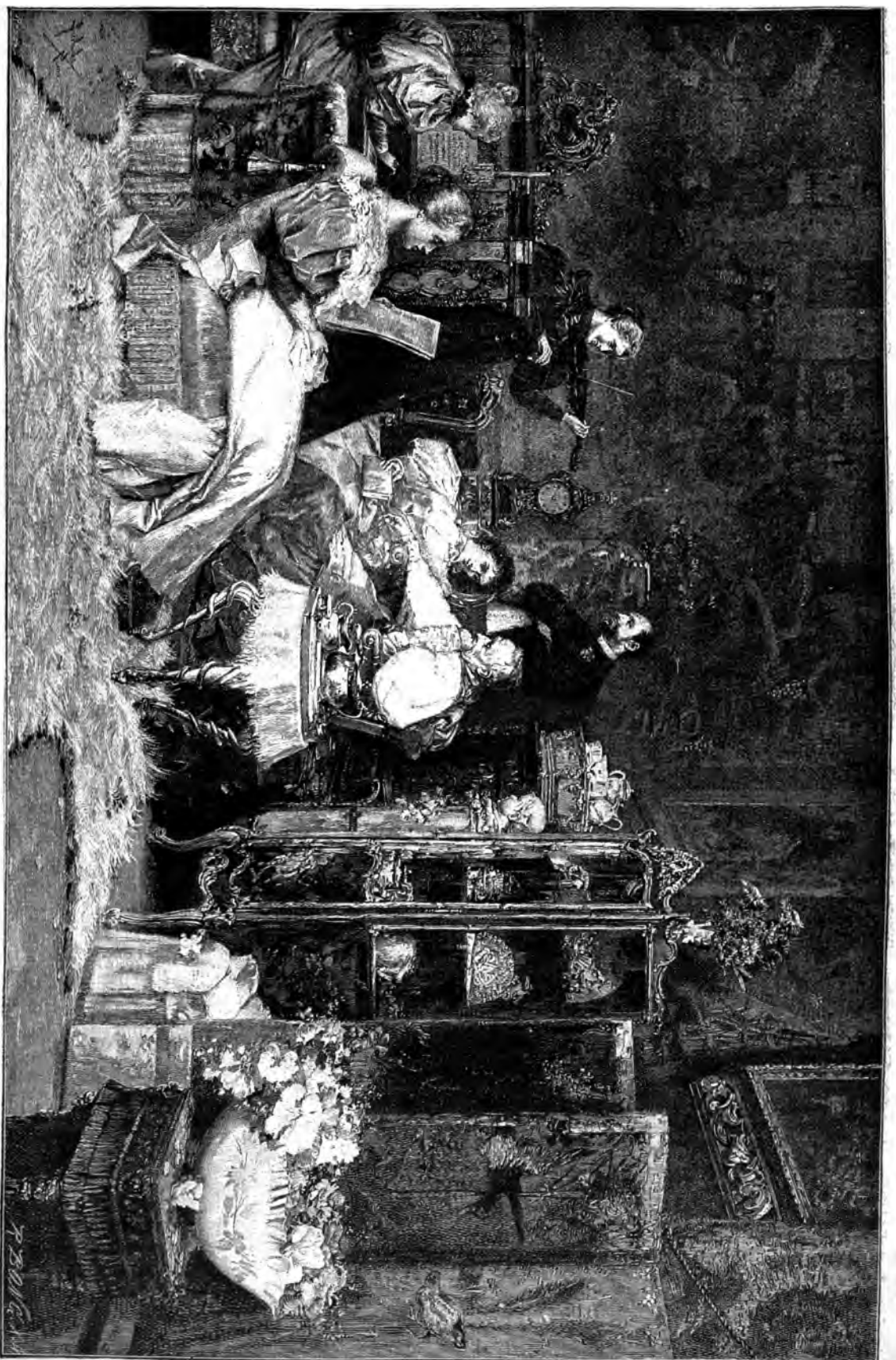
BY C. E. BOLLIES.

I HAVE heard it in the morning,  
 When the dew was on the flowers,  
 Like the notes of mystic warning  
 Creeping through the scented hours;  
 Writ in words that cast a shadow  
 O'er the crimson tinted sky,  
 Sad'ning knell of hope's bright visions—  
 Read it—"All we love must die."

In the noontide's perfect glory,  
 Song of bird and drone of bee,  
 When the breeze, with gentle murmur,  
 Stirs the wavelets on the sea—  
 Underneath the light and beauty  
 Comes that low and plaintive cry;  
 How it chills the heart's fond yearning,  
 Whispering, "All we love must die."

In the purple gloom of evening—  
 In the moonlight's tender glow,  
 When the shadows on the river  
 Softly come and softly go,  
 Still that mournful voice is sounding  
 Through the darkness hov'ring nigh,  
 And in dreams a haunting presence  
 Echoes, "All we love must die."

Weary of earth's carping noises,  
 Turn we to the inner voice,  
 And a sound triumphant rises,  
 Making every heart rejoice;  
 Over in that better country,  
 Just beyond the sapphire sky,  
 Tears no more will dim our vision—  
 Those we love will *never die*.



THE FAMILY CONCERT.  
FROM THE PAINTING BY S. BARREDO.

# FOR the BOYS and GIRLS



## A FEW PAGES FOR THE YOUNGER MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY:

### AN AMERICAN PRINCESS.\*

By EVELYN RAYMOND.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

##### A LITTLE MORNING TALK.

SO he thought, and that it would be death, certainly, when his protruding eyes beheld the dainty and deadly little revolver which Pat's brown hand held steadily before them.

"Lie still!"

Gasp, gurgle, protest, and a vain attempt to loosen the coil from his throat; then the ruffian was back on the floor, and the girl was binding his arms with a slip-noose, strong as steel and delicate as silk. A second later she had sprung to the bell and an electric peal rang through the whole apartment. Then she stood guard over him till help came.

Boden had more composure than any of them. It was Boden who summoned the police, relieved Patience from charge of the anarchist—whose impatience could not tarry the slow upheaval of society to make a "square divvy," and catechised everybody.

"For goodness sake, dear miss, where did you get that curious rope, and why? And a revolver? My, my! It's glad I am you happened to have it, but I never knew a real young lady——"

"And all other kinds of young ladies," cried Reuben, the butler, ungallantly. "They wer' a callin' her 'Princess,' in the noospaper the night, and it's royal she is! But, that same as Boden here, I saw never a rope like that."

"It's a lariat, *riata*, what you will. Old vaquero Carlos made it for me, and it took the prize for exquisite workmanship. See? It is of horsehair, and most beautifully fine. Dad advised me to keep it under my pillow at night in

case of fire, of which he is always a little afraid in a city. It was Carlos himself taught me to throw it. He is very skillful with a *riata*, and I should have done better if I'd had more room."

"You have done excellently well. Allow me to congratulate you!" said the civil policeman, who had taken the burglar in charge. "A little more room, and I think this man's case would have been settled for him."

"Well, I hope they'll not be hard upon him. Dad says that we must always keep and enforce the laws; that it is life-long regret if one does not; so I suppose he will have to go to prison. But if he's so poor, and will promise to give up thieving, I'll set him up in some small business where he can make an honest living as soon as he gets out again."

"Whe-e-w! That's not what I'd do. Come on, my man!" cried the policeman.

The next morning's papers bristled with the news, and the gleeful reporters hailed the advent of the "American Princess" as a godsend to Gotham. The utmost Mrs. Rutger could do was to deny herself and cousin to all interviewers, little dreaming that the silent Reuben was glorying in the "pluck" of his young lady, and giving the matter all publicity possible—to the same news-gatherers below stairs.

For several days after this exciting night Hortense insisted upon her charge "resting" in the retirement of her own home, going out only for a daily drive and to test the skill of a new coachman, on trial to succeed Dundreary. But seeing that the girl chafed under this unusual

\* Begun in the October number.

restraint, and believing that the subject of dress was one to interest any feminine creature, she called Patience into her boudoir to talk about clothes.

"For I noticed that you brought but one rather small trunk with you, so I suppose you intended getting all new things here."

"I intended nothing. That is, I had thought nothing at all about it. It's such a trifle."

"Trifle? Why, my dear little cousin, the art of dressing is the most serious study of most of our modern women. It is one which you, pre-eminently, should consider, since you are able to bring it to perfection. Indeed, I thought you had done so, for though I have seen you wear but few gowns, they have been remarkably tasteful and appropriate."

Patience sighed. Existence, as presented to her by this society matron, was a great bother.

"Dad says it is foolishness to have more clothes than one needs. I'm sorry if you are disappointed in the number I own, and I'll write for more at once if you'll tell me what to get."

"Bless your heart, when I can accomplish the purchase of a Worth costume I feel very well satisfied, I assure you."

"But, beg pardon, it seems you ought to feel ashamed. *Caramba!* If I don't consider that the country which is good enough to give me a home is also good enough to furnish the trumpery covering for my body I must be disloyal, indeed."

"Pat, we'll send to Paris for you. Loyalty has nothing to do with dress."

"Has it not? It seems to me it has everything. I was born an American. Every comfort I enjoy is American, and every dollar I own came out of America's soil or industries. All I can do to show my appreciation of all this is to be American in every thought, word and deed. You know what dad is. They tell me he is one of the richest men in the world. Well, when he had finished his collegiate course he had paid out the last dollar of his inheritance, and was as poor as any shepherd on Santa Paula Ranch. Oughtn't he to be proud of and grateful to his native land? As he is."

"Tell me what you know about his early days after he went West, dear?"

"With pleasure. The story isn't so much in the telling, only in its being true. After he left your father's bank—odd, that I didn't know about you for so long!—he went to California. He was a newspaper reporter for two years. Then he got work as a plowboy, afterward as a

caballero on Santa Paula. Only it wasn't Santa Paula, then, but *Todos Santos*—the Ranch of All Saints. It was my grandmother's property, but not one-tenth as large as it is now, and she lived there with Mamá, her only daughter. Dad and Mamá fell in love with each other, and *abuela* (grandmother) liked him, too. So they were married, and dad changed the name of the *hacienda*, because, he said, the 'one saint he had found was enough for him.' Then Abuela died, and I was born, and mamma died, too, when I was a year old; and—that's all. Only some of the old people about the place think dad is a real magician, because everything he touches turns to gold. But it is only that he himself is so good and noble that he has the wealth given him. He tells me that I hold such a grand trust I must never rest in my endeavor to discharge it worthily."

Hortense was silent. Was it possible that a man could so far outgrow a dishonorable past that he could live such a life and instill such a principle as this? Then she asked: "About your education, where have you studied?"

"At home. Mostly with dad. I am almost fitted for college, but he doesn't wish me to enter till I am twenty-one. He thinks I will be mature enough by that time to appreciate knowledge—book knowledge."

"But did you never have any teachers except my cousin?"

"I have had a half-dozen governesses and two tutors. But we couldn't keep them. One of the governesses was afraid of tarantulas; and one was cranky and wouldn't teach me according to dad's rules; and one tried to flirt—yes, she did!—with my dad, David. *En verdad!* You may believe *she* didn't tarry at Santa Paula! But the three pretty ones married caballeros and dad gave each of them a little home. Then he sent East for tutors, and the first one had the asthma, so dad sent him to San Diego to manage a raisin ranch and get well. The last one stuck to the books for two weeks, then he pitched them all down and told dad he couldn't stand it. That he'd been shut up in schools and colleges for ten years and he'd never known what real life was till he came to Santa Paula; that he wanted to get out into the sunshine and stay there for the rest of his life. So dad set him to irrigating, and tackled the teaching himself."

Hortense looked at her watch. "For goodness sake, child! The morning has gone and we've settled nothing about your clothes."

"Oh! that's no matter. Just tell me what I need and I'll order it. Dad had some models of

my figure made, such as modistes use, and there is one at the largest store in San Francisco, and one in Boston. All I have to do is to write—'and they do the rest.'"

"How delightful! and—easy! and—expensive!"

"It is convenient. But, now, if you are willing, I would like my lunch, for I'm going to the circus this afternoon."

"The circus! Going—to—the—circus!" gasped the scandalized matron, and sank back in her chair.

"Yes. I advertised for all the newsboys in the city to meet me at the door. I bought up all the disengaged seats in the house—practically all of them—three days ago."

Hortense Rutger actually fainted.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE REST OF THE ELIOTS.

WHEN Mrs. Rutger recovered her senses Boden and Clotilde were both attending her; and at first she failed to realize why she was lying on the lounge, her face deluged with cologne. When she did remember she nearly fainted again.

Hortense groaned. "Where is she now?"

"Gone. She called me first and said we were to tell you she was sorry you objected, that she wouldn't wait for lunch, and if she had thought about it in time she would have talked it over with you."

"And talked me over, too, I suppose she thinks. But—circus! Oh, Boden!"

"As it was," resumed the other, gently, "she said she 'couldn't break her word. She'd never again be able to look a newsboy in the face if she lied to him.' That was her way of putting it, ma'am. But the performance will be over and she be at home long before the dinner hour. Besides——" But seeing the distress in her mistress' face the housekeeper paused.

Besides, what? Boden, let me know the worst at once."

"Well, it isn't so 'worst,' as I think. It's right down generous and thoughtful. She dotes on newsboys, I do believe. She is always buying out their stock of papers and giving them back to be sold over again. And she got the reporter to help her."

"Wha-at? Who-o?"

"In the park, ma'am. There was a sick-looking fellow there one morning and she heard him cough. Then she went and spoke to him and found out that he'd been ill and lost his place; and he 'didn't have strength enough to

hustle any more, and a newspaper man who can't hump himself had better pass in his checks.' She sat down by him and talked to him a few minutes; and she told him that her dad owned two newspapers in California, and if he'd write an article she'd send it and get it printed, and would 'pay him magazine rates for it.' Does seem as if she knew the most about every sort of thing going, doesn't it!

"Well, about the reporter. It'd a done your heart good to have seen his face light up!

"'I'll be grateful to you,' says he, and then he looked doubtful like; 'for I've a wife and little boy depending on me.'

"In a minute it came to her, and she just clapped her hands like the simple young thing she is. 'Look here!' said she, 'I want to take the newsboys to the circus. I've been talking with some of them and they're all longing to go, but the poor little chaps can't afford it. Now,' said she, 'do you think your wife would go with me and help me? I'm David Eliot's daughter—you must have heard of him—and I mention it just to let you know that the money part of it is all right.'

"I tell you, ma'am, he fell in with it at once. Miss Patience says it was the reporter notion of 'getting onto a beat,' and she laughed like anything. 'Dad was a newspaper man,' said she, 'and don't you be afraid I'll give it away to anybody else! You just buy up the seats and advertise for the boys and attend to that part of the business, and I'll give you a check for the expense and your trouble.'

"And so, you see, the reporter and his wife are bound to take care of her. She said she was going to send them out to California, if they'd go, where he'd get well and her dad would give him plenty of work, as soon as this affair is off her hands."

"Why didn't you tell me this, Boden, since you knew it all along?"

"Well, you see, ma'am, I was afraid you'd put a stop to it."

"Boden, you may go now. Clotilde will attend to me."

An hour before dinner Patience returned. She was so radiant that her cousin could not but admire the sparkling creature, though she tried to veil her admiration under a cold stare.

"I never had such a good time in my life!" cried the girl. "Dear little fellows! I'd like to take every newsboy in town out to California and give him a burro or a broncho. They're all so jolly and smart! I wish that you had been there, and I hope that you are better."

"Thank you. But, Patience, I must speak to you, seriously. You *must not* do these unwarrantable things. For your own good, I repeat it; you *must* consult me about your affairs while you are here."

Anger chased the happiness of the girl's dark eyes, and she drew herself up to her fullest height.

"*Caramba! Guay!* 'Must,' 'must not,' 'consult'—continually, to—*me!* Such words were

invisible lot of humbugs who call themselves 'society.' Why, I've learned more this afternoon from those gamins than in all these other days from the people who drive in carriages to visit you. Look at dad. Isn't his wisdom a match for that of any other man living? Or did ever a dishonorable action stain his soul? No. Yet *he*, this man among men, trusts *me*. He has hurled no 'musts,' nor 'must nots' against my heart—not once! He says I have as good



"THEN SHE WENT AND SPOKE TO HIM, AND FOUND OUT THAT HE HAD BEEN ILL AND LOST HIS PLACE."

never heard at Santa Paula, from menial up to master. I—have I not been trained to hold myself mistress of myself? Has not *mi padre* always said that I should humble myself for nothing but wrong-doing? Have I done wrong? No. In verity, a thousand times, no! I have made some pitiful little faces gay for once, as they should be always gay were the world what it might be. *Es increíble* (it is incredible!) That a freeborn American must put her generosity into a straight-jacket lest she should shock an

a right to my personality as he has to his, and he is the more careful to leave me free because I am his child, and so under his authority, than if I were a stranger. Oh, dad—dad——"

The tirade ended in sudden tears, which were more than the warm-hearted Hortense liked to see. The girl had certainly sinned against conventionality and the social fitness of things; yet in any case the pitiful homesickness of Pat for "dad" banished displeasure from the chaperon's heart. In a brief time the impul-



sive girl and the society woman had their arms about each other, and two pairs of eyes, unused to tears, were winking troublesome drops away.

An agreeable diversion to this state of things was caused by the arrival of a messenger-boy with a note addressed to Mrs. Rutger and marked "Important."

Patience rose to go to her own room, but the chaperon's hand gently detained her.

"Listen to this, my dear. I am delighted. Now you will have young company whom, being relatives, you cannot neglect for all the city's scalliwags. My only brother, Harold, and his family have arrived from England and are at the Hotel Unicorn. Wait a moment, till I answer this, and I will tell you all about them."

The reply dispatched, Patience followed her cousin into the latter's dressing-room; where, while Clotilde arranged her mistress's hair, Hortense's tongue waxed eloquent.

"My brother left home before—before your father went West. He was there when the trouble— Oh, beg pardon! I mean he married there and into a very aristocratic family. My sister-in-law was Lady Genevieve Waldron, and she's a leader in society abroad. They come across here once in a while, but I was not looking for them this year. Still, I'm very glad; for she will be just the one to impress you with the importance of those social forms which are recognized as good, the world over; and there must be something sadly deficient in my own make-up, because—I don't impress you at all."

Mrs. Rutger looked around, smilingly, at the girl perched upon the window-ledge, and was puzzled by the varying emotions of amusement, surprise and contempt which her mobile face expressed.

"Why, my darling, aren't you pleased? There are three girls of them; the middle one, about your age, I think. She isn't 'out' yet, of course; but Madeleine, the eldest, made her *début* last season. She is very handsome and created a great sensation—so Genevieve wrote. She'll be somebody to pattern after, near your own age."

"Thank you, but I shall never pattern after anything foreign."

"Patience! What a prejudiced little girl you are! However, please go and dress, so that after dinner we can go to call upon them. The grace of such a thing is doing it promptly."

"Need I go?"

"You?" Mrs. Rutger was going to speak one of those obnoxious 'musts,' concerning Pat's duties to that "world" which did not peddle

newspapers nor even write for them, but she changed her remark into: "I *hope* you will go, to please me. I am very fond of my English friends."

"Oh, to please you I'd do anything possible," said the girl, sweetly, and danced away.

In the matter of appearance Patience had nothing to lose by comparison with her English cousins. The selection of her small wardrobe was perfect; having wisely been left to those furnishers whose knowledge of the art of dress was equal to Patience's own ignorance of the subject. But, had anybody told Hortense Rutger that she held her new charge dearer than her own niece's she would have been surprised; yet she was proud of the contrast between the graceful American, so simply and suitably clad, and the heavier, more showily garbed Madeleine and Gladys. Dorothy, the third girl, was too young to be considered of much account, and she was clothed in a striking plaid, ugly and unbecoming.

To please Mrs. Rutger, Patience met the strangers with a natural cordiality which would have warmed to response anything less formal than the society-trained English manner. As it was, although Hortense's note had informed the Harold Eliots of Patience's presence and position, the Lady Genevieve could not divest herself of a haughty disdain which at all times marked her intercourse with the world—a disdain rather of manner than of intention; for she was at heart a kindly woman, who regretted but one blunder in her life—her marriage with an American. However, having married him, she became the typical English wife, and rendered him that admiring respect which she withheld from everything else belonging to his country.

Save and except its "air." For "American air" she brought her English asthma across the sea whenever her native fogs became too suffocating, and the asthma was the cause of the present trip, which every member of the family considered a "dreary bore."

"It's so tiresome, you know, Hortense," said Harold Eliot. "Really, when we have everything else at home I don't see why we couldn't have a decent climate."

Patience turned round from a forced conversation with the two elder girls, and inquired: "What do you call 'home,' Cousin Harold?"

"Why, England, of course."

"Then I think you ought to be choked with asthma!"

"Why, why, my dear?" exclaimed the startled gentleman. Then he added: "Ah, I see!

You are one of those 'wild Western' girls we read about in American novels, who think—ah—brusqueness is that 'smartness' on which they pride themselves. A little travel will—er—broaden your views, and, as I—er—might say, subdue your manner."

"Do you think so? But I have traveled—a little. Dad and I have made the tour of the world, and we plan to go round again before I enter college. I *am* a Western girl, and proud of the fact; but, first of all, I am an *American*, as you were born, and—begging your pardon—I hope that I shall never shame my glorious birth-right by calling any other country 'home.'"

Hortense laughed and interposed: "My darling, please give Harold time to get into sympathy with his native environment afresh. Remember, he has lived abroad twenty-five years; you can scarcely expect him to feel as radically as you do."

The call terminated rather briefly; nor, during their drive home, did either Hortense or her charge have much to say; but, as they settled themselves in the drawing-room, the lady asked: "Well, how do you like them?"

"I liked little Dorothy. She's good-natured looking."

"And the rest?"

"They're well enough, except—beg pardon, I forgot."

"Dear Pat, say it out frankly. I shall not mind in the least."

"Except Mr. Harold Eliot. He isn't an honest man. Dear, dear! that's dreadful, isn't it? But——"

"But?" demanded the other, more amused than angry.

"It isn't that he behaves so shamefully about his fatherland; it is something in himself—in his creepy movement and his shifty eyes. Not once while we were talking together did he look me fairly in the face. If a body can't look a body squarely in the eye, he has something to hide. So dad says, and he has taught me to look for that sign among my herders and caballeros. I never keep a man on the ranch who has that furtive way of glancing."

"A Daniel come to judgment! You have known him but one half-hour, and I foresee that you will change your mind."

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### PLAIN SPEECH BETWEEN FRIENDS.

It was necessary that Patience should come into frequent intercourse with her hostess's friends, yet lengthened acquaintance but deep-

ened her dislike of Harold into a contempt which she was all too natural to hide, or even seek to hide. Also, for some reason—unaccountable to his sister—Mr. Eliot bitterly resented this manner instead of treating it with the indifference common from an older person toward the opinions of one so young. The two rarely met without a little dispute; and one morning, during a temporary absence of Mrs. Rutger, when Lady Genevieve and her husband called, the climax came.

The trouble began in a controversy regarding "higher education," Mr. Eliot ridiculing the idea of Patience taking a collegiate course, which he declared useless for any woman.

"But dad thinks just the contrary. He says I will be better fitted to meet the world fairly if I have the benefit of the most thorough instruction obtainable—especially in a case like mine, where there is a vast property at stake. If your son should be college-trained—you said that he was at Oxford now—why not I, who stand in the place of both son and daughter to dad? I fear making mistakes. In a way, the eyes of my countrymen will be upon me to see how I discharge my trust. My ambition is that they may be able to point to me with pride and say: 'She is ours.' Why, in the newspapers they call me an 'American Princess,' and I am proud of the title, because we are the only really royal nation on the face of the globe. Yet, if I am 'Princess' among such, I must be wholly royal. So dad says."

Lady Genevieve took up the talk. "I wonder why you chose such a vulgar term as 'dad.' But you are very proud of his money, aren't you? Though he was once poor enough. My father-in-law was at the expense of his rearing."

"Not half as proud as of his generous heart and honorable life."

"H'm! his youth was not—was not—so honorable."

"What do you mean?"

"No matter."

"Beg pardon, but it *does* matter. Do you think I don't know the story of my father's youth? But often you have said something like that, then stopped; and, somehow, you all seem jealous of him. Then, the other day, Dorothy asked me how I could love a 'wicked man' as I love my father. I wish you'd explain yourselves. It's so cowardly to stab a body in the back—like a low-down 'Greaser'!"

Lady Genevieve lost her temper. As Pat afterward tersely described it, "she got mad."

"See here, my girl! I've had enough of this

insolence! You a 'princess,' when your father——"

"Wife!" cried Harold, warningly.

"I will say it! Patience Eliot, your father was a thief! If he had his deserts he would now be wearing prison-stripes instead of gentleman's broadcloth!"

Harold sprang up with pallid face. "Genevieve! wife! No, no; don't believe it, child! It is—it is all past! It—oh, why couldn't you hold your tongue?"

"Because I was determined this arrogant young savage should get down to the level where she belongs! She's the most——"

"Genevieve Eliot, I command you to stop! You must not say one single word more. Here, put on your bonnet. The cab is at the door; go away at once!"

There was no longer anything supercilious or affectedly foreign about Harold Eliot. His voice had the rude sincerity of one driven to desperation, and no cowboy of the plains—worse, no brute of London slums—could have ordered his wife more roughly than now he this titled lady who bore his name; and she, because she was so utterly dumbfounded, immediately obeyed.

"Don't, Cousin Patience—don't look like that! Let me explain!"

"Hush! You heard what she said. You told her to be silent, but you did not deny it. Why did you not?"

"I—I couldn't!"

"You couldn't! Well, brave man and polished gentleman that you consider yourself, I tell you to your face it is a lie!—as plainly and entirely as you are one! There's a mystery somewhere, but I shall understand it. When I do, I'll make you retract those words your wife said, if I have to do it at the muzzle of my little revolver! She has done her best to make me the 'savage' she called me. Any woman, girl or matron, will fight even 'savagely' for whom she loves. My father is my world; he is above all sully by such as you. But you shall unsay that vile epithet, and be able to deny it when next I ask you."

Then she went out of the room to her own chamber, her one haven of refuge in this cramped city home; where, ten minutes later, her chaperon found her raging fiercely up and down.

The whole story came briefly out, without prelude or excuse. "He called *mi padre*—a thief! And I called him a—liar! That is all I can do—yet."

"Pat! my poor, passionate, untutored child!"

Hortense opened her arms, but the girl stood defiant of sympathy.

"*Caramba!* Don't pity *me!* I need it not. But, tell me, have you also had this horrible thought of dad?"

The lady turned her sorrowful, too truthful, glance aside.

"Why, cousin Hortense! You poor thing. But you need believe it no longer; it is untrue."

"My love, no wonder that the first shock of this discovery is terrible for you. But, remember that for all sin some atonement is possible. Your father's later life has atoned for his youth."

"Hush! It is a lie! A wicked, abominable lie! Don't talk, please. I loved you. I don't wish to say anything to hurt you. But I shall, unless——"

"Shall I go away?"

"If you will be so kind."

Mrs. Rutger went sadly out. The blow had fallen upon poor Patience, which those who loved her would have spared. What would be the result! Then she sent Boden to Patience.

"Boden, have you heard this dreadful thing?"

"Yes, my lamb."

"And—but, Boden, you don't look as if you believed it?" cried the girl, impulsively clasping the housekeeper's hands.

"No, dearie. It never was easy for me to believe anything like that of young master Davy, whom I've tended as an orphan baby. Him that was always more like a son to his old uncle than master Harold himself. I didn't *wish* to believe it; and so I didn't feel that I was *obliged* to—so long as I held my tongue."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

"You darling, faithful, precious woman! But first, I want to ask you a favor. Will you go out with me? And will you keep a secret, dear old Boden?"

"As many as you like. Both secrets and favors."

"Then, listen."

A brief, whispered conversation followed, and soon after the two went out of the house; but the housekeeper had notified Mrs. Rutger of their intention and promised faithful care over her wilful charge.

They passed the several hours of their absence in the private parlor of a hotel. Thence Patience dispatched a telegram to Mexico; and there they had lunch, awaiting a reply.

The outgoing message had been brief: "Dad, is it true?" But the incoming one was even more terse: "No."

It was a long day for Mrs. Rutger, and she was devoutly thankful when the absent pair returned.

"Well, my darling, I am so glad you are back and looking so bright." For she could not conceal her surprise at Patience's evident quick rebound from that suffering which had seemed so overwhelming at the first. "There is nothing so reviving as the fresh air."

"Why, certainly. It is unavoidable. It will not be as difficult as you think, though, dear. Well bred people always ignore such affairs as fully as possible. You may be certain the Waldron-Eliots will not refer to the matter again; and I wished you to do so only for once."

"I sorry not to oblige you, but I cannot. However, I can and will show you that I know how to conduct myself according to the best 'social rules,' of which dad and I once made a winter's study. *En verdad!* The same 'rules' were a senseless lot and mostly untruthful. That



"THAT CHIT OF A GIRL IN A WHITE GOWN, WHO ISN'T EVEN 'OUT' YET!"

"Yes, thank you, cousin Hortense. I do feel perfectly happy now; and will you forgive me, if you thought me rude this morning."

"I was not present, and know nothing save your own and Harold's stories; but, if you feel sorry for your brusqueness—let us call it merely that—to your English cousins, I hope you will be brave enough to tell them so."

"I am not sorry. Not the least bit in the world. I should again say exactly the same thing under the same circumstances."

"Patience!"

"Quite true. Yet, must I meet them again?" she asked.

is why I despise them so. Still, these foreigners of yours have called me an 'American savage,' and now they shall see that I am, also, an American gentlewoman."

That very evening the English family and Mrs. Rutger's were engaged to dine at a mutual friends. They went, of course, and all were as placid and gracious as if no sore spirits lay beneath their polished manners.

But it was Patience who bore off the palm of social victory; whose natural grace and simplicity, whose keen observations and ready repartees, and whose perfect *savoir faire* charmed and amused everybody.

Poor Lady Genevieve sipped her *consommé* and ate her ices with a bitter relish.

"That chit of a girl in a white gown, who isn't even 'out' yet!"

This peaceful state of affairs continued for ten days, during which time Patience and little Dorothy became fast friends. But one evening, at the expiration of this period, when the apparently amiable family had gathered in Hortense's pretty drawing-room, the portière was noiselessly pushed aside and Reuben ushered in a would-be unannounced guest.

Patience's eyes were toward the doorway, near which she sat, and Harold Eliot was at the further corner of the apartment; they, tacitly and invariably, placing themselves at the extremest distances possible. But both her eyes and his—one exulting and one terrified—flashed recognition of the new-comer.

"Dad, dad! I knew that you would come!"

"My darling! *Querida, mi niña*—my own loyal Pat!"

Hortense came forward, radiant of welcome, yet trembling with nervousness.

"David, this is an unexpected pleasure—so soon!"

"Thank you." But his glance turned from her and swept the room till it rested upon Harold Eliot, who shrank beneath its sternness. Strange that he did not add his greeting to that of his sister! Yet he uttered no word, and his blond, English-looking face grew hard and strained.

For the space that the two men gazed upon each other an ominous hush, like that before a storm, fell over the place. Boden paused in the act of arranging her teacups and Reuben forgot to retire. The rest seemed stricken motionless with apprehension.

"Daughter, what did they tell you?"

"That you were a—thief, *mi padre*."

David raised his hand as if it were enough, and his eyes pierced the soul of the man cowering in that distant corner.

"Harold, tell the story."

The other was mute.

"Then I must. But it would come with better grace from you."

"Dad, wait. He *shall* tell it!"

Patience sprang forward and confronted Harold. He saw, what the others did not, her hand slip down into a gay little satin bag which hung from her girdle. The action may have meant nothing, but to him it was suggestive.

"Hold on! I'll tell! I—it will be—a relief. Twenty-five years is a long time to bear the burden of such a secret——"

He paused so long that the menacing girl rallied him:

"Hurry up, time presses!"

"It is *I*—who am the thief! *I*—who robbed the vaults of my father's bank and beggared him in his old age. David found me out. It was David who saw that not the poverty—but the disgrace of knowing his only son a common thief—would break the old man's heart. I had stolen the money to go abroad and marry the titled lady to whom I was betrothed, and David said——"

The torrent of words which had fallen, when once the white lips of the man began their bitter task, came to a sudden turn.

"David," exclaimed Harold, piteously, "why—after all these years—force confession from me now?"

"Because so long as silence injured only myself silence was endurable—was best. When it touched *her*"—and he indicated his idolized child—"silence became a sin."

Ordered Patience again: "What did David say, then? Finish the story."

Harold obeyed and resumed.

"He bade me go. He said that he would take my shame upon himself and spare my father, whose heart would, indeed, break for a son, but would not for a nephew. When I was safely at sea, according to his plan, the robbery was fastened upon him, but he had disappeared. My father gave up his fortune. Nobody suffered, financially, save him; and—well, I must add one thing more: *The missing money was all returned before my father's death.*"

"By whom?" demanded Hortense, speaking for the first time during all that terrible scene.

"By the man who was supposed to have stolen it. By our—cousin David."

"Oh, Harold, and you—an *Eliot*!"

The face of Patience expressed a strange study. Unspeakable pride and happiness shone through the curiosity and repugnance with which she gazed upon the man before her. Then she turned to her father:

"Come, dad, let's go home."

"Yes, *carita*. But by the 'long way round,' the shortest route for happy folks. I came in our yacht *America*, and we'll go back to Santa Paula by way of a tour round the world. Just step across and ask Hortense and dear old Boden to go with us."

Boden's smile told her consent, but Mrs. Rutger sat with her proud face buried in her hands.

"Will you go, dear?" asked Patience, kneeling by the mortified woman.

"I cannot. My spirit is broken within me."

"But I have spirit enough for two, and I'll chaperon you! Don't you know that dad says that nothing can ever really disgrace us save the evil we ourselves commit? Yes, *mi padre*, I will surely yet persuade her to go."

As she did.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### CONCLUSION.

AS SOON as the yacht could be provisioned for the fresh trip this happy company sailed away from the beautiful harbor of New York to call at many another port, strange and foreign and infinitely interesting, before they finally came to anchor off Santa Barbara, on their own California coast.

There were Mrs. Rutger and Boden, the nobly ambitious Tulita with her wise governess, David, Long Mark, Gaspar and the "heart's delight" of all—Patience, the "American Princess." Their way was truly a royal one; not by any fanfare of trumpets and ovations, but by the deeds of generous love to suffering humanity which were left behind them, as the trail of the waters behind their white-winged boat.

"For Dad David said rightly, as he always does! There is never a spot on the earth but one may find somebody to cheer. Never a journey, even from village to village, but some face by the wayside may be made the brighter for our passing," quoth Patience, and she sung for the very gladness that was returned unto herself from the gladness she made all about her.

The year of travel was a wonderful one to Tulita. It seemed as if her intelligent being imbibed knowledge at every pore, and her always liberal charity for others—so different from that feeling commonly ascribed to her own race—expanded till she grew mentally into as perfect and royal a creature as she was physically.

When they all were safely home at Santa Paula they set immediately about putting into practical shape the plans they had formed during their long tour; and to-day, where was once the humble Indian village by the arroyo, stands a beautiful town. The houses are no longer built of adobe mud, but tastefully and conveniently arranged "model homes," such as one sees everywhere in thrifty New England towns, shelter busy and happy households. The people are still "Injuns" who dwell in these homes, but "Injuns" who command the respect of their white brothers the world over.

Nowhere in all America are better tilled farms than theirs; nowhere richer orange groves and vineyards, while their culture of the olive, in which the earliest mission *padres* instructed them, bids fair to rival that of Southern Europe.

The water which used to waste itself among the foothills of the Sierras is now brought down, as "Dad David" taught them, to irrigate their own rich land. They have churches for all; and for all, as free as the air they breathe, is that education which Tulita so longed for and so thoroughly achieved.

Tulita herself is at the head of the great agricultural college, and the zeal with which she inspires her hundreds of students is due to her infinite love for them. Other instructors they have in abundance—men and women far wiser in technical knowledge than Tulita ever hopes to become; and to these the Indian students pay all due deference. But it is Tulita they claim to be their guide, as they also still claim her to be the royal Princess de la Vega.

Yet with almost equal admiration they regard that other "princess," Patience, their adopted white sister, who spends a goodly portion of her time among her cherished protégées, and of whom they are never jealous when, as she sometimes does, she carries Tulita away to the great *hacienda* to pass a month or more. And the greatest curiosity among them all, to the transient white visitor, is the little Indian newsboy which Patience has evolved from the village urchin, and trained to be as fleet, as sharp and as well-informed as his prototype of the great Eastern cities. To hear this red-skinned little fellow call out in his native tongue, as he hops nimbly on and off the electric cars which already run through the streets of his native town, "'Er-ald, Times, 'Ibune—paper, sir?" is as amusing as it is also a powerful object lesson on the famous "Indian Question."

Quoth Long Mark, riding over the plain: "A question that's 'bout settled to my satisfaction, Ichy boy, so far as this partic'lar section of this mortal hemisphere is concerned. I've been all over the world more'n once, an' you with me, Ichabod, an' we ain't never seen a touchin'er or purtier sight nowhere than them two princesses of ours a-joinin' hands like sisters 'crost all the—the gen'ral cussedness of the past century or so. Little white hand and little red one, God bless 'em both! Tender of touch and true as steel, long may they hold close to the bond that's between 'em—Love! So long, Ichy boy!"

THE END.



## THE NEW FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

### AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO OUR READERS.

BEGINNING with the next (November) number, FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY will be changed—and, as we hope, improved—in form and dress. Its price will be reduced to ten cents per copy, one dollar per annum.

The change thus announced, radical and even startling as at first it may appear, is in the natural line of development and progress. It is strictly in accord with the unchanging *popular* character of this magazine. Twenty-five years ago, when FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, the pioneer of its class, was founded, the field and conditions were relatively the same as those now existing for the ten-cent illustrated magazine. Ten years ago, and even five years ago, practically the same conditions remained. To-day, the field of circulation is vastly enlarged, while at the same time modern improvements have materially lessened the cost of art-production, fine printing and paper. Good literature always commanded good prices, and always will; but there is more of it available now than ever before, and editors have far better opportunities for selection—particularly in the work of native American writers—than in times past.

There is no inconsistency, therefore, in our announcement and promise that the new FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY will be better than the old, both artistically and in its reading-matter, though offered to the public at only two-fifths of its former price. We do not expect to lose a single one of our present readers, but we hope to gain several hundred thousand more.

Mrs. Frank Leslie, whose association with FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY has been the chief factor in its success and fame, now resumes direct editorial control of the magazine, after three years' rest and sojourn abroad. This congenial work will occupy Mrs. Leslie's exclusive attention. Under her skilled and sympathetic guidance, the changes inaugurated in the long-time favorite illustrated family magazine will be in the line of development of the popular pictorial and literary features which have characterized it heretofore. At the same time, various novelties will be introduced. The tone and policy will be more than ever distinctively American, in the new, broad "imperialistic" sense."

As an indication of the literary standard to be set up and maintained by the new FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, we may be permitted to call attention to the following partial table of contents, embracing the

### FEATURES OF OUR NEXT (NOVEMBER) NUMBER.

**GREATER AMERICA.** Expressions of American statesmen and others—including SENATOR W. E. CHANDLER and COLONEL A. K. McCURE—regarding the new national policy of territorial expansion. With descriptions, maps and views of Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, etc.

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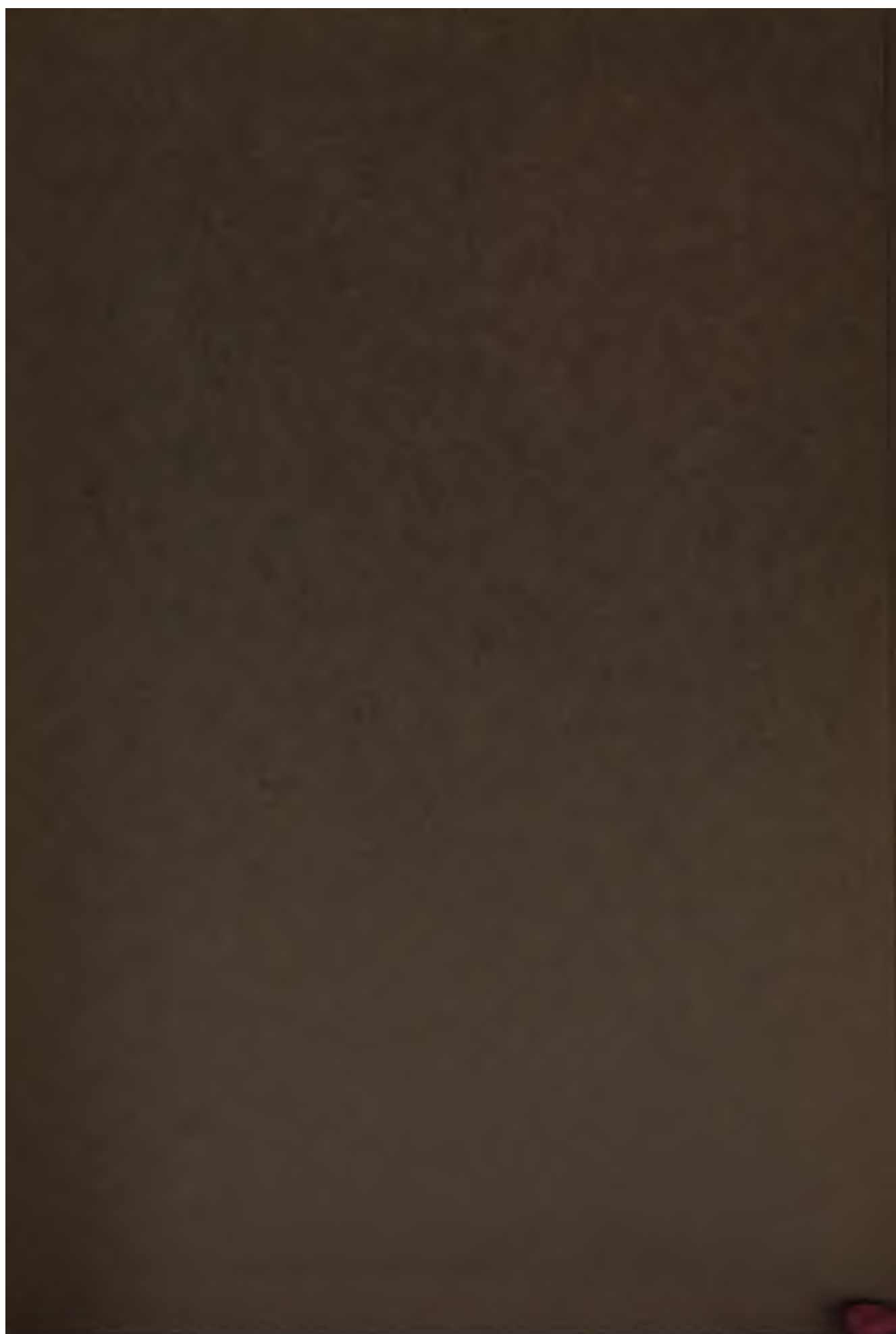
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